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EASTERN SHORE

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THE STATE HOUSE, ANNAPOLIS

MARYLAND MAIN

AND THE

EASTERN SHORE

By HULBERT FOOTNER



Illustrated by
LOUIS RUYL

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To H. O. and O. O.



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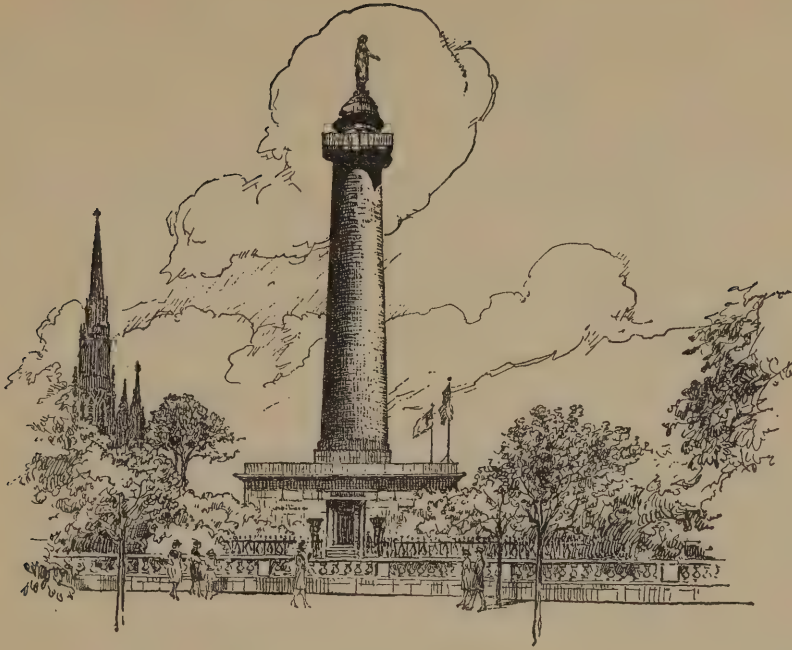
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I · Baltimore



I • OLDEST BALTIMORE

SOME years ago a wise judge of my state, Charles E. Phelps, asserted that the spirit of Maryland derived from two main sources, Tolerance and Tobacco. It is a bit of folk wisdom simple and profound. Maryland was established on tolerance. It was the idea of George Calvert, the first Baron Baltimore, a Catholic, who relinquished his post as minister to the English crown because he considered it not fitting for him to help rule a Protestant country. To the first Lord Baltimore was granted the Charter of Maryland but he died before his ideas could be carried into effect.

His son Cecil was the actual founder of the province. Throughout his long life he fought for the principle of toleration through every difficulty. He, like his father, was a Cath-

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olic, hated alike by the Anglicans and the Puritans. It was in the hope of obtaining tolerance for his own kind that he advertised tolerance for all. So astute was he, so reasonable and so right, that he steered his frail ship safely through all the storms of the Civil War in England, and in the end Oliver Cromwell, himself the chief of the Puritans, confirmed Lord Baltimore in his rights and privileges. It was not until Cecil had been succeeded by his weaker son Charles, third Lord Baltimore, that freedom of worship was for a while overthrown in Maryland.

The spirit of tolerance in all things has survived to this day, and it is one of the reasons why Maryland is such a pleasant place to inhabit. From the first, Maryland, while asking to live has been willing to let live. Sometimes this idea has been carried to excess as when in 1787, the state under the leadership of Luther Martin put up such a determined fight against the Federal Constitution. They lost out then and a good thing too. At the same time, Maryland, while wishing to be free, took prompt steps to pay her share of the Continental debt, which other states repudiated.

As time went on, a balance was established which helped to perpetuate tolerance. In Maryland most of the historic parties are halved so that neither side enjoys a preponderance; Protestant and Catholic; town and country; northerner and southerner; lowlander and highlander; Democrats and Republicans. Though the state lies south of the Mason and Dixon line, no Democrat can be elected without some Republican votes.

During our Civil War a majority of the people were for the South, but the state did not secede. After the war there was a state Convention governed by Union men who nevertheless sympathized with the lost cause. The Constitution they drew up for the state is a model of enlightened democracy. Listen to Article 6 of the Declaration of Rights:

... Whenever the ends of government are perverted and public liberty manifestly endangered and all other means of redress are ineffectual, the

people may, and of right ought to reform the old or establish a new government; the doctrine of nonresistance against arbitrary power and oppression is absurd, slavish and destructive of the good and happiness of mankind.

In Article 44 there are other brave words good to keep in mind in times of trouble:

The provisions of the Constitution of the United States and of this State apply as well in time of war as in time of peace; and any departure therefrom or violation thereof under the plea of necessity or any other plea, is subversive of good government and tends to anarchy and despotism.

During the first World War, Maryland therefore could not pass oppressive laws against aliens because it was unconstitutional. There was little witch-hunting. One prisoner was brought into court in Baltimore charged with having talked against the draft. The judge said: "Mr. District Attorney, did the prisoner offer violence?"

"No, sir."

"Since when has it been a crime in this state for a citizen to talk against a law he disapproved of? The prisoner is discharged."

No further arrests were made.

A greater tolerance is one of the things which distinguishes the people of Maryland from their neighbors of Virginia. Virginians are apt to look upon themselves as God's elect, whereas Maryland is always aware of the great world outside her borders. Ancestor worship, while it exists, is less fanatical north of the Potomac. Maryland is fortunate in that several strains have gone to compose and to renew the blood of her people; English, French, Irish, and German.

Tolerance and tobacco! Tobacco somehow goes with tolerance. In the early days tobacco was always smoked in a pipe, and pipe smokers are a mellow sort of men. Tobacco stimulates a gentle flow of the humane juices. The planters smoked their own tobacco and exchanged the crop in England for the other

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good things of life—wines, handsome furniture and plate, fine clothes, and blooded horses. These things helped to civilize the pioneers. Somehow the Marylander contrived to cultivate the amenities of life without aristocratic arrogance. Actually, some of the early settlers, as soon as they had established themselves, imported deer from England to make a gentleman's park, though there were already deer enough in Maryland to eat up their crops. Having tobacco a money crop at command, life was always easier in Maryland than in New England, or on the Western frontier.

Maryland calls herself the Free State. I thought it was an ancient appellation until I discovered that the phrase had been coined no longer ago than 1923 by Hamilton Owens, editor of the *Sun*-papers. It was to be the caption of an editorial which was never printed. However, the phrase began to be used in the *Sun*, and it was so apt and so flattering to the citizens that it stuck. It is indispensable now. It may be that in her struggle for States' Rights Maryland is playing a losing game, but she will fight on cheerfully.

For the first hundred years of the province, the Maryland colonists were not disposed to "Lyve in Townes." It was a matter of some anxiety to Lord Baltimore. Even his capital, "St. Marie's Citty," never comprised more than a score or so of houses. Several town-sites were laid out but none took. As long as the sole export was tobacco, a town was hardly needed because the tobacco hogsheads could be rolled down to the shore almost anywhere and loaded aboard ship. Baltimore was laid out in 1729, and at first scarcely grew at all. A sketch of 1752 which has survived shows about twenty-five houses and two ships lying in the Branch, all the shipping the village boasted. It was not until the planters discovered that the gross-feeding weed, tobacco, was exhausting their soil, and began raising grain that they required a central port to ship it; and Baltimore began to grow.

The site was chosen perhaps better than the promoters

knew. It is at a point where the Piedmont Hills descend abruptly to tide-water; consequently there was ample power along the brawling streams, and there was a harbor. At the head of a "branch" formed by a little tributary of the Patapsco River the first lots were sold. Baltimore enjoys an airy situation on its hills which makes it cooler in summer than the neighboring Washington on Potomac Flats. The early sketch that I have referred to reveals the site to have had a wonderful beauty. Since this city, like others, has taken no measures to protect and preserve its water-front, the beauty has gone aglimmering, but the environs of Baltimore are still lovely, whether it is the sandy beaches, the deep-winding tide-water inlets, or the rolling hills divided by wild ravines.

The first Charles Carroll, grandfather of the Signer, offered sixty one-acre lots at forty shillings per lot to be paid in money or in tobacco at a penny the pound. Even at this price the lots were not quickly taken up. The town site was shaped roughly like an Irish harp. Two of the little streets which bounded it are still to be found meandering through downtown Baltimore: Uhler's Alley and McClellan's Alley. The straight side of the harp was formed by a "precipice" overhanging the little stream whose estuary formed the Harbor. This is Jones' Falls. Jones was the first settler. It was not a "falls" in the usual sense, but only a tumbling stream.

In time additions to the site were laid out on the other side of the Falls, and for many years the task of filling the bottoms and bridging the stream gave the young town plenty of trouble and expense. Finally, only a few years ago, a part of the stream was sent underground and now, in the Fallsway, affords a useful motor highway through downtown Baltimore. Jones' Falls proved a godsend in 1904 when it provided the firemen with a stand to halt the advance of the great fire.

Baltimore is at once the most civilized and the most obstinate city in America. It is no longer "mob-town," but the spirit of nonconformity is strong. A man is expected to stand up for

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his opinions. In Baltimore the girls are noticeably more refined than the boys. That is because of the old tradition that a man must be tough to keep up his end in a tough town. Baltimore is "slow" in the respect that it yields reluctantly to the leveling-out processes of a mechanized world. That is the reason why its citizens love it so inordinately; its funny old ways provide holds for the tentacles of affection. Baltimoreans stay put. A love of home is one of their characteristics; that is what accounts for the nefarious system of "ground-rents" and the multitudinous "Building and Loan Associations." In Baltimore everybody eats well; the sugar-bowl is still the family bank, and there is always something in it, too.

A good deal of the picturesqueness has inevitably disappeared. The colored mammies with their baskets of fried chicken and their mountains of hominy have been banished from Lexington market, and the aristocratic butchers there have left off wearing top hats. The fascinating alleys have been pretty well cleaned up; the sewers at last put underground, and the cesspools filled up. The famous O.E.A. (Odorless Excavation Association) has therefore gone out of business. It was always ignored by the polite.

In Baltimore every citizen aspires to own a scrap of a "shore" out-of-town or at least to know a man who does own one, and every "ayraba" (huckster) dreams of the day when he can purchase a diminutive wagon and a pony to pull it. In spite of Henry Ford, Baltimore is still a city of ponies. In Baltimore a foolish fellow is "triflin'" whereas a mean cuss is "onery," and the superlative degree good or bad is indicated by "right smart." In Lexington market vegetables are still occasionally quoted in terms of "levies," a levy being twelve and a half cents; a gentleman smokes a "seegar" and the "poliss" swing their "espantoons."

Across the middle of the original site of Baltimore ran the Great Road from North to South on which all the colonies were strung. This became the main street of the village-town-

city, and so remains to this day. It was first called Long Street, later Market Street and finally Baltimore Street. The whole middle part of it was leveled by the fire and, hastily and planlessly rebuilt, is to-day perhaps the ugliest main street in the country—which is saying a good deal. The buildings, low, middle-size, and sky-scraping, have no relation to each other. They are built of different-colored bricks and decorated with every style of ornament, mostly misapplied. Further to confuse the eye, so many signs stick over the sidewalk that none can be singled out. As a result of the fire, the overhead wire entanglements have been put underground, one gain; but the trolley wires are still there and the cars still bang up and down. Like street-railways generally, the Baltimore system has not been doing so well of late years, and not all of their equipment is of modern noiseless design.

But ugly and noisy as it may be, Baltimore Street is full of life and character. In its very miscellaneousness there is something essentially American and endearing. A walk from end to end provides a fair section of life as lived in these United States. It is predominately a man's street. All the stores are of the sort that cater to men, clothing, shoes, hats, cigars, and liquors. Down by the Fallsway you can buy shoes that look as good as any for a dollar ninety-five. As you approach Charles, the price steadily goes up, and west of Charles it begins to go down again.

Near the Falls the shot-tower stands guard. Baltimore is proud of its ancient brick tower with battlemented top (a fancy touch, added later) because it is the last one that remains. Molten lead used to be poured down inside from the top, and the drops cooling as they fell, made the shot. Better methods were developed long ago. For a while the shot-tower was opened as a museum; perpetual fire with curling smoke issued from the top like a smoldering volcano. Failing to draw, the fire was allowed to go out; the tower is rarely visited now, but it will stand for many a year to come as a landmark.

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Proceeding west from the Falls on Baltimore Street, one sees a few ancient brick houses on the left. These mark the spot where the wind shifted to northwest and the great fire was diverted southward. At the corner is a long-established store whose windows offer an irresistible attraction to a loafer like myself. The original proprietor, a Dutchman bearing the noble appellation of Hartogensis, has been succeeded by Simon Bernstein. Mr. Bernstein sells, among many other things, antique firearms and relics; tools, magic tricks, and theatrical goods; clocks, watches, cutlery, luggage, and musical instruments!

Harrison Street running north for a single block was once lined from end to end with secondhand clothing stores. The clothing seems to have disappeared; come to think of it, there are no secondhand clothing stores any more. Perhaps it's because clothes nowadays don't last long enough to serve two wearers. Other hand-me-downs are still sold here. The street once enjoyed a lurid reputation owing to the violent methods employed by the pullers-in. They are much gentler these days, possibly owing to Police Headquarters which stands at the head of the street.

This section of Baltimore Street is Baltimore's Bowery, and it retains much more of the old salty character than the New York Bowery. The sailors of the port take their pleasure here. Here is the famous Gayety Theatre, burlesque, frequented by Baltimore men of three generations without their wives. When I used to attend the Gayety, in my salad days, the regular performance on Friday nights was followed by boxing. The last bout on the program was always a Battle Royal, an old Baltimore attraction. For this a dozen Negro lads were released in the ring together. The wild and indiscriminate pummeling which followed rendered the audience helpless and weak with laughter. He who survived longest got the purse. I remember seeing it won on several occasions by the same little brown, apelike figure who, while vigorously

flailing his arms, had the wit to keep out of the *mêlée* until stronger men were exhausted.

There are innumerable bars and grills—in some of them ladies sit demurely waiting at the gingham-covered tables; there is an unpretentious night-club or two. Baltimore's wickedness is tempered with discretion, though occasionally a really torrid spot comes out, as will happen in the best-regulated city. There is a nickelodeon, a shooting gallery, and half a dozen picture-houses where you can see two features for fifteen cents. One of the little night-clubs has maintained itself in great prosperity for many years by a beguiling style of advertising, anti-snob advertising, that makes all Baltimore smile. Like this:

Nothing Is Too Bad for the Best.

From all walks of life we attract the best people in the world down here and nothing is too bad for them. Our show girls try their darnedest to do something, but the poor dears simply don't have it in them to perform in the accepted manner. They might sing, not good, but it's loud, and when they dance—well, let it go at that.

One thing is most evident though, the doings are so terrible they're good. Prove it for yourself to-night.

OASIS CABARET

Great piles of hot dogs are temptingly displayed in the shop windows along with trays of hamburger ready for the fire, greasy onions blushing with paprika, doughnuts, and other delicacies. If your money gives out, there are a couple of convenient pawnbrokers. When a man wearies of respectability, this part of Baltimore Street has a strong appeal. In every one of us there is a potential hobo. East Baltimore Street speaks of the road; of bumming around the country with a light heart and empty pockets.

Upon crossing Holliday Street the scene changes. We have entered the district of banking and big business, where the quality of the goods in the stores instantly rises, likewise the price. Here is Baltimore's number one sky-scraper, the Baltimore National Bank Building, thirty-four stories high, and, like its famous compeer, the Empire State, a little too big for its shoes. The crossing of Charles and Baltimore streets is, and always has been, the hub of the town. The four corners are occupied by old Baltimore institutions; the Savings Bank of Baltimore, the Hub Clothing Store, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and the Sun-papers.

Good old Sun-papers, morning, evening, and Sunday, they cover the state. Perhaps they have not escaped the vices which infect modern newspapers—and incidentally I disagree with their politics—but they have fairly earned their place as an institution of Baltimore—and Maryland. They have made a stand against the creeping paralysis which causes all newspapers to read alike. Except for the ubiquitous comic strip, they eschew syndicated stuff; they are tireless in their care to foster and encourage all that makes Baltimore, Baltimore and Maryland, Maryland.

Beyond Charles Street there are more stores, but we are now entering the wholesale district. Liberty Street marks the western boundary of the fire. On this corner stood Jacob Fite's house which in Revolutionary times was the last one on the street and the finest in town. Here the Continental Congress met in the winter of 1776, when the British were threatening Philadelphia. For years after that it was known as Congress Hall and part of it stood until the fire.

Of Baltimore in 1776, John Adams wrote in his diary: "This is the dirtiest place in the world....The inhabitants however are excusable because they had determined to pave the streets before this war came on since when they have laid the project aside as they are accessible to [British] men of war." Another Congressman said: "The members came to-

gether on horseback because their carriages mired except when the weather paved the streets." In spite of the mud, Mr. Adams enjoyed himself. "Every thing was agreeable," he says, "except the monstrous price of things." He had to pay forty shillings or five and one-third dollars per week board; wood, candles, liquors, and washing extra; horse a guinea a week and fifteen shillings board for a servant.

Baltimore Street climbs over a hill and leaves big business behind. We are beyond the path of the fire and the buildings are quaint and elderly. It has the look of early nineteenth-century America broken out in a rash of small store-fronts with a profusion of neon signs. This is the modest workaday side of Baltimore which has nothing in common with the Bowery. There is block after block of these little stores expressing Baltimore's special domestic character and reaching all the way to Gilmor Street, a full mile. Beyond Gilmor, Baltimore Street is conventional and uninteresting. Here the old Great Road forked a little to the south and is now Frederick Avenue.

From East Baltimore Street it is three blocks to the Harbor. This is the district of banks and warehouses that was completely wiped out by the fire; that amazing conflagration that raged over one hundred and forty-three acres and destroyed over two thousand buildings without injuring a home or taking a life. It broke out on Sunday, February 7, 1904, at eleven o'clock in the morning, just as the godly part of Baltimore had settled itself in church. The cause is unknown. Starting in a drygoods warehouse on German Street, an explosion followed which wrecked the building. The report of the fire-chief is brief and grim:

The time between the receipt of the alarm and the explosion was about five minutes; the force of it was upward and outward; the roof was lifted; thousands of windows broken, and the flames shot out with a loud whistling noise.... Heavy brands of fire were carried into adjoining properties and at once several buildings began burning fiercely.

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The brands were blown several squares away setting fire to rubbish in yards, the flames of which immediately entered through the broken windows. . . . It being Sunday and a commercial district, there was no one to look after the numerous incipient fires.

The chief concluded his report of the disaster with this terse sentence :

If there had been a watchman in the Hurst Building this report would read : "A slight fire in the basement of the J. E. Hurst's building among packing cases, extinguished by the watchman."

The Harbor is bounded by Pratt Street, a typical waterfront with its warehouses, sailors' hotels, ship-chandlers, and the sailors themselves lounging on the corners; a noisy street, paved with granite blocks over which trucks charge up and down from daylight until dark. The end of the Northwest Branch on which the first town was laid out, is now called the Basin. It is a small rectangle somewhat reminiscent of the old harbor in Marseilles, or the pool at The Hague, but less romantic than either. Since Jones' Falls is always bringing down fresh silt, continuous dredging is required to keep it navigable. Nearly two hundred years ago, the first wharves were built out from the north side one thousand feet to deep water, and the same pier line has been preserved ever since. Consequently the wharves occupy a good half of the little pool, and nice work is required after a ship backs out to turn her around, and head to sea. For many years Baltimore was famous for the powerful smell which arose from its almost landlocked Basin.

Although Baltimore is above all a port, the sea is hidden from the town. Only an occasional old-timer strolls along the waterside of Pratt Street to see what is doing. The handsome coastwise vessels for Miami and for Boston berth here, towering so high out of the water it seems remarkable that they can remain upright. Summer and winter there is always a white banana ship in port, while beyond dock the little

ships of the Weems Line and the Bull Line for points south. There is also the Carolina Line which finds its way down the Bay and through the Great Dismal Swamp Canal into Albemarle and Pimlico sounds. The greater ships find berths outside the Basin.

It is the open wharves which give the most character to the Basin. Here the market boats are moored, bringing oysters in winter, crabs in summer; others have pyramids of cool green watermelons. In former days these vessels were all of the graceful Chesapeake Bay rig, log-canoes, bug-eyes or pungies, with clipper bows and raking masts. Of similar build were the clipper-ships which carried the fame of Baltimore throughout the world. The day of the Chesapeake Bay rig has passed, but the little vessels are long-lived and they may still occasionally be seen lying—with engines installed—at the wharves along Pratt Street. The motor-vessels taking their places have no more design than a shoebox.

Along the west side of the Basin stretches Light Street at right angles to Pratt. Here are the steamboat wharves whose dingy sheds look as if they had been there since the town began, and had never been painted but once. For the most part they are deserted now; the motor-truck has taken all their freight, and one of Baltimore's most picturesque features is gone. Chesapeake Bay, with its countless rivers, sounds, and straits, was essentially a steamboat country; now there is no way of exploring its beauties unless you own a yacht. Every afternoon a whole squadron of little side-wheelers used to proceed down the river with an amount of fuss and foam out of all proportion to their speed. There were some newer vessels, too, having screw propellers and tall funnels, which set forth in quiet dignity. One could journey to Washington, forty miles in a straight line but two hundred and fifty by water, a twenty-four-hour journey. Or to the Choptank, the Nanticoke, or the Pocomoke rivers across the Bay; the Patuxent, the Rappahannock, and the York rivers on the Western shore.

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There is magic in the very names. The steamboat that served our own river in Calvert County, the Patuxent, was called *Anne Arundel*, and we watched for her coming as for a friend. We never realized how delightful were these journeys until they had ended forever. Of all these lines and others I have not mentioned, only the Ericsson Line for Philadelphia still carries on at the first wharf in Light Street and the Old Bay Line to Norfolk at the last.

On the south side of the Basin there are no wharves; there is no room for them. On this side, facing the town, rises an abrupt height which was christened Federal Hill at the time the Constitution was ratified. Since traffic had to go round it, Federal Hill has fortunately been preserved as a park, to lend dignity and variety to the scene. From the earliest times it has served as a vantage point for artists to sketch the town. It also commands a fine view downriver, and for many years bore a signal station with a flagpole to advise the merchants of Baltimore of the approach of their ships.

The shipping of Baltimore soon outgrew the little Basin, and the wharves now extend down the curving shores of the Branch beyond, on down the river, and around Fort McHenry into the wider Middle Branch. It is estimated that the city has over twenty miles of wharves, and there is plenty of additional water-front when required. The shores of the crooked Branch are completely given up to commerce and industry. The scene may be called ugly or beautiful according to your taste. The charm of the yellow beaches and green hills is gone, but the towering sugar refinery, say, and even the dusty fertilizer works have a stark beauty of their own which only needs the etcher's stylus to reveal.



BALTIMORE SKY-LINE FROM FEDERAL HILL



II · QUALITY STREET AND OTHERS

CHARLES is the second most important street in Baltimore. Since it is the best expression of the town, perhaps it ought to be put first. Charles Street is itself and like no other. It begins way down in South Baltimore and for the first mile is a street of little neighborhood stores very like West Baltimore. Not until it crosses Baltimore Street does it assume its special character which might be described as quality. From Baltimore to Center, a distance of half a mile, Charles Street is lined on both sides by quality shops. The Charles Street Association is on the *qui vive* to keep out the cheap-Johns and they have been even more successful in this respect than the famous Fifth Avenue Association in New York. All the stores on North Charles Street are quality

stores. I know of no street in the country to equal it for elegance except Madison Avenue, New York. Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, though longer, has a mixed character. North Charles Street might be termed the Ladies' Half-Mile.

It is not a wide nor impressive street, and architecturally nothing to boast of, though there is a good modern office building on the corner of Saratoga Street, and well-designed store-fronts are beginning to appear. A trolley-line disfigures a part of the street, and through a strange blindness the merchants of Charles Street oppose a non-parking ordinance. Consequently cars are parked solid along both sides of the cramped street. For these reasons, Charles Street cannot be called beautiful except in the display windows of the shops—and the faces of the lady shoppers.

The best-looking women in the country—hence in the world, are to be found shopping in Charles Street. Their fame was established more than a century and a quarter ago by Jerome Bonaparte, a connoisseur, who married one of them and his aide-de-camp another. They are well bred, too, which consists mostly in being agreeable, and gives their faces a charming expression of good-humor. Being assured of their place in the world, they can afford to be frank and natural. They take good breeding in others for granted. They are very ready to smile. Haughty and sophisticated beauties are rare on Charles Street. What I especially admire is the simplicity of their dress. It is not considered smart to be rich in Baltimore and those who have riches are careful not to make a display of it. It is particularly agreeable on summer mornings to see the ladies of Charles Street in their crisply laundered cotton dresses.

The Ladies' Half-Mile ends at Center Street. The buildings on Charles Street draw back here to make room for a little park in the middle, which leads the eye on uphill to the Washington Monument at the top. This is one of the earliest and best bits of town planning in the country. On the left of the little park stands the dignified Walters Art Gallery; on the

right side a row of stately early-Victorian dwellings, with the concert-hall of the Peabody Institute beyond.

William T. Walters made a great fortune through the founding and the expansion of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, and his son Henry increased it through the same means. The elder Walters, whose sympathies were with the South, fled from divided Baltimore during the war and lived in Paris. Here he started his art collection. Most of the pictures he bought have become old-fashioned. He died in 1894. The son carried on his work. He bought pictures, too, notably of the Barbison and pre-Raphaelite schools whose day has also passed. But Henry Walters did not stop with pictures; there was an idea behind his purchases, and as a result he formed, before his death, what is in some respects the greatest collection of art in America.

His idea was to bring to his people the artistic history of each civilization from the earliest times; hence the Walters Gallery is almost unique in its ancient bronzes, Etruscan, and Phœnician objects, Islamic pottery and metalwork, early Medieval jewelry, Byzantine art, Romanesque and Gothic ivories, illustrated manuscripts, and so on. The first Walters stored his treasures in his house; the second built the magnificent gallery which is connected by a passage in the rear with the Walters residence in Mount Vernon Place. This great gallery in turn has become too small to exhibit everything at the same time. Upon his death in 1931 Henry Walters left all this to the City of Baltimore.

From the earliest days there was always a light burning under the portal of the Walters' house at 5 West Mount Vernon Place. As the years and the decades passed, a fanciful story grew up to the effect that the elder Mr. Walters' daughter had eloped against her father's will and that the light was left burning to signify that she would always be welcomed back home. Every Baltimorean believes this story. But it is pure fiction. On his first visit to Paris in the sixties, the elder

Mr. Walters observed that it was the custom there to keep a perpetual light burning at the door, and he thought it would be a pleasant custom to introduce at home. After it had been alight for many years it became a family fetish to keep it burning.

On the other side of the little park stand the Institute and Library founded by George Peabody in the middle of the last century. Peabody was the first great American philanthropist. He established the precedent which the Carnegies and Rockefellers were to follow. He was not only a wise rich man but an honest one; there is no shadow of sharp dealing on his career. Born in Massachusetts, he came to Baltimore in 1815 as a boy merchant and lived and prospered here for twenty years. He then emigrated to London, where he founded the house that in time became J. P. Morgan and Co. American securities at this period were almost worthless abroad; Peabody believed in his country, bought them up and was repaid many times over.

George Peabody died in London and was actually buried in Westminster Abbey, the first private citizen of America to be so honored. It was known that he desired to be returned to his native soil, so after lying in the Abbey for a month, he was brought back home on a British battleship. His statue stands in London near one of his housing developments, and there is a replica in Mount Vernon Place in front of his Institute. The music department of the Institute—now called the Conservatory—under wise direction, has become one of the best in the country and has done much to establish Baltimore as a musical center.

The towering marble shaft at the top of the hill in Charles Street is called the first monument erected to the father of his country but I shall tell of another which goes it two years better. Baltimore's Monument had the good fortune to be designed and erected during the first years of the nineteenth century, which was the flowering period of Baltimore archi-



WASHINGTON MONUMENT

ture. It is therefore still a noble work and will be as long as it stands. The architect was Robert Mills. The heroic figure of Washington is the work of one Henrico Caucici. There is a stairway within the shaft and a sightseer's gallery at the top. After two or three unhappy souls had thrown themselves from the gallery the City Council decided to erect screens in the doorways, which seems a little supererogatory, since there are plenty of other high places around town. But if one wishes to kill one's self it must not be done within the select precincts of Mount Vernon Place.

At the base of the monument on the south side stands a spirited equestrian statue of the Marquis de Lafayette, one of Baltimore's favorite heroes. It is a modern work by Daniel O'Connor. When it was delivered there was an uproar in conservative Baltimore because, I suppose, the bold and life-like figure was too great a departure in municipal art. For a long time the Marquis lacked a resting place. The present site, looking down Charles Street, is perfect and Baltimoreans, I think, are beginning to like it. For myself, the proud, slender horseman gives me a fresh pleasure each time my eyes fall on him.

Four little parks surround the Monument; those to the east and west constitute Mount Vernon Place, and the northern one is Washington Place. Mount Vernon Place for a hundred years was the most aristocratic town address in Baltimore. Most of the old houses are still *in situ* and the scene is one of dignity. In particular the Blanchard Randall house, 8 West Mount Vernon Place, is a perfect expression of the older Baltimore. The broad, low dwelling suggests a fine, plain taste and an abounding hospitality. One only regrets the two tall thin apartment-houses at the end of the Place which are not only ugly in themselves but throw the whole scene out of focus. The esthete also averts his eyes from the green church on the northeast corner. It is well enough as churches go, but entirely out of the period picture.

Behind an imposing brownstone front facing Mount Vernon Place from Cathedral Street, lives Judge Eugene O'Dunne, whom I choose as the *genius loci*. His drawing-room, as vast and lofty as the sala in a Venetian palazzo, is a reminder of a more pretentious Baltimore day. Judging from a portrait which hangs there, Judge O'Dunne was a bit of a dog in his younger days, with artistically flowing hair, a standing collar higher than anybody else's and a neat black ascot relieved with a gleaming pearl. The flowing hair has turned snowy and is cut short, but a lock still falls in schoolboy fashion over his forehead. The young man's stern glance is mellowed.

Judge O'Dunne is that *rara avis*, the child of nature on the bench. He says what comes into his mind, neither more nor less which, coming from the bench, has the effect of a startling unexpectedness. In his younger days he was always in trouble, always engaged in a fight, hated and dreaded by the stuffed shirts in public life, and dubbed by them the Wild Indian. Now, however, he has won a secure place above the battle.

He is not a born Baltimorean, having first seen the light in Tucson, Arizona, where his father was a territorial judge. But he has absorbed more and has contributed more to the Baltimore legend than men whose families have lived there for five generations. As a deputy State's Attorney in his youth, he alienated the politicians of both parties by insisting on judicial reforms. On occasion he angered the reformers, too, by demanding that even a crooked politician should have a fair trial. He led the fight for the abolition of the antiquated Justice of the Peace system and the creation of a Peoples Court. Later, as a private citizen, he led an investigation of the State Penitentiary, which turned out to be a real investigation, and set the whole state by the ears. Judge O'Dunne gathered the inmates in the prison chapel. "I am going to give each one of you some paper and an envelope," he told them. "I want you to write out any complaints or criticisms you may have. Next Sunday I shall collect your answers myself. Don't

show them to any guards or wardens. Your names will not be revealed." It is hardly necessary to state that important reforms in the penitentiary resulted.

Lawyer O'Dunne was disgusted by the supineness of the Baltimore Bar Association which allowed the political bosses to name candidates for the bench without interference. After a vain attempt to arouse the lawyers, he announced his own candidacy. The laughter of the politicians was loud and long at the notion of the Wild Indian presuming to run for the bench. They defeated him; nevertheless O'Dunne had started something that could not be stopped and a year or two later, 1926, Governor Ritchie appointed him to an unexpired term.

The new judge was then supposed to tread very warily in order to insure his return at the next election, but warily was not in O'Dunne's lexicon. He applied for an assignment in the criminal courts which in itself was supposed to be fatal to his chances, and if that was not enough, he almost immediately became involved in a struggle with the Baltimore *American*, a Hearst newspaper. It was the occasion of the Whittemore murder trial, a case which attracted special writers from all over the country. At the opening of court Judge O'Dunne courteously warned the press that it was not the custom in Baltimore to take photographs in the courtroom. "In such pleasant weather," he said gently, "I should hate to have to put you in jail."

On the following morning the *American* ran photographs taken in the courtroom. The reporter coolly confessed to taking them, as much as to say: so what? Judge O'Dunne sent him to jail. He subsequently had the sheriff arrest the city editor and the managing editor of the paper. When they appeared before him, after making sure that the money should come out of the pocket of Mr. Hearst himself, the judge sentenced the employees to one day in jail, and fined the newspaper five thousand dollars, which was paid. No photographs have been taken in Baltimore courtrooms since. The news-

paper tended the judge a banquet which he declined. In the election which soon followed there were twelve candidates for judgeships and O'Dunne led the poll. N.B.—The *American* supported him.

On or off the bench Judge O'Dunne always says the natural thing. Once, when he was invited to address the graduating class of a law school, he chose for his subject "Love, Woman, and Marriage." He said: "In no commencement address which I have ever read or heard delivered, do I recall either *love* or *woman* being taken as the text. I therefore select both. ... Love seems to be a neglected topic—expert in the art, as some of you are, even without academic training." The address which followed caused the students to rock with laughter. Thus the speaker sugarcoated his wisdom.

It is delightful to hear Judge O'Dunne read an opinion. He loves his job and is reputed to be one of the hardest working judges on the bench. In appearance he is a model for the stern and impassive judge, and that gives his irrepressible humor added point. The arrest of an inoffensive citizen for betting on a horse-race gave him the sort of opportunity he welcomes. He pointed out that if the Police Commissioner had raided court on the day of the trial he could have gathered in most of the handbook fraternity. "Excepting a few who were still luxuriating in the Turkish baths across the way." He called attention to the fact that if games of chance were illegal, the august members of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore City—of which he is one—were liable to arrest because they always drew lots to decide which of them should get a long vacation in the summer. His Honor then launched forth on a highly diverting history of gambling throughout the ages, and went back to the very beginnings of law to illustrate the distinction between the man who makes a bet and the professional gambler. He discharged the prisoner.

Another case involving the blue laws of Maryland revealed Judge O'Dunne's peculiar combination of erudition and good

sense. The plaintiff's case was based upon the assumption that the common law of England, hence of Maryland, was based upon the Christian religion. Judge O'Dunne went back to Magna Charta to illustrate that it was not so. He coolly threw out the decisions of several Chief Justices of England—who have great weight in our courts—who, he said, were better Christians than lawyers. Judge O'Dunne devoted all his learning to this opinion, though he knew the case would immediately be carried to the Court of Appeals. He said: "This court regards itself as a sort of a 'Boulevard stop' on the way to Annapolis where the law requires you to change gears, possibly to change drivers and continue your route." As a result of this opinion we have Sunday movies and baseball games in Baltimore.

The raciest and the most famous of Judge O'Dunne's opinions was delivered in an annulment case a few years ago. A. P. Herbert, himself an authority on marriage, has reviewed it in the columns of *Punch*. The marriage laws in Maryland have been changed since this case, possibly as a result of Judge O'Dunne's opinion. Maryland requires a religious ceremony. This goes back to the end of the seventeenth century when ministers in England could not be persuaded to come to Maryland until such a law was passed. They were looking to the fees. The situation of the two young "romantics" who eloped to Ellicott City after a cocktail party appealed to the fatherly heart and the sense of humor of Judge O'Dunne, and in his opinion he relates the story in full. He remarked that "neither good nor bad gin—there was none good in November of 1933 and I've tasted little since—sobers thought or makes for serious and deliberate judgment." He calls attention to the mockery of the so-called "religious ceremony as daily performed in Elkton (or Ellicott City) by an ordained minister of the gospel acting in partnership with a taxicab driver," and he grants an annulment.

Every year on a day in May the ladies of Baltimore hold a Flower Mart around the base of the Washington Monument for the sake of charity. It is one of the gayest sights imaginable, for the saleswomen are as pretty as their wares. Following the flower mart, there is a newer fixture, when the artists of Baltimore, copying their brethren in New York's Greenwich Village, hang their pictures on the railings surrounding the Monument, and wait for buyers.

Above Washington Place, Charles Street resumes its ordinary width and for the next half mile is lined with the dignified and rather ugly dwellings of the Victorian era. Business has entered into possession of this part and fashion has taken flight to the north. The old houses break out at the street level in more luxury stores (including, however, a discreet chain-store grocery or two), while the upper stories are let as apartments. Oddly out of place in sober Baltimore are the two or three glittering modernistic fronts for ladies' hair-dressers, cocktail bars, and the like.

In this part of the street towers the Hotel Belvedere. Too big for the needs of the town when it was built, it has ruined several proprietors, but is now, since the repeal of prohibition, going strong. The exterior is like a hundred other big city hotels, but inside it embodies a little of the veritable Baltimore atmosphere so hard to describe in words. It is the spirit which, while enjoying the good things of the present, never forgets the rich and leisurely past. There are newer hotels downtown but the Belvedere still holds first place in the minds of the townspeople, who throng its restaurants and bars.

On the corner of Eager Street is the home of the Maryland Club, a dignified, old-fashioned and (dare I say it?) somewhat stodgy building not unrepresentative of its membership. The man's club founded for purely social reasons, has never become an integral part of American life—perhaps it is our ladies who have seen to that. It is only to be found functioning well in the older cities. Baltimore, I need hardly say, possesses

in the Maryland Club a particularly well-cruised and fruity specimen. The members are all supposed to be very old. This is not true, of course, but the younger ones all have the promise of conforming to type when given time.

Inside, the Club is divided into a few huge ugly rooms for lounging and dining. Ugly though it may be, it offers its members the greatest luxury obtainable in modern days, plenty of space. The club, naturally, maintains the Maryland tradition of superlative eating, and food, I may say, tastes better when eaten in a huge peaceful dining-room where only a few tables are occupied. It is a highly agreeable male world, that of the Maryland Club; good manners rule and the amenities of life are cultivated. The code of behavior never expressed in words, is highly complicated. You are supposed to share in all the bland assumptions upon which good society is founded. Any infraction of the code is received, never with opprobrium, but with a tolerant smile. It is this smile of old privilege which is the most difficult thing in the world to face down. Every member of the Maryland Club appears to be acquainted not only with every other member, but with his brothers, sisters, and cousins to the remotest degree. To non-members the Maryland Club is a joke, but there is hardly a man in town who would not jump at the chance of being elected. Such is human nature.

Charles Street then goes downhill literally and figuratively to the crossing of Jones' Falls and the Union Station and still, for a mile north of the Falls, continues as a middle-class street of little distinctive character. It then emerges into new magnificence. We will come back to it.

Charles Street's parallel and companion streets downtown are St. Paul and Calvert to the east; Cathedral Street and Park Avenue to the west. These five streets constituted fashionable Baltimore for nearly a hundred years. They began to rise shortly before the accession of Queen Victoria and started

to decline at the time of her death. The decline is slow, however, and a home address on any of these streets is still considered a good one. With the exception of Charles, they have changed very little. Visitors to Baltimore always exclaim with pleasure at the sight of the old-fashioned dignity of Cathedral Street or Park Avenue. "So like London," they say.

In 1819 Robert Mills, the architect of the Washington Monument, and his associates built the first solid row of dwelling houses in what is now the 600 block of North Calvert Street. The town had not yet reached so far and the development, proving a failure, was dubbed Waterloo Row. The houses were considered too far from business. They still stand, though altered most of them, out of all resemblance to their original form. In one hundred and twenty years they have seen the town catch up to them and pass far beyond. They have run the whole gamut in the life of a house. Once lost in the fields they have lived on to be lost for a second time in an area abandoned by the well-to-do.

Waterloo Row was built at the best period of domestic architecture, and the one house that remains unaltered, though in a ruinous state, well repays study in detail; the absence of vulgar ornament, the marble steps so characteristic of Baltimore, the graceful entrance with fan-light and side-lights; the triple windows, the marble courses which divide the façade, the dormer windows in the steep roof. The interior, though small, creates an effect of spaciousness. The gracious stairway is lighted by an unexpected fan-light in the rear; each of the main rooms has an interesting marble mantel. The houses were guiltless of plumbing, naturally; there were two little privies in the backyard, one for white and one for colored, and a stable just big enough for a carriage and pair.

The alley behind Waterloo Row is full of picturesque, tumble-down survivals. Every block in Baltimore is bisected by alleys. My fondness for strolling through alleys may evince a low taste, but I am repaid by the quaint bits of local color

I pick up. One alley that I know of is only four feet wide. I can stand in the middle and touch the fence on either side. In such a hole anything might happen, but in sober Baltimore it doesn't. Until comparatively recent years there used to be an open sewer running down the middle of each alley. In those days the colored people of Baltimore were confined to the alleys, but now they have graduated into streets and green squares all their own.

St. Paul Street has the same intensely respectable air as Calvert Street, but is a little more elegant because it is nearer Charles.

Cathedral Street begins at Saratoga. On the first corner is the finest example of a colonial building that survives in Baltimore, the parsonage of St. Paul's Church, now standing lonely among business buildings and parking lots!

The Cathedral, Roman Catholic, which gives the street its name, is on the next corner. This great, gray pile was designed by Benjamin Latrobe, one of Baltimore's own architects. After fifteen years of building, it was dedicated in 1821, the town's flowering time. It is a Romanesque building with round arches and flattened dome, built of dressed granite from Ellicott City nearby. Later a Corinthian portico was added which was sufficiently in harmony with the design, and two towers topped with inverted onions, which were not. However, time mellows all. Baltimore would not be Baltimore without its queer old Cathedral. Baltimoreans can at least tell themselves that there is no other church in the country like it, or, for that matter, in the world outside.

Its interior is completely satisfying in its harmonious proportions. There is no obtrusive ornament to mar the fine simplicity. Its dim and dingy spaciousness is conducive to a religious feeling. It has an air of the old world. In the crypt under the sanctuary are buried some of the archbishops of Baltimore, the first being John Carroll, a cousin of the Signer; and the latest, James, Cardinal Gibbons, the poor Baltimore boy who

30 Maryland Main and the Eastern Shore

rose to be a Prince of the Church. All Baltimore hails the Cardinal as a great citizen.

Across the street from the Cathedral stands the handsome new building of the Enoch Pratt Free Public Library, a place with which the writer of books, naturally, is well acquainted. I shall only say that it is an institution which functions in the most admirable manner, in spite of inadequate financial support from the city fathers. The library supports a school, one of the best of its kind in the country. Its own personnel is admirably trained. During the last few years I have written several books that called for extensive research. In every department of the Pratt Library I have found enthusiastic assistance. They make my problems their own.

There is a little cross street in this neighborhood, not much more than an alley, which has a distinct individuality. This is Hamilton Street, lined with small, early nineteenth-century dwellings designed for the better brides of old Baltimore. One of the pleasing little houses—which once served Meredith Janvier for home, shop, and studio—now houses a club for men which, without formulating it in words, does its bit to uphold the peculiar Maryland tradition. The club has no name except its address, 14 West Hamilton Street, and I would defy anybody to state its purpose, except that it is to be as different as possible from Rotary, Kiwanis, or Lions. The membership is gathered from every walk of life, with an emphasis upon free spirits. The club eats and drinks and talks. The talk, since it is free, is as good talk as any I was ever privileged to share in. In the inimitable Willy Woollcott it possesses a kind of terrier ever ready to pounce on hokum and blah when they come out of their holes. There is a club luncheon once a week, and once a month a dinner for an eminent guest, if such can be found, who is invited to speak and be heckled. Over on East Hamilton Street the ladies have a club, but I am not able to state with authority what goes on there.

Cathedral, like most Baltimore streets, runs downhill and

up again, but always in a dignified style; crosses the east end of Mount Vernon Place and finally merges into Mount Royal Avenue. Here the Baltimore & Ohio railway, Baltimore's own, has taken advantage of a hollow to build its uptown passenger station. It is a quiet way-station with sudden little bursts of activity when a train comes in. The rocking-chairs in the waiting-room furnish a truly Baltimore touch. The connection with the main station is by a long tunnel under Howard Street, the first piece of trunk-line in the country to be electrified. The original quaint electric locomotives are still in use. Drawn by them, the steam locomotives pass through breathing heavily but not puffing. On the way downtown the steam trains roll by gravity alone. Consequently the air of the tunnel is merely foul instead of suffocating. In Mount Royal Avenue stands the main building of the Maryland Institute, a beautiful and dignified structure which somehow got itself built in the dark age of architecture and is still an embellishment to the city.

Park Avenue is similar in character to Cathedral Street, though the spacious old dwellings at the lower end have mostly given way to the so-called march of progress. The first Presbyterian Church on the corner of Madison Street has long been pointed to as the most beautiful example of Gothic architecture in America. Its slender, heaven-pointing steeple is a never failing delight to the eye. It is a favorite haunt of starlings whose droppings have picked out the ornamentation as with snow. Unfortunately the church is built of the perishable brown sandstone so overwhelmingly fashionable during the Victorian era. Baltimore for the most part resisted this craze, and stuck to its own more sightly and enduring brick for building material.

Park Avenue, after taking a northwesterly trend—not many Baltimore Streets are straight from end to end—runs on uptown through the Mount Royal neighborhood to the Park. Fashion lighted for a while on Mount Royal in late Victorian

days before continuing north. The highest point of the hill at Eutaw Place and Lanvale Street is marked by the Francis Scott Key memorial, the most extraordinary in the Monumental City. It has to be seen to be believed. In a concrete boat tossed on heaving concrete waves, stands the poet, gazing upward at Liberty with flag under a cupola, while his companion struggles valiantly at the concrete oars.

The Mount Royal neighborhood, to my mind, is the most characteristic in town. It is pure Baltimore. No longer fashionable, it is eminently "nice." The people who live there exemplify the best Baltimore traditions; they are well-connected, neither rich nor poor, they keep their steps scrubbed and are not too grand to sit out upon them on warm evenings. They disdain to pull down the front window blinds after dark, thus showing the world they have nothing to hide. It is one of my pleasantest diversions to walk along such streets at evening and look in at the agreeable warm-lighted interiors, with the family sitting around reading, talking, or eating their dinners in the back room.

Each separate block in the Mount Royal district has its own distinct character. For instance the 100 block of Lanvale Street, while a little shabby, is nevertheless good old Baltimore; the 200 block is the best in the street with even some claims to fashion; while the 300 block shows a sad falling off for no reason that I can ascribe. It is the same with Park Avenue which, from block to block, registers distinct rises and falls in the social scale. The district is bounded on the westerly side by Eutaw Place, one of the handsomest parked streets in Baltimore but now slowly disintegrating socially.

To return downtown; from Charles Street, narrow Lexington leads downhill across Liberty and Park Avenue to Howard Street. These three blocks are lined with the less expensive shops catering to women, including big units of the famous red-fronted five and tens, and several of the town's biggest picture palaces. Lexington Street is the haunt of thrifty house-

wives, from Irvington in the west, to Highlandtown in the east. It is the most crowded street in Baltimore and at Christmas time becomes almost impassable. The contrast between well-bred Charles Street and free and easy Lexington, is a striking one; the latter is the more truly Baltimore because Charles Street tends to follow the fashions of the great world, while Lexington Street is intensely local.

In Howard Street, the general shopping thoroughfare of the city, all classes mingle. Here nearly all the department stores are congregated within the space of a single block, to save the customers' steps. Here also are the emporiums of furniture, furs, fripperies, and refrigerators. As one progresses uptown the stores become smaller and more neighborly, with an occasional corner saloon.

The pre-prohibition saloon has survived less changed in Baltimore than elsewhere. The mahogany bar, with bowls of potato chips or pretzels, the well-wiped tables, the bent-wood chairs, the beer signs, and the slot-machines; all constituting the comfortable atmosphere of the plain man's club. You will see a man standing for hours with a foot on the rail and a glass before him just for the sake of being near other men. Somehow, too, the old tradition of barkeeping has been handed down intact. Most of the present barmen are too young to have drawn beer twenty-five years ago but they exhibit the same admirable good-fellowship, tempered by astuteness that was shown by their fathers. Self-discipline is required to produce a good bartender.

Howard Street has lately been cut through diagonally to Jones' Falls and across the gulch by a bridge, thus supplying better communication between home and business. It is an ugly bridge, which was quite a feat on the part of the builders, because a bridge is naturally beautiful. There is a fine new one of stone farther up the Falls.



III • EAST BALTIMORE

A WISE old priest of my acquaintance remarked of a young woman who came to him for solace, that when she told him she came from the east end of Baltimore he knew she was lying. No one in Baltimore ever speaks of the east end, or the east side, or of any district in such a manner. Formerly each section of the town had its name, such as Waverly, Old Town, The Point, or Calverton. As the local names passed out of use, the different districts were denoted by the points of the compass; thus East Baltimore, South Baltimore, West Baltimore, and so on.

On the way over to East Baltimore one will pass the City Hall. Baltimoreans were once very proud of this structure but are now inclined to refer to it apologetically as quaint. It was

built in the early seventies when the whole country was breaking out in a rash of domes. This building received a skinny dome. Out in front of the City Hall there was an ill advised attempt to create a civic plaza. Nobody ever uses it. At the other end stands a noble war memorial decorated inside with fine murals by a Baltimore artist, McGill Mackall. Unfortunately, nowadays, a memorial to the first World War has the effect of a mockery.

Up Holliday Street a little way from the City Hall is a memento of other days that gives me pleasure to visit. This is the Peale Museum, a plain harmonious building of the best period. Designed by Robert Carey Long, one of Baltimore's good architects, it was opened in 1814 by Rembrandt Peale, the painter, as an "elegant roundezvous of taste, curiosity, and liesure." Among the principal attractions it offered, were the skeleton of a mastodon, a gigantic painting by the proprietor representing the Court Of Death (which still hangs in the museum), and "the wax figure of a female colored like life, and modestly reclining on a couch." There were also snakes, lizards, and insects; shells and petrifications, and the like. Peale was interested in illuminating gas and this was the first building in Baltimore to be so lighted. Ten cents was charged to see the gas lighted. The museum was not a success. Peale sold it to his brother, who in turn sold it to the city for a City Hall. In later years it fell into neglect and was almost forgotten. Now it has been restored with care and taste to its original condition. Many of Rembrandt Peale's paintings hang there, besides collections of objects generally illustrating the history of the city.

East Baltimore begins on the other side of Jones' Falls. After crossing one of the lower bridges you have the former Old Town on your left, Fell's Point on your right. In cities, for some obscure reason, wealth and fashion never move to the east. Somebody has said that it is because it is more agreeable to have the sun in your face when you walk home

from business; however that may be, the well-to-do men of Baltimore turn their faces north after office hours. East Baltimore never was fashionable, though there are still many long streets of comfortable dwellings with snowy steps, and windows filled with growing plants. The blinds are all pulled exactly half-way down; this is a point of honor with Baltimore housewives. Such streets and the people in them constitute the very backbone of the city. There is a subtle difference between east and west of the Falls. You can feel it.

It is amusing to try to follow all the convolutions of the water-front towards the east. Spurs of the railway run through the cobblestone streets to serve lumber yards and wharves. In Baltimore they have evolved an absurd big tractor that does not stay on the tracks but trundles around from one end of its freight-car to the other to push or to pull. The cobblestones are really cobblestones, that is to say, rounded stones of every size brought long ago from distant sea-beaches in the holds of clipper ships. There is an ancient marine railway around the corner, and close at hand the wharf where the broad-beamed old ice-breakers lie.

Nowadays nobody lives on the Point itself, which presents a confusion of little dead-end streets lined with lumber wharves, an old foundry, a fertilizer factory, and the like. Behind it empties Harford Run that was first canalized, then sent underground. The only reminder of it now is the unusual width of the street (Central Avenue). Perhaps I should explain that in Maryland speech "branch" is an inlet from tide-water while "run" is the running stream that empties into it; a "falls" is a larger flowing stream.

Beyond the Point the water-front is carried along by Thames Street, a crooked way of great picturesqueness. In one part there is a tall row of sailors' flop-houses, with humble eating places at street level that might have been transported intact from Marseilles. Thames Street crosses Broadway, the main street of East Baltimore, and is continued on around a

cove by Fells Street. You must then, in order to keep within touch of the water, make your way in and out and around several corners until you strike Boston Street. In one of the most unpromising dead-ends, you will come upon a little row of the very neat Baltimore houses, with cobblestones in front and big leafy trees to shade the doorways. Boston Street will carry you eastward along the water-front as far as your legs may be good for. An automobile is not so good for gathering local color.

East Baltimore is the home of the foreign citizens. Italian, Polish, Jewish, Slovakian, and so on. In hidden Fawn Street are to be found little restaurants specializing in spaghetti and *pollo a la cacciatore* washed down with California *très-ordinaire*. As elsewhere, as soon as such a place is discovered by outsiders, it deteriorates quickly. The liveliest spot in East Baltimore is Lombard Street, running through the Jewish quarter, lined with little shops and with push-carts along the curb; an untidy and a smelly street, full of life and color. On the edge of this quarter still stands the great town house which Charles Carroll of Carrollton built for his daughter, Mrs. Harper. How horrified the old aristocrat would be could he see East Lombard Street now. The Signer breathed his last in this house.

It is an ample, dignified structure with a steep roof and immense chimneys. Having been preserved for posterity, somebody had the wit to turn it into a recreation center, so much better than a museum, of which there are too many already. The old rooms now resound with the voices of young East Baltimore. Some of the rooms downstairs have been thrown together to make room for play. In one corner is an interesting survival, the Signer's strong-box, a closet built of great blocks of stone and fitted with a cast-iron door. Upstairs the nobly proportioned rooms with lofty ceilings remain as they were built, including a great ballroom in the rear.

The most traveled street in this part of the town is Eastern

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Avenue, which leads to all the purlieus of the east, Canton, Dundalk, and Highlandtown. Canton was so named in 1785 upon the arrival of the *Pallas*, the first Baltimore ship to complete a voyage from China. In the humble Polish quarter of Canton, it is surprising to come upon a modern church that is beautiful and harmonious in every line. This is St. Casimir's Roman Catholic. At Dundalk are the landing-fields, including the great municipal airport, on made ground extending into the river, which Baltimoreans hope may be finished some day. As I write this the first planes are landing.

Highlandtown has from early days been the stronghold of the Irish and as such, naturally, has enjoyed a fearsome reputation for turbulence and disorder. Within my time it has done nothing to deserve it especially. Nowadays it appears as just another brisk and busy local center, but still with a definite Irish flavor to distinguish it pleasantly from other little centers.

Baltimoreans are noted for sticking close to home. They do not travel much, not even around their own city. My friend the old priest has pointed out a curious foible; that when changing conditions oblige them to move, they always move in a straight line. Thus the Highlandtowners trek farther east, out the Philadelphia road; the Old Towners northeast on the Belair and Harford roads. Fashion, as I have pointed out, ever marches north, while the West Baltimoreans find new homes out Halethorpe and Catonsville way. In this manner the character of the different parts of town is preserved through the generations.

Back in town, Broadway begins at the Harbor with one of the untidy and colorful market-houses for which Baltimore is famous. They have lost some color, for now the colored people are not allowed to have any share in the markets; but still, always and everywhere a market is one of the most animated scenes of human activity and always a favorite hangout for philosophers. In West Baltimore, the colored people have

lately established a street market of their own which is more fun to watch than a variety show.

Lower Broadway is lined on both sides with busy shops, those toward the harbor still laying themselves out to attract the seafaring eye, and gradually merging into drygoods, notions, drugs, and hardware for city dwellers. There are many chain-stores but the neighborhood store still holds its place in Baltimore and appears to do a good business. Each of such stores reflects the individual taste of its proprietor, and it is that which makes a stroll on Broadway or West Baltimore Street or South Charles continuously diverting.

North of the stores, Broadway shows some pleasing examples of mid-nineteenth century dwellings with elaborate cast-iron balconies typical of the town. Above Baltimore Street, the wide way is parked down the center and set out with trees. From the top of the hill, looking north as far as the eye can reach, stretches a line of the later red-brick fronts on either side, with the white marble steps and arched doorways inseparable from Baltimore. I am sorry to say there is not quite the same jealous care to scrub the steps as there was long ago. Many of them are now covered with painted wooden treads to save trouble.

In Broadway stands the institution whose influence has spread far beyond Baltimore: the Hospital and Medical School of the Johns Hopkins University. The hospital is not an ancient institution—only fifty years old in 1939—but it was so wisely founded and so admirably administered, as to become famous almost from the beginning. The founder was one of the first men in America to appreciate the need of an institution of learning that should provide facilities for mature scholars as well as undergraduates. His idea was not only to teach what was already known, but to carry the torch of learning ever further.

Johns Hopkins died in 1873. The first classes of the University were opened in 1876, in a group of unpretentious build-

ings on Howard Street. In its first president, Daniel C. Gilman, the philanthropist found a great educator. For the purposes of a University, Gilman said, men are more important than buildings. A separate fund had been created for the Medical School and Hospital, and since the founder had stipulated that the buildings must be erected out of income, the hospital was not opened until 1889 and the Medical School had to wait three years longer. The founder chose, as the site for his hospital, what used to be called Laudenslager's Hill. There had been a hospital here almost since the city began. Four city blocks were included; as building after building was erected during the intervening years, the original site was filled and more land taken in.

Its success from the start was due to the wisdom of President Gilman in choosing his doctors. Of them, the most widely known was William Osler, Physician-in-Chief. The character of this great man is best illustrated in his addresses to his students:

I would urge you...to keep your own heart soft and tender.... Keep a looking-glass in your breast and the more carefully you scan your own frailties the more tender you will be for those of your fellow-creatures.... In charity we of the medical profession must live and move and have our being.... Cultivate peace of mind, serenity, the philosophy of Marcus Aurelius. Think not too much of tomorrow but of the work of today, the work which is immediately before you.

Gilman, Osler, and Dr. William Welch shaped and guided the policy of the new Hospital and Medical School. Of these three, Hopkins owes most to the last-named, for while Gilman retired in 1901 and Osler went to Oxford, Welch gave forty-five years—the balance of his life—to the institution that he helped to start. Doctor Welch was one of the great pioneers of preventive medicine, and the School of Hygiene at Hopkins is the result of his efforts. He possessed qualities of heart and mind that made him no less beloved than Osler; he was “Popsy” Welch. While he still lived his friends built the fine

Welch Library at Hopkins to stand as his memorial. Here is a bit of student versifying in honor of Dr. Welch that I have lifted from Dr. Hugh Young's autobiography:

Nobody knows where Popsy eats;
Nobody knows where Popsy sleeps;
Nobody knows whom Popsy keeps,
But Popsy.

Other great doctors were associated with the beginning of Hopkins such as—to name only two—Dr. Halstead, the surgeon, and Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the gynecologist, who at eighty-two is still actively engaged in practice and in public affairs generally. One of the artistic treasures of the hospital is a portrait of Doctors Osler, Welch, Halstead, and Kelly by John S. Sargent. They tell a story around the hospital that the great painter took a dislike to Dr. Halstead for some reason or other, and mixed his pigments so that Halstead would eventually fade out of the picture. The story probably is not true, but it is a fact that Halstead is fading.

To describe the present-day personalities and the activities at Hopkins would fill a whole book. The two ideas of healing the sick and furthering the art of healing still go hand in hand. To my friends among the research men I like to point out how fortunate they are in being permitted to lead the life of the mind in this imperfect world. This is the day of the scientist. The research laboratories at Hopkins are filled with enthusiastic workers untouched by commercialism. A pure scientist must give of his best to succeed, whereas only too many of the rest of us get on by second-rate methods.

I will try to convey the spirit of the whole place by describing one or two things I happen to have seen. It is a vast place, though not too vast to permit of coördination between all its parts. One of the ways in which coördination is effected is through meetings of the interdepartment medical society. In the special world of the hospital a man's ability soon becomes

known. Nearly all the research men devote a part of their time to teaching, and another part to clinical work.

One of the picturesque personalities of to-day is Dr. Adolf Meyer, the director of the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic, and chairman of the medical board of the hospital. Bearded Dr. Meyer, a Swiss, was a pioneer in the rational treatment of insanity. From his earliest days he was aware of the healing value of keeping his patients amused and in providing them with such work as they could do. Dr. Meyer talks things over with his erratic patients as if they were sane. He is a typical Hopkins man in that he does not enclose himself within the walls of his own specialty, but levies upon the contributions of every branch of medical science to help him treat those whose minds are sick. His method might be described as educating his flighty patients to health. One of Dr. Meyer's foibles is a fondness for an abstruse terminology. He invents words like *argasiatry*, *meregasia*, and so on. It is a source of innocent joshing among his students. Once at a Hopkins beano a student delivered a speech in Chinese, concluding it by announcing: "You have just heard a lecture on psychobiology."

In the psychobiology department of Phipps, Dr. Curt Richter has been working for many years with rats: gray rats, white rats, brown rats, and piebald. He chooses rats because they are very intelligent animals and because they are easy to handle. He may have hundreds of rats under observation without taking up too much room. For his rats he has evolved various types of cages according to his needs. In one type the rat has a little living-room in front with a door at the back leading to a turning wheel. The wheel is connected with a comptometer which informs Dr. Richter at a glance just how much exercise the rat has taken that day. This simple apparatus has taught him much about every animal, including the human. Endless experiments in feeding, in administering drugs, and in glandular operations have helped to establish what increases animal activity and what depresses it. If a

certain part of the brain is injured or removed, the rat will run himself to death. It is a significant fact that the female rat runs farther than the male!

At Hopkins, full freedom is provided to the worker to follow wherever his discoveries may lead. From Dr. Richter's first experiments in feeding rats it began to appear that the animal had an uncanny instinct for selecting the foods that its body required. If the adrenal glands are removed, all the salt washes out of the body and the animal, rat or human, dies. Under these conditions a rat will eat the additional amount of salt necessary to keep him alive and in health. The same was found to be true of the parathyroid glands, which govern the amount of calcium in the blood.

Dr. Richter, going further, then divided the rat's food into its various chemical elements, attaching each in a separate container to the walls of his cage; fats, carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts, and vitamins. Under these circumstances the astonishing fact emerged that the rat, left entirely to his own devices, was able to furnish himself with the diet best calculated to keep him in health and strength. Each day he ate or drank the exact amount of each element necessary to a balanced diet. This was not true of one rat only but of hundreds. Every rat, of course, has his own clinical record on which every fact of his daily life is entered. All the female rats knew how to change their diet according to the needs of pregnancy, and again during lactation. Dr. Richter does not yet know what enables a rat to do this, but suspects that it may lie in the taste nerves and taste buds on the tongue. To this end he is making a collection of tongues of all animals, birds, and so on. Everybody in Hopkins who gets hold of an interesting tongue sends it to Dr. Richter.

Far removed from the psychobiological laboratory, but no less interesting, is the work of the Eastern Health District. In this, Johns Hopkins Hospital coöperates with the Baltimore Health Department, the Babies Milk Fund, and other

agencies. This, the most comprehensive experiment in public-health activities ever attempted, developed from an idea in Dr. Welch's fertile brain. The district which surrounds the hospital contains over a hundred thousand souls and presents a fair cross-section of Baltimore, both white and black; excepting only those in the higher income brackets. The health problems reflect those of the entire city. The work has been going on for eight years and already shows fine results in a decreased infant mortality, a lowered death rate all around.

One Saturday morning I accompanied a little visiting nurse on her rounds. Her job on this particular occasion was to check certain colored women who had failed to report at the syphilis clinic. It was a delicate errand but, of course, all in the day's work to the little nurse. She led me down to the end of Fairmount Avenue (God save the mark!) which she said was the most picturesque block in East Baltimore, and I could believe her. The little brick houses, where the colored people lived, were not built in rows as is customary; each house was distinct in its decrepitude, a different style, a different color, a different angle, making a picture of intriguing variety. The worst corner had been condemned as unfit for human habitation and pulled down.

The whole dark-skinned neighborhood was interested in our visit. When we obtained no answer to our knocks, eager volunteers ran to fetch the tenant who was out calling. They soon brought her back. This was "Dorothy," last name and marital status uncertain. A good-looking, light-skinned Negress no longer young, very neatly dressed. There was a fixed expression of anxiety at the back of her eyes of which she was unconscious. She had found the dice of life loaded. There was something very touching in her wistful glance at the fresh young nurse whose way was secure. She led us into her tiny living-room, where we were a little startled to find a drunken colored man noisily sleeping it off on the sofa, with his shoes on the floor. Dorothy ignored him; she was more concerned

with some water that had been spilled on the floor of the little kitchen beyond. The living-room showed the brave attempts at decoration that one finds everywhere; the window was tight closed, and though it was a fine June day a hot fire burned in the stove. It must be difficult to keep such people in health.

The little nurse had been well-trained; she neither hectoring Dorothy nor issued an order, but with the greatest politeness requested her to come to the clinic for a blood test, in order that the hospital might keep its records straight, and so forth. Dorothy, equally polite, promised to come next day, and we got out of the stifling room. "About three out of ten come in when they say they will," the nurse remarked philosophically.

This visit was typical of many that we made. Everywhere we were well received; no trace of rudeness nor sullenness. I could not make up my mind whether this was due to the natural courtesy of the colored folk, or to the fact that the hospital had established a feeling of confidence among them. Probably both. It would have been difficult for anybody to be rude to my sweet little nurse, who was kind, polite, and business-like all at the same time. The old fear among poor people, of the hospital—any hospital—has largely been educated away. The ancient bogey of the black bottle has disappeared altogether; the only unwillingness we encountered was due to a slight dread in the Negroes that they were to be used in an "experiment." I noticed that the nurse answered all their questions honestly.

Our route lay through Bond Street, which contains some of the worst blocks in Baltimore from a health standpoint. But the sun was shining and the scene was gay; Negro slums never have a depressing effect, because Negroes accept poverty as their lot, and do not become so degraded as the white poor. In Bond Street on Saturday morning, Negro girls were parading up and down in their brilliant dresses and wonderful hairdos as proudly as if it were 5th Avenue, New York. The nurse pointed out one shuttered house where a white family made

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an island in that black sea. They were old people, she explained, who had lived in the same house for thirty years and declined to move.

Afterwards, in the little buildings which house the Eastern Health District, I visited the Well Babies' Clinic. What an admirable idea! Sick babies are not admitted here. This is a service for well babies to keep them well. Naturally there is no difficulty with the mothers. They hasten to bring in their handsome healthy babies, eager to hear the nurses and doctors commend them. It was a colored babies' day. One of the rooms was lined with a wide shelf divided into little stalls, each carpeted with clean white tissue paper. Here the babies were undressed and their clothes deposited in a large brown paper bag which the mother carried with her, when she passed on to talk to the doctors.

This room was the prettiest sight imaginable, with all the shapely, bright-eyed, brown babies, and their proud mammas. There is something especially appealing in Negro babies; they are more precocious than white ones; their eyes take note of everything; their small faces are comically expressive. One little fellow caught sight of a full bottle in the next stall, and knowing nothing about property rights, instantly reached for it and put it to his lips. How tragic his look of injury when it was snatched away! There were about thirty babies in the room, and the silence struck me as very odd; not one was crying. When I remarked on this to the nurse she said significantly: "Just wait!" Sure enough, a young one presently lifted up his voice experimentally; all thirty promptly came in and pandemonium reigned. However, there was nothing harrowing in the sound; it was just a form of healthy exercise which ceased as abruptly as it began.

Some ten years ago the young doctors at Hopkins, interns, assistant residents, and the like, pulled off a stunt that was so successful it has been repeated every year, becoming one of the lighter fixtures of Baltimore life. This is the famous Turtle

Derby. It is held on a tennis court below Marburg deck with the windows of Harriet Lane—the pediatric department—looking down at the end; the nurses' annex at one side and the great central court with its grass and trees stretching away to the east. Held in the month of May, it is a gala day for the whole institution. Patients are wheeled out on the deck in their beds or in wheel-chairs, the walking cases in giddy dressing-gowns. The ladies in bed, you may be sure, have on their prettiest nighties, and ribbons in their hair. Every bed furnishes seats for three or four friends. In the attic windows of the building hard-by sat nurses with their plump legs hanging down on the mansard. Down below, the populace gathers around the tennis court. Through this diversified crowd move the young doctors, all got up in terrific checked sporting costumes with false noses, wigs, and tall hats—taking bets. The odds are posted on a blackboard below. There is a program all in proper racing style with entries and pedigrees thus:

Rockefeller Institute stables.....	ROCKETTE
out of BEDROOM	by SUN UP
Dental stables	KISSER
out of SHAPE	by BRAWL
History room stables	IRA TURNDIT
out of EVERYONE	by ALIBI
Marburg (3) stables	STUDENT NURSE
out of BREATH	by NECESSITY
Pharmacy stables	AROMA
out of THUNDERMUG	by LYSOL

And so on. There were over seventy entries the year I saw it. Some of the japes were so recondite, none but a Hopkins initiate could appreciate them. Hopkins men are spread all over the country, and entries were received from as far off as Pierre, South Dakota, and Vancouver, British Columbia. The contestants are common or garden mud turtles, *Testudo carolina*. No sex allowance. No handicaps. Distance thirty-eight feet.

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A wide circle is drawn on the tennis court. The turtles are placed within a tin barrier in the center. At the discharge of the starter's pistol this contraption is lifted and the turtles start walking in every direction—or some of them do. The one which first crosses the outer circle at any point is the winner! With so many entries the derby has to be run off in several heats and excitement rises to a feverish pitch at the finals. This particular year a clown band, playing a John Philip Sousa march, and including Scotchmen, Vikings, Crusaders, Amazons—or indeed whatever the costumers of Baltimore happened to have on hand—assisted at the proceedings. A pair of bed pans served for cymbals. If there is anything funnier than a clown band I have yet to see and hear it. Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara arrived in an antique buggy drawn by a trick horse. We recognized Rhett Butler by his enormous ears. Groucho Marx came with the irrepressible Harpo, always dashing in the direction of a pretty girl among the spectators. Between heats the band played while Rhett and Scarlett gave an exhibition waltz on the tennis court. Scarlett naturally was the hairiest young doctor of them all. The horse waltzed, too, and afterwards climbed into the buggy and fell asleep. All this was received with shrieks of laughter from the patients up on Marburg deck.

While on the subject of medicine, I should mention that Johns Hopkins is not the city's only good school for doctors. As far back as 1789 the doctors of Baltimore formed themselves into a medical society, and prepared to give lectures to students. Shortly before this the town had been shocked by the murder of Captain De Corse on board the Chestertown packet which he commanded. One Cassidy was convicted of the crime and executed, and the newly-formed medical society obtained the body for the purposes of experiment. This was something new in Baltimore and the outraged populace, descending on the doctors, seized the cadaver and carried it

away. Not for nothing was Baltimore called "mob-town."

In 1800, the doctors tried again. Dr. John B. Davidge erected an Anatomical Hall on the southeast corner of Liberty and Saratoga streets. Before the lectures could begin, "a clamour was raised by some of the ignorant neighbors and the hall was demolished by the populace." Medicine in the early days had hard sledding in Baltimore. The lectures had to be delivered in the county almshouse. In 1809 the doctors, led by the indefatigable Davidge, got their society formally established by the legislature, and began building the fine hall down on Lombard Street which still serves as the Medical School of the University of Maryland. With its flat dome and colonnade, the plain, comely building represents the best Baltimore period. Robert Carey Long was the architect.

From that day to this "Maryland" has stood high among medical schools. Its present function is somewhat different than that of Hopkins. Whereas the graduates of the latter school run largely to teaching and research, Maryland turns out a larger proportion of practising physicians. Across the road from the handsome old Doctors' Building stands their towering new hospital, complete in every modern detail.

There are many good hospitals in Baltimore. The city is as well provided as any city in the country, but not quite well enough provided, for there are days in the sickly season when every bed in every hospital is filled. Baltimore, like other cities, lacks institutions for the care of the convalescent. The need was foreseen by old Johns Hopkins, but this provision of his will has not been carried out. For myself I would choose to be sick in Baltimore rather than in any city in the world. Not only are the hospitals first rate, but I think there is a special merit in Baltimore's doctors. It may be only because I know them better, but I like to believe it is because they have imbibed something of the spirit of Osler, who insisted that qualities of the heart were as necessary to a physician as qualities of the mind.



IV • SOUTH BALTIMORE

THE differences in character among the districts of Baltimore are partly due to the natural barriers which separate them. The Basin and the Northwest Branch lie between East Baltimore and South Baltimore, while the latter is separate from West Baltimore by the Middle Branch and the marshy lands bordering it. West Baltimore in turn is divided from North Baltimore by the deep valley of Jones' Falls. For this reason there never has been much visiting back and forth; nor do the young men often marry outside their own part of town. All Baltimoreans meet and pass in the common center of Lexington and Howard streets, but that is all.

South Baltimore sticks out from the rest of the town like a

pointing finger. The most isolated part of town, it is therefore the most characteristic. There is very little foreign admixture. It is Baltimore at its most Baltimoreish. For this reason, South Charles with its scores of small neighborhood stores is my favorite street. In these days when everything begins to look so much alike, one gets a hunger for individuality. Even the one or two big modern-fronted emporiums which have blossomed out are run by local people and have a South Baltimore flavor.

Light Street, which parallels Charles, also has many stores with an even more pronounced neighborhood flavor. The ancient market which extends from Charles to Light at Cross Street has the charm of a Currier and Ives lithograph. Indeed, everywhere in South Baltimore, Currier and Ives would have found good subjects. The domestic streets, with their endless rows of brick houses, have the character of an overgrown village. The bricks are of a certain shade of purplish red that I don't see anywhere except in mid-century Baltimore. Having always been a humble neighborhood, there are not many marble steps. Such as there are look snowier than elsewhere, the wooden steps so white they seem to be painted weekly. The plainest street in South Baltimore is redeemed from ugliness by the vigorous, thick-leaved old poplar trees that grow everywhere.

Nearly every man owns his little house, consequently each family is a fixture. In fine weather they are all out on the street; there are swarms of healthy-looking children; everybody knows everybody else; except on one street, there is no through traffic, and the passage of a strange car excites a pleased interest in the eyes of all. I noticed an exceedingly pretty girl standing on the corner at six o'clock waiting for a car, obviously on her way to keep a date in town. She was pretty enough to be graduating into a larger sphere, and the whole neighborhood was looking on disapprovingly. South Baltimore gives one a safe feeling in a quicksand world.

Federal Hill is the gate-post to this part of town. The little park which occupies it is, in all Baltimore, my favorite loafing-place. On the north side the neat little Basin lies at your feet, with the city beyond rising in successive terraces from wharves to sky-scrappers. Off to the left the big steamboats for Richmond and Norfolk are getting steam up; across the water lie two of the sleek M. & M. liners and a freighter of the Bull Line nearby. On the hither side is moored the gray Eagle Boat No. 56 which furnishes drill for the Maryland Naval Reserve. A little farther along is a small marine railway with a brand new and very ugly motor-vessel drawn out of the water. Alongside lies a quaint little side-wheeler steamboat of long ago, sad and forgotten now, with rust eating through her tall smoke-stack.

To the east from Federal Hill one looks down the main Branch, lined with wharves and industrial plants, curving out of sight. Off to the right extends the ship-repair plant partly hidden by the trees on the hill. There was a trim Japanese liner of the Mitsui Line; a big tramp, the *Nemaha*, lifted high in drydock; and alongside her a tanker with the uncouth name of *Cities Service Beaver*. Somehow we seem to have lost the art of naming ships. Immediately below the hill runs the Key Highway, a bypass road to get traffic out of town.

Federal Hill received its name on a day in 1788 when the town celebrated Maryland's ratification of the Federal Constitution. There was a big parade featuring a tiny full-rigged ship, the *Federalist*, built under the direction of the indomitable Joshua Barney. At the end of the day the *Federalist* cast anchor on Federal Hill where a barbecue for four thousand people was held. On the following day, Barney put his fifteen-foot ship in the water and sailed her down the Bay and up the Potomac to be presented to General Washington. Federal Hill cries aloud for a monument to Barney.

This neighborhood is the oldest part of South Baltimore and bears the look of one hundred years ago almost un-

changed. There is no traffic through the streets of the hill, and the delicate green of grass mists the paving stones. Most of the streets come to a dead end. I recommend Hamburg Street to any lover of the past. It is a bit of old-world stuff with peeps through open passageways of green gardens in the rear. At the end of the street, on a high bluff overlooking the docks and harbor, is a dream house—that is, if your dream takes the form of a tiny house embowered in green, overlooking the mad world but out of it. It has a hydrangea bush and a maple tree; a little double gallery.

The traveled street in South Baltimore that I referred to is Hanover Street, which carries southbound traffic out of town. Traffic, I need hardly say, robs it of individual character; the filling stations, restaurants, sales of repossessed cars, are designed to catch the eye of travelers. The inhabitants, too, through familiarity with strangers, have lost the delightful naïveté of the back streets. I drive through Hanover Street fifty times a year without seeing anything. At the end of the street a great bridge carries it over the Middle Branch.

Down at the end of South Baltimore's pointed finger lies the Fort McHenry Reservation, now a national park. No longer of any value as a fortification, it has been neatly restored to its appearance as of 1814, and is Baltimore's principal attraction for tourists. With its redoubts, bastions, gun platforms, and fosses, it is a complete example of an old-time fortress. The guard-room, dungeons, and casemates remain as they were; the quarters have been reconstructed; the powder magazine still stands, as why should it not, for its brick walls are ten feet thick! The old pump in the center of the courtyard looks as if it had been there from the beginning. One of the buildings contains an interesting collection of early small arms, flintlocks, and muzzle-loaders.

Between Fort McHenry and the Lazaretto, the passage to the upper Harbor is only a few hundred yards wide, and one can almost toss a biscuit aboard the vessels passing in and out.

There is no better vantage point for the lover of shipping. That it is appreciated is evident from the automobiles lined up there at all hours. In the grounds of Fort McHenry stands one of Baltimore's peculiarly inappropriate monuments. This is a gigantic statue of Orpheus, naked but for a fig-leaf, not very well executed. Anything less representative of Francis Scott Key than Orpheus with one foot turned in and a-twang-ing of his blooming lyre, can hardly be imagined.

There has been a fortification here ever since the Colonies fell out with the mother country. It was then called Whetstone Point. In the spring of 1776 a battery of eighteen guns was erected, and a great chain stretched across the narrow passage reeved through heavy floating blocks, leaving only a narrow opening for ships close to the fort. There was only one minor engagement then when the state schooner *Defense* drove off the British sloop-of-war *Otter*. Fort McHenry's real fame was won on September 13, 1814, when it was attacked by the British force which had a few weeks before taken and burned the national capital.

There were about fifty sail in the British fleet, including transports. The soldiers landed at North Point on the Bay, and after giving them time to engage the American troops, the warships moved up the river to bombard the fort. It was found that the big line-of-battle ships and frigates could not bring the fort within range, for lack of water, but the British had five shallow-draft bomb-ships which they sent on. These ships were able to place their shells within the fort while lying out of range of McHenry's guns. Consequently the fort did little shooting except during one brief period when the bomb-ships rashly ventured closer. The bombardment lasted for twenty-five hours and it is estimated that fifteen hundred bombs were thrown into the fort. The defenders, however, found safety in the casemates, and only four of them were killed.

The narrow passage to the Lazaretto was blocked by

sunken ships, and behind this barrier lay part of Commodore Barney's flotilla of armed barges. Barney himself, desperately wounded in the defense of Washington, was not present. There had been an attempt to block the much wider Middle Branch on the other side of McHenry, but this was not completely accomplished. There was another fort—Covington—on a point of the Middle Branch, and in addition a six-gun battery mounted on the shore between the two forts. This was commanded by young Sailing-master Webster of Barney's flotilla.

In the night the British, having manned all the barges and galleys they could lay their hands on, sent them in to force a passage. Finding the Northwest Branch completely blocked, they stole into the Middle Branch with the object of taking the town's defenses in the rear. They got past Fort McHenry, but Webster discovered them by the light of the bursting rockets and bombs, and opened fire with his six little guns. Webster said afterwards that he counted twenty-two barges and a schooner, but no one will ever know for sure just what force the British sent in. At any rate they got no farther. Both forts opened fire on them in addition to the little battery and they retreated to their ships. In the morning a smashed barge and some floating bodies were found in front of Webster's battery.

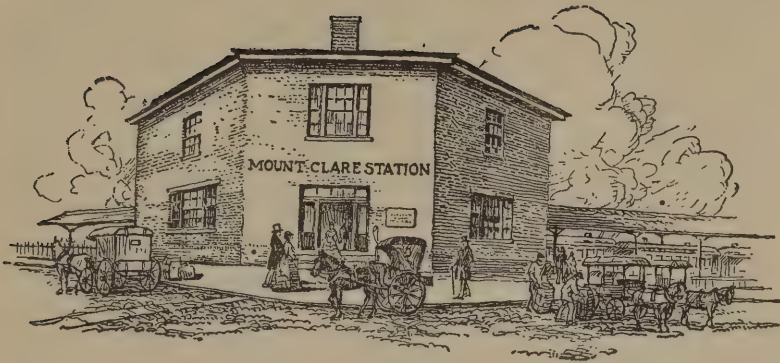
Meanwhile the British soldiers, after driving back the field force sent to meet them, decided that the earthworks to the east of the city were too strong to attack, and returned to their ships. A priceless opportunity was lost when they were permitted to re-embark unmolested. On the following day, since neither arm had accomplished anything, the ships sailed away and the city was saved.

Francis Scott Key, observing the bombardment from the deck of a ship on which he was detained, wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner," thereby becoming Baltimore's number one hero. Fame distributes her honors capriciously; for young

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Sailing-master Webster who, more than any other one man, was responsible for saving the town has been completely forgotten, though it is true the city presented him with a sword shortly after the event.

South Baltimore is well provided with small green breathing spaces. In Riverside Park are to be found six little cannon of 1814. Since this park stands close above the spot where Webster's six-gun battery was placed, I like to think that these are the very guns that saved Baltimore in 1814, though I can not prove it.



V • THE SAGE OF WEST BALTIMORE

EUTAW and Paca streets run parallel with Howard, and are lined with stores in a diminishing scale. All these streets west of Charles, and a part of Charles itself, were laid out through the property of Colonel John Eager Howard, one of Baltimore's Revolutionary heroes and, after the war, the greatest gentleman in town. His mansion, Belvedere, stood near the site of the hotel which now bears that name. The public had access to the park surrounding it and the chronicles are full of references to celebrations—and duels, which took place in Howard's park. Distinguished visitors to Baltimore were always entertained at Belvedere, and Colonel Howard's name headed every subscription list.

Eutaw Street took its name from Eutaw Springs, one of the

Colonel's battles. It is continued on uptown by Eutaw Place, the broad, parked avenue that I have already mentioned. At the head of Paca Street stands the old Seminary of St. Mary's behind a high brick wall. Ever since I first came to Baltimore my curiosity has been teased by that wall and finally, one day, I rang the seminary bell and asked to be shown around. A courteous priest took me in charge. It was summer time, the seminarians were on holiday and the great grass-grown yard with its magnificent trees presented a scene expressing such peace and serenity as I have rarely felt—and this in the middle of the city.

My guide explained to me that he was a graduate of the Seminary who had come back to board for a while in the peaceful place so full of memories for him. The institution is a hundred and fifty years old, but the present main building dates from the seventies, and bears the commonplace stamp of that period. The students lead a spartan existence and still draw their own water for washing. The most interesting feature of the building is the little suite reserved for the use of the beloved Cardinal. This brings back 1878 very vividly, with its prim portraits and stiff horsehair furniture. I noticed, however, that the Cardinal was provided with a superb Early American wash-hand-stand with a marble top, a pink bowl, and brass plumbing!

The great walled yard I was pleased to find was not trimmed to a nicety; that would have been to destroy its serene and natural air. There was room for a baseball diamond, also courts for tennis and basket-ball. The plot is of an irregular shape, providing unexpected corners here and there. At one end is the convent for the sisters who keep house for the seminary, with a little hidden flower garden, the prettiest thing imaginable. Here also stands the house of Mother Seton who founded the Sisters of Charity in the United States and who is now, American Catholics hope, on the way to beatification. This house, which dates from about 1808, though

small, has a spacious air with its graceful stairway and well-proportioned rooms. It is gradually being filled with furniture and utensils of the period.

The most secluded corner of the plot is also the noisiest, for it lies behind the wall at the point where the Paca Street trolley-cars turn into Druid Hill Avenue. This is the burial ground where the priests of the Seminary lie in peace, though not in quiet. One or two laymen have found a sanctuary here also; one stone tells of the Haytian gentleman who, having lost wife and children during the insurrection, was buried here among strangers; another of a maid, loyal and pious, who served the Seminary for many years.

The chief attraction of the Seminary, and what I most wanted to see, was the chapel of 1808 which represents the first attempt to introduce the Gothic style in Baltimore. The architect was Maximilian Godefroy, a Frenchman. He knew what he was after, but his workmen, accustomed only to the classic forms, did not, and some amusing compromises have resulted. These, however, lend character to the little building, unique among churches. Age has mellowed and beautified it both within and without. Inside, the colorful chapel is arranged like a choir with seats for the students ranged lengthwise and stalls for the priests behind.

Eutaw and Paca streets are associated in the minds of all Baltimoreans with Lexington Market, which crosses them. The ground for this largest and best known of the Baltimore markets was set aside by Colonel Howard as long ago as 1819. The allotted space extended through three blocks, but the market itself has reached out a little farther in each direction. It is as busy as ever and as appetizing, but in the course of years the original purpose of a market has been lost. The country people no longer drive in with the produce. Nowadays, keeping a market-stall is a business in itself. The stall-keeper buys his fruits and vegetables from the commission-merchant; and thus two orders of middlemen have been allowed to nose

in between producer and consumer. Even so, living in Baltimore is as cheap as in any city in the country.

In Lexington Street, where the market has spread on beyond original boundaries, stands a row of handsome dwellings known as the Pascault houses. Built about the same time as Waterloo Row in Calvert Street, they were no more successful, and have now very definitely fallen on evil days. Defaced by shabby store fronts, and lined along the curb with market-stalls, they still provide an intriguing subject for the artist's pencil. Architects visit the old houses for the sake of the fine detail.

West of handsome Eutaw Place run three parallel streets lined with block houses of the better sort for the well-to-do; Madison Avenue, McCulloh Street, and Druid Hill Avenue. Of these McCulloh Street was always the most desirable, since no trolley-cars ran there. In 1913 the Negroes began to move in, and during the following years spread with startling rapidity, not only over the whole district but far west through the decorous streets of white marble steps and arched doorways hitherto sacred to middle-class Baltimore. It is only the shell of its former self.

The Negroes had to go somewhere, of course, and they followed the path of least resistance. Well-to-do people, becoming dissatisfied with their block houses at this time, were beginning to move to the suburbs. But the exodus was hastened by the operation of unscrupulous white real-estate operators. By introducing a colored family into a white block all the other inhabitants of the block could be persuaded to sell to the operator at bargain prices. The purchasers for the most part owned the smallest possible equity in the buildings, and under Baltimore's peculiar system of ground rents, had no ownership in the land. Their habit was to fill the houses with Negroes, collect an enormous profit on their small investments and then default on the mortgages, a slick scheme that has cost the city dear. The taxes from this once wealthy section



LEXINGTON MARKET

have fallen almost to nothing. No repairs are made and the fine houses are going to pieces with tragic swiftmess.

Neither have the Negroes been benefited by the change, for these houses with a few big rooms on each floor are entirely unsuited to their needs. Overcrowding has resulted with its consequent detriment to health and morals. The house-fronts show little change and it is strange to find such handsome avenues occupied by the poorest class of tenants. Behind the fronts the occupants have a way of chopping up the doors, the floors and even the joists for fire wood. Some houses, actually unsafe, have had to be torn down. All this could have been prevented by good planning, but Baltimore awakened to the danger too late. I am glad to say that, of the seven housing developments now under way, five are for Negro tenants.

A vast area in West Baltimore has now been preëmpted by the Negroes, including several pleasant green squares. Around the squares live the élite of colored Baltimore in homes just as luxurious and as carefully kept up as those of the white plutocrat. It is silly to assert that the colored people prefer squalor. The truth is, they are unfitted to cope with an industrial civilization and are cruelly exploited by the whites. When they do succeed in overcoming the handicaps placed upon them, they appreciate the amenities of life as well as we do.

West Baltimore is bisected by Pennsylvania Avenue, the shopping mart and the promenade of the colored folk. It is a wonderful sight on Saturday nights. White people are as scarce on the crowded pavements as four-leaf clovers in a pasture, but an occasional white stroller is not resented. I like to walk in Pennsylvania Avenue, though I feel that I have no business there. For more than a mile the street is lined down both sides with little brick houses having store-fronts at the street level. Most of the stores are kept by white people, for the Negro is seldom far-sighted enough to promote and sup-

port his own. But the little eating-houses are kept by colored people because they know better what good eating is; also the barber shops, naturally, and that new business which has taken Pennsylvania Avenue by storm—I mean the Beauty Shoppes. Almost one store in every ten is a Beauty Shoppe. Nowadays the Negro girls, after straightening their hair, immediately invest in a permanent wave!

There are several big moving-picture theaters and many smaller ones, all showing the standard Hollywood products. One would think the patrons would get very tired of looking at the silly capers of white folk. What a flair the dark-skinned promenaders have for dress, and how they preen themselves! Crudity has pretty well disappeared. True, the Negro male is more colorful in his attire than the white man dares to be, but not the girls. When they have freedom of choice, it is surprising to find how sound their taste is.

The colored tide has not flowed below Fayette Street in the west. South of that lies a narrow section which still preserves the character of old Baltimore, West Baltimore which was always a step above South Baltimore socially; white collar clerks, small merchants, professional men, solid comfortable people without pretensions to style. The whole district bears a heavy conventional aspect; these smug houses were built for church-goers, sober family men who, if they ever sinned, sinned in secret.

The best street in this part of town is Hollins Street and here, in a perfect West Baltimore house facing the pleasant green of Union Square, lives Henry Louis Mencken. He has dwelt in the same house for fifty-seven years, which I think must be a record among authors, improvident creatures, generally chivvied from attic to attic. There is nothing improvident about Mencken; in appearance he is the plain, solid, average citizen in the very image of West Baltimore, howbeit nothing could be further from that community than his free-ranging mind. Out in the world they call him the Sage of

Baltimore; in Baltimore the Sage of Hollins Street. The truth is, he is not nearly so much the Sage as he is the Artist, which is something else again.

Much has been written about Mencken, including a lot of nonsense; the subject, however, still has possibilities. Fifteen years ago Isaac Goldberg wrote a biography of him which is still a good book, though a lot of water has passed under the Menckonian bridge since 1925. Goldberg, I think, is sometimes overelaborate; Mencken could be expounded in simpler terms; but at least the biographer is not subservient; he finds joints in his hero's philosophical armor.

Leaving his philosophy to others, I would speak of him as a figure of Baltimore life, the delight of a wide circle of friends who love him and are always stimulated in his society. When not present, he is the subject of endless discussion, which never arrives at conclusions, for he can not be docketed. Mencken is a mass of contradictions; nobody has found the phrase to contain him. His presence ensures the success of any party that he can be induced to attend. He would be run to death socially had he not learned long ago how to protect himself. No friend, however intimate, takes liberties with Mencken—at least not more than once. Women are no less attracted to him than men, though he does not suggest a John Barrymore. At a party the fairest ladies cluster like flies around a honey-pot, each contending with scant politeness to win his attention to herself.

When I told Mencken I wished to include a little sketch of him in my book, he said with a glance of astonishment; "But I am not a real Baltimorean; I have never been considered as such, though I love the town, as you know." Which seemed to me significant. I assume that he was referring to North Baltimore, but North Baltimore as I have been trying to point out is by no means the whole town. Mencken more than the whole combined membership of the Maryland Club has given modern Baltimore a character; Mencken represents

Baltimore to the world. An odd thing is, that Mencken himself was elected to the Maryland Club not so many years ago, and is naïvely vain of the honor.

Every Monday night he meets with two or three friends in the back room of a German restaurant for beer and conversation. Where would this be possible nowadays but in Baltimore? Mencken supplies most of the conversation. He favors men of the medical and legal fraternities and can meet them on their own ground. Like most genuine artists he does not care for the shop-talk of his own guild, nor literary society generally, though he has old friends among the brethren who join the beer parties whenever they come to Baltimore to be treated by Doctor Hugh Young. But the conversation is seldom literary.

Nor is Mencken in conversation ever aggressive or truculent. His heart is generous; and his courtesy perfect. He displays a tender consideration for the prejudices of his friends. He also has a naïve way of assuming in advance that all right-minded persons must agree with him. Though I differ with him totally on many subjects, and he must know it, I have never disputed with him in conversation—perhaps it is because I know better. Once, years ago, I crossed lances with him in print, and was ignominiously driven from the field, though I still think I was right.

Those who know Mencken only through the fierce vituperation of his newspaper articles would be astonished to discover the mildness of his proper person. Those whom he attacks afterwards become his friends. The secret is, that however furious his language, there is no rancor in it. My friend the old priest told me that all intelligent priests read Mencken with delight. Goldberg points out that the socialists get more stimulation from Mencken's attacks on them than from the writings of their own Marx or Engels. Mencken himself says that he doesn't hate religion; he only finds it comical. He confesses to an affection for Bishop Cannon whom he has lam-

basted so severely, and regrets that the old man is no longer what he was.

Mencken is an inveterate bedside visitor. He knows everybody in the great world, of course; everybody who is anybody and who has the price comes to Hopkins for treatment sooner or later, and stocky, red-faced, matter-of-fact Henry is ever the ministering angel at their bedsides. He has his own notions about treating the sick; it exhausts or excites them to talk, hence they must keep quiet and Henry launches into a monologue at the foot of the bed that permits of no interruption. At the end of fifteen minutes by his watch he marches out.

Mencken rails at the incapacity of the poor and is discovered to be supporting two refugee children. He laughs at women and falls in love ideally at the age of fifty; in an introduction to his wife's book he has written one of the tenderest tributes to a woman ever penned. He berates incompetency in and out of season yet was friends for twenty years with one Professor ———, a minor member of the Goucher College faculty. He explains his association with ——— on the score that the man fascinated him he was such a complete nullity; he had nothing and he was nothing. Out of pure kindness of heart Mencken conducted ———'s seminar once each year much to the excitement of the Goucher girls, and on one occasion he took Joseph Hergesheimer with him to stage a debate for the girls. An inconsistent man and most lovable!

When Mencken's parents took him to 1524 Hollins Street at the age of three, the house was brand new. It is now an old-fashioned house with its arched marble doorway and white steps. In *Happy Days* the Sage has written a warm and affectionate account of a Baltimore childhood in that house. His father died when he was eighteen and for more than twenty-five years the family lived on there, the mother, a daughter, and two sons. There was one son, Charles, who took a wife at the usual age, but it was not a marrying family.

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The sister and the youngest son have remained unmarried, and Henry himself was only married through accident or as one might say by the act of God; he is by nature a bachelor.

Through all the years that he was employed in New York on the *Smart Set* and later on the *Mercury*, he refused to leave Baltimore and commuted back and forth. He has written:

Coming back to Baltimore is like coming out of a football crowd into quiet communion with a fair one who is also amiable. . . . Human relations in such a place as this tend to assume a solid permanence. A man's circle of friends becomes a sort of extension of his family circle. His contacts are with men and women who are rooted as he is. They are not moving all the time and so they are not changing their friends all the time. . . . The men I know and esteem in Baltimore are, on the whole, men I have known and esteemed a long while; even those who have come into my ken relatively lately seem likely to last. But of the men I knew best when I first began going to New York twenty-five years ago, not one is a friend of today. Of those I knew best ten years ago, not six are my friends today. The rest have got lost in the riot, and the friends of today I sometimes fear, will get lost in the same way.

When Mencken's mother died, in 1926, the two brothers and their sister continued to live on together, but a few years later while conducting Professor ——'s seminar at Goucher, Henry's eye fell upon an eager student at the table and forthwith he lost his heart. This was Sara Haardt. They were married and Mencken's life was completely transformed. His young wife was "artistic"—a thing he had theretofore derided; they moved into a swank apartment facing Mount Vernon Place which she filled with early American antiques. His old friends couldn't understand it; old friends never can, but the changed man undeniably was happy. Unfortunately Mrs. Mencken became an invalid and after five years he lost her. He instantly went back to Hollins Street to resume life with brother and sister. His marriage was an interlude, a dream; his glance softens and his voice becomes gentle when he speaks of that time.

The sister now has a home of her own, but Henry and

brother August live on at 1524. One might expect to find the old home of two bachelors a snuffy, untidy sort of retreat, but nothing of the sort in this case; the house is a model of neatness and order; everything shines with cleanliness; Henry will have it so. Once, judging from old photographs, it was rather severe, but Henry has brought in some of Sara Haardt's treasures to grace the rooms, and the matter-of-fact August of whom one would never suspect such frivolity, has papered the dining-room with a gay French landscape of tall trees surrounding a pond. It is August's pleasant humor to paste on tiny pictures of boys swimming, a man rowing and so on, so cleverly that they appear to be part of the printed design.

The undisguised affection between the two brothers is a pleasant thing to see. They look alike, though August, nine years younger, appears to be the older. But then Henry at sixty still has all his hair, ungrayed at that, and so far as I know, his own teeth. He is solid, but, notwithstanding the oceans of beer he has downed, not obese. He could pass anywhere for fifty; indeed, I know many a man of forty-five who looks more decayed. He still emanates an immense vigor, though he affects to be rather delicate in health. He has retained an elder brother protectiveness toward August who is of a somewhat retiring disposition. Henry takes care to see that August is brought into the conversation at the little beer-gatherings. The brothers exclaim in unison when something excites their wonder: "Ho!"

Henry Mencken's great passion is for music. He affects to believe that he would have made a better musician than a writer, but I beg leave to doubt it. I can not measure what his talent for music may be, but I know that he has preëminently the gift of language. For nearly forty years he has been one of the mainstays of the Saturday Night Club, an informal association of a few musicians. Surely nothing like this could have existed elsewhere but in Baltimore, nor have lasted so long. Many of the old members are dead, and Mencken com-

plains of the dearth of suitable timber among the young, but the club will certainly continue as long as a duet survives.

Every Saturday night they meet at the house of a member to play what music the host of the evening may choose to provide. It is a point of honor not to know what they are going to play until it is put before them. It may range from a Brahms symphony to a Strauss waltz. Occasionally the party may provide every part called for in the score, but more often some of the instruments are missing. Henry Mencken and Max Broedel the medical artist, supply a multitude of omissions with bass and treble on the piano. Each blames the other for whatever mistakes are made.

Perfect execution is not to be expected under the circumstances, hence the members do not care to have an audience. They play for themselves. I was, however, fortunate enough to be invited to several meetings a few years ago. Never have I seen men lifted to such heights of innocent pleasure. How envious was I that I could not play even the mouth-organ. I remember an evening in Max Broedel's little house when the club essayed to play the great Brahms Second. There were several breakdowns but they always cheerfully started again. How well they finally played it I could not say, for the noise was deafening; the walls of the little house threatened to fly apart. But how charming when they came to an end, to see the elderly host leap up from the piano bench transported with delight. Flinging his arms around his young son who happened to be the nearest, he cried: "Carl, I love you! Is there plenty of beer on ice?" Since the above was written the greatly-loved Max has passed on.

Formerly after the music, the club sat down to supper in the house of the evening, and magnificent collations were served. The members are connoisseurs of food as well as music. During the dry years each member made his own beer and there was great emulation to produce the best brew. Lately the strain of these weekly feasts has proved too great on the vari-

ous households, and now after music the club adjourns to a restaurant. The membership has a German complexion but not exclusively so; the late Dr. Raymond Pearl, the famous biologist of Hopkins, blew a mean French horn, and Dr. Frank Hazlehurst still draws a wicked bow, besides others.

I shall say nothing about Henry Mencken's political opinions with which I generally disagree. He regards himself first and foremost as a newspaper man; he loves the rumble of the presses and the smell of ink, and that I deplore, for I can't help feeling that the country is the loser in that the author of *The American Language* is not engaged on more enduring stuff. After savoring the delicacy and the richness of his art in *Happy Days* I put him first among our writers. By way of contrast there comes into my mind an old jape of Mencken's. He is describing a parade over on the Eastern Shore. Says Mencken: "Next came the Masons with embroidered aprons draped over their cow-catchers."

In Southwest Baltimore are the great and picturesque Mount Clare shops of the B. & O. Railroad. This road with which the city's history and prosperity is so closely bound up was started as far back as 1827. And old Charles Carroll of Carrollton lived to lay the cornerstone. After the signing of the Declaration of Independence he regarded it as the most important act of his life. In the beginning the rails were laid on stone sleepers until it was found that the "straps" (as the rails were then called) were quickly hammered to pieces. To put wagons on the rails was the purpose of the enterprise. There was no thought in the beginning of using steam power. Horses drew the cars. There was also an attempt to propel them with sails, which worked very well when the wind was in the right direction, but made it difficult to maintain a schedule. In 1830 Peter Cooper came to Baltimore and built the Tom Thumb engine, which was an immediate success. It is true that in a race between horse and engine the horse won,

but that was only because the engine broke down. The village of Relay, west of town, was where horses were changed. It was not until 1836 that they were discarded altogether in favor of steam.

Farther west, Baltimore preserves an agreeable colonial relic in the mansion of Mount Clare which was built for Charles Carroll, the Barrister, a cousin of the Signer. It is across the way from the gigantic emporium of Montgomery Ward & Co., the old looking at the new. The grounds of the old mansion together with added acreage, comprise the city's Carroll Park.

Leading north from Frederick Avenue not far away, is the Franklintown Road known to old Baltimore as Butcher's Row. In the old days this Frederick Road was the Eastern terminus of the National Pike and down the Pike came the droves of cattle, sheep, and hogs to supply Baltimore with meat or to be shipped on the hoof to the West Indies. The butchers found it convenient to come part way to meet them; and their slaughtering establishments were built along the Franklintown Road with the rear ends projecting over the hill above Gwynn's Falls. And there surprisingly enough, in spite of all change and progress, they still are. It is one of the most characteristic spots in Baltimore. One sees nothing of the filth or squalor associated with an abattoir. The quaint, spacious old-time dwellings of the prosperous butchers face the street; the works are hidden in the rear. In old Baltimore a business man always lived adjacent to his place of business. The cattle and the hogs are no longer driven through the streets but brought in trucks; hundreds of head are still slaughtered daily in the sheds behind these decorous old dwellings; hams are smoked there and sausages stuffed.

One of the butcher's houses standing in a plot at the corner of McHenry Street is without doubt the quaintest, the most absurd, and the most picturesque dwelling in Baltimore. It is said to have been built in 1802. Originally a plain, square,

dignified structure of that good period, some later owner of a taste less pure, has embellished it with a double gallery all around, decorated with cast-iron work more fantastically elaborate than anything in Baltimore, which is famous for its cast-iron balconies. All this iron lace-work is painted white, and the effect is dazzling.



VI · NORTH BALTIMORE

THAT part of North Baltimore lying between North Avenue and 29th Street is an undistinguished district, neither new nor old, neither handsome nor squalid—except for a block or two of slums along its western edge. Through the middle of it are scattered the unrelated buildings of Goucher College for Women, an institution which maintains a high standard of scholarship. Ground has been broken for a magnificent new plant our Towson way. Along 29th Street runs the Oriole baseball park, Mecca of the fans on summer afternoons. Their shouts and boos resound for many blocks around.

The new and more pretentious Baltimore begins at Charles and 29th streets. From this point north the town's main thor-

oughfare is doubled, parked and lined with young trees. In the beginning a few handsome dwellings were built here, but tall apartment-houses soon usurped the street and the single-family dwellings are lost among them. On the west side of the street, standing on a height in Wyman Park is Baltimore's handsome new Art Museum, which contains worthy collections of various sorts which I shall not enumerate. One of the most interesting exhibits is the bust of Jacob Epstein, a wealthy Baltimore merchant, by Jacob Epstein the famous British sculptor. Mr. Epstein the merchant, is a liberal donor to the Museum. The present enterprising direction of the museum holds frequent shows with a view to making the matter-of-fact people of Baltimore art-conscious.

Speaking of art, one of the most interesting private collections in Baltimore has been formed by two women, the late Dr. Clara Belle Cohn and her sister Miss Etta Cohn. Dr. Cohn was an intimate friend of Gertrude Stein from the time when Miss Stein was a medical student in Baltimore. Acting largely on her advice the Cohns began to buy pictures in Paris forty years ago when Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, Picasso, Degas, and even Renoir were still within the means of ordinary people. The result is a collection of modern French painting which is among the first half dozen in America.

North of the Art Museum spreads the magnificent new campus of Johns Hopkins University. Here are housed all its schools except Medicine and Hygiene. The establishment is known as Homewood, from the Carroll House which stands near the entrance to the grounds. This little mansion was built by the Signer about 1800 for Charles Carroll, his eldest son. There has been an effort to carry out the style of the Carroll House in the buildings of the University. It is a sufficiently dignified and comely group but, of course, many concessions had to be made to utility, and the general effect is to make the little old house stand out like a jewel against the dross of modern building. The Carroll house standing at the top of its

green slope flanked by old trees, is beyond all compare the most charming piece of architecture in Baltimore; though one passes it ten times a day it never fails to convey the same little shock of pleasure to the senses. The inside is as lovely as the outside.

Johns Hopkins left his country house, Clifton, and the land surrounding it for the building of the University. This plot lies about two miles east of the present site but slightly nearer the center of the town. Daniel C. Gilman, Hopkins' able administrator, decided that it was not practicable to build at Clifton with the funds at his command. He therefore started his classes in unpretentious buildings downtown as has been already described. The present great plant was not built out of the original Hopkins fund; the citizens of Baltimore dug deep in their pockets to make it possible. The Clifton site was sold to the city and has now become one of its most frequented parks.

At the diagonal crossing of University Parkway, Charles Street decides to go plain again and drop its parking. There are a couple of super-apartment houses here and a magnificent Greek temple for the Scottish Rite Masons. Across the way, a Cathedral of the Episcopal Church is some day to rise. At present the ground plan is marked out by a hedge. A few blocks farther north, Charles Street appears to end at the entrance to the Miles White house, one of the handsomest in Baltimore. From the hill on which it stands the eye follows the street all the way to the monument, three miles south. Baltimore, however, was not through with its beloved Charles Street. With true Baltimore inconsistency it sends off a street at one side which it calls Charles Street Extended, and which presently merges into Charles Street Avenue, designed to carry the city on to the north as far as it wants to go.

Down Charles Street Avenue on a September day in 1864 charged a detachment of Confederate cavalry, taking the city very disagreeably by surprise. It was led by Harry Gilmor,

famous or infamous according to your sympathies, and was a part of the force of General Bradley T. Johnson, cavalry leader for General Jubal Early, who was then before Washington. The desperate boldness of this, the third invasion of Maryland, has been somewhat overlooked by the historians because it came to nothing, and because it was so near the end of the struggle. The Confederates burned the country house of Governor Bardford, only five miles from the center of the city, with his furniture, library, and paintings. It was done in retaliation for General Hunter's destruction of Governor Letcher's residence at Lexington, Virginia.

To the east of Charles Street lies the modern development of Guilford and over to the west on the other side of Stony Run, its sister development, Roland Park. In these two suburbs and in those lying further north, everybody in the Baltimore swim now lives or aspires to live. They are among the most beautiful suburban developments in the country, owing partly to good planning, but more to the natural beauty of the terrain. It was a hilly country bisected with wild, deep ravines; in former days it comprised several great parks for the gentry. Thus the magnificent trees have been preserved for the gentry of to-day who can only afford a hundred-foot lot. In laying out the developments both the hills and the ravines have been preserved as far as possible. The streets branch off eccentrically; and wind in and out as they follow the contours of the land, which makes for unusual charm, but also renders it difficult for strangers to find their way when asked to dinner.

These winding avenues lined with splendid oak trees afford the residents a degree of privacy rarely obtainable in the modern city. There are many dead-ends; other streets terminate in little circles where traffic is unknown. According to modern custom the best rooms, the terraces, and the verandas are in the rear, where they may look into an unspoiled ravine with a wild garden. The garden club is an important factor, and good outdoor planning is the rule. In the middle of

Roland Park is a country club in a fine site on the brow of a hill with its golf-course spread at its foot. Having the Baltimore tradition to maintain, it seems less blatant and showy than other country clubs.

In these new districts good architecture has also been preserved—or revived; the beauty and good taste of the houses are above the average, while here and there you will find a gem of domestic architecture. The developments extend for miles and in passing through road after road one gets an astonishing impression of the wealth of Baltimore. Where did all the money come from to build and maintain so many fine houses?

The society of North Baltimore is one of the pleasantest in the world. It is so because it is rooted in the past; a standard of manners was established long ago and people know where they are at. As I have pointed out before, they are so sure of themselves and of their place in the world they can afford to be natural and agreeable. Outsiders term this society “exclusive” (vile word!) and so it may be, but not because it is purse-proud or supercilious. Baltimore has a whole set of assumptions as to what constitutes “nice” people. These are never formulated in words. If you share their assumptions, you are adopted whatever your fortune may be, or whatever your place in the world; but if such assumptions are not a part of your subconsciousness, there is no common meeting ground; they may wish to be friends but they don’t know how.

Many of the Baltimore assumptions are absurd, such as the belief that people who can refer to their grandfathers on both sides are more estimable than those who can’t—but there you are. I am not implying that society in Baltimore is more intelligent than elsewhere, but only better mannered. I will go further and confess that the society of well-bred people with nothing in their noddles may become trying. The best society in Baltimore as elsewhere, is founded on professional accomplishment; the judges and the leading lawyers; the doctors

and the professors at Johns Hopkins; the architects; the chief writers on the newspapers.

Another thing that makes social intercourse agreeable, at least to a man, is the tradition that men are entitled to get together occasionally without their women. I am thinking of a little dinner at the University Club. The terrapin, the fried chicken, and hoecakes were perfection; the wines craftily chosen. I fear I committed a solecism by adding sherry to my stewed terrapin, apparently it is not done, but I like it that way. The guests included a doctor, a lawyer who six times has been offered a seat on the bench, a professor of English, a naval officer, a retired business man, and the guest of honor, a visiting British author. The conversation was such as men love, being conducted with a freedom (but not coarseness) impossible when ladies are present. When we had finished eating, the table was cleared and wine being set before the gentlemen (this sounds like the eighteenth century) our talk continued for a couple of hours longer. The gentlemen appearing to recognize by instinct when they had as much as a gentleman could carry, rose at last, delightfully mellow but able to navigate.

Except for the business of bringing out the *débutantes* which cumulates each winter in the Bachelors' Cotillon, organized society in Baltimore is pretty well broken up, as it is elsewhere. There are no acknowledged leaders, though there are still ladies who look upon themselves as such. After the dizzy whirl of their first season, the girls have to carve out a social career for themselves. There are dozens of sets each revolving in its own circle, overlapping here and there and occasionally coming together at a big blow-out, but this tradition holds the whole mass together; that every one you meet must be treated as a nice person. At a big party you may introduce yourself to anybody and start talking. This extreme freedom and friendliness sometimes goes to the head of a visiting fireman, but Baltimore knows how to dispose of a bore, too.

Informal parties are the best, of course; small dinners, buffet suppers, cocktails in the late afternoon. At dinners the gentlemen remain at the table after the ladies have risen, in good old style. One nearly always has a good time, principally I think, because of the tradition that everybody present is expected to contribute to the general enjoyment. By this I do not mean to suggest that there are not mean people, selfish people, and vulgar people in Baltimore society; they are always with us; but good manners cover a multitude of sins. A thing that strikes the stranger is the extraordinary number of people in Baltimore who know each other. In this respect it is still a small town. Since personal gossip forms so large a part of the conversation you can be sure if you become known at all, that you are well canvassed among your acquaintances.

As to the most representative figure of North Baltimore, there can not be a moment's doubt; it is Dr. Hugh Hampton Young. Dr. Young is a distinguished surgeon, the Director of the Brady Urological Institute at Johns Hopkins Hospital, and in the best tradition of Hopkins, a public-spirited citizen with a finger in every worthy pie. He has lately, 1940, published a highly diverting autobiography which tells the story of his manifold interests in life; his pioneer work in surgery; his extraordinary success in reducing the incidence of venereal disease in the A.E.F.; his efforts on behalf of music, art, aviation, the insane; his prowess as a hunter and a fisherman; his experiences as a traveler. One of the most amusing chapters deals with his eccentric patient and patron, Diamond Jim Brady. It was Diamond Jim who, grateful for the benefit he had received at Hopkins, donated the money to build and equip the great Urological Institute. I take this occasion again to nail the story (which, however, will never die!) that it was a new stomach engrafted by Dr. Young which enabled Diamond Jim to continue his incredible feats of gourmandizing.

In his own story Dr. Young has not very much to say about his secondary claim to fame in Baltimore where he is, beyond

compare, the number one party-giver. It is in this aspect that I wish to portray him since it upholds the Maryland tradition. Dr. Young gives parties in the grand manner, not in a hotel nor in a club, but, whether for five persons or five hundred, in his own house. He has a large house but no larger than a hundred others. For a big party he is forced to employ Waters, the indispensable caterer, but Waters brings the cooks and the food to Dr. Young's house where the host can see exactly what goes into the pot. No detail is too small to engage Dr. Young's attention, consequently his parties bear the stamp of his individuality. When Governor Ritchie came to dinner there must always be brandied peaches.

Dr. Young's house, Linkwood, occupies a choice site on Cold Spring Lane a few hundred feet west of Charles Street Avenue. It looks down into a delicious green vale that is part of the Stony Run ravine. It contains a living-room about forty feet square with an alcove big enough to accommodate the band when it is a dancing party; next to it is the long dining-room; there is also a wide, L-shaped hall and a library. The thresholds of all the doorways downstairs have been leveled so that dancers can weave in and out of the rooms at their pleasure. Along one side of the house runs a porch which, upon the night of a big party, is enclosed within a canvas painted to simulate an arbor. With a brigade of electric heaters if required and a bar, it serves as a sitting-out gallery. At the back of the house is a small terrace which may contain another bar under canvas. The canvases are stored in an awning warehouse until needed. I might also mention that out on the lawn there is a velvety-smooth asphaltum dance-floor for fine nights, illumined by a yellow moon which has the advantage of being always on the switch.

Dr. Young's parties are of many sorts. Having found it difficult to get the members of the various commissions upon which he sits—lunacy, aviation, and so on—to give sufficient time for the proper discussion of their business, he sometimes

asks them to dinner. After terrapin and canvasback they are not in such haste to get away, and things get done. A dinner, too, serves admirably to start a subscription for some new and worthy cause. The larger parties may have a political complexion like the great banquet at which the late Governor Ritchie's presidential boom was launched, or be purely social, such as coming-out parties, wedding-breakfasts and so on. After his own daughters were launched, Dr. Young sometimes played fairy godfather to the débutante daughter of a friend. At other times high jinks are in order. The sight of the ever-youthful Dr. Young as Faust in doublet and hose (and spectacles) is one not soon to be forgotten. Perhaps the most famous parties are the suppers on opera nights. Dr. Young as the principal instigator and supporter of grand opera in Baltimore, has done himself proud in entertaining Mesdames Jeritza, Bori, Flagstad, or Pons; Messieurs Chaliapine, Tибbett, Melchoir, et al. Miss Rosa Ponselle sang in Baltimore and stayed here.

Dr. Young told me an anecdote that illustrates the Baltimorean's nice taste in eating. Upon his return from a duck shoot he was apportioning the game to be sent to his friends. The bag contained only a few of the prized canvasbacks. There was a distinguished confrere that Dr. Young wished to honor, but he thought: Pshaw! Dr. ——— is completely immersed in his own specialty; he wouldn't know the difference between canvasback and mallard. Yet something warned Dr. Young that he had better send the canvasback and he did. A few days later Dr. ——— met him with a beaming smile. "Young," he cried, "I suspected with the first mouthful I took that those were canvasback you sent me, and I asked for one of the heads to make sure. They had been thrown out so I took a poker and rummaged in the garbage can until I turned one up. And, by God! they *were* canvasback!"

II · The Middle Counties



VII • BALTIMORE COUNTY

FOR MORE than a hundred years Baltimore County, and Baltimore City were one; that is the reason for the Marylander's habit of referring to his metropolis as *Baltimore City*. Many and loud were the complaints of the city that it could not secure proper representation in the Maryland Assembly, but it was not until 1847 that it was permitted to incorporate itself and elect a Mayor. Baltimore City is still complaining that it does not enjoy due representation in the State Legislature. As half the inhabitants of the state live within the city limits the county members, naturally, are reluctant to yield their advantage.

Baltimore County is the largest and richest in the state. It reaches a long arm down on either side of the city. At one end

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of it is the vast plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company at Sparrow's Point on the Patapsco. This is the largest steel plant on tide-water. It builds ships also. At the other end of the county are the steep green hills adjacent to the Pennsylvania line, occupied by a plain farming folk, mostly of German origin. Where is one to begin in describing so various a community?

The long road from Baltimore down to Sparrow's Point runs through the Neck between the Patapsco on one side and Back River on the other. The shores of both rivers are honey-combed with tortuous inlets and creeks in the characteristic Chesapeake style, and fingers of water come stealing up to the road first on one side, then the other. The countryside is flat and green with many little farms where truckers, surely the hardest-working people on earth, labor from dawn until dark. The road ends at North Point where the British landed their troops in 1814 while the fleet went on to bombard Fort McHenry. The Point is now occupied by the military reservation of Fort Howard. The big coast-defense guns were shipped to France in 1917 and used for railway guns. Later an infantry unit was stationed at the Fort. It is now a military hospital.

On the way back one may detour through Sparrow's Point where the steel plant presents a grimly picturesque ugliness. At night the chimneys belching flame and the pouring of molten slag make gorgeous effects. Some of the finest motion-pictures in color, taken to advertise Baltimore, were made here.

The middle of Baltimore County is largely suburban in character. All the main roads are thickly settled for considerable distances out of the city. The great exodus of citizens to the suburbs during the last few years has become a matter of serious concern to the city tax-collectors. Only the districts to the east of the city are unfashionable; Baltimore County in general is synonymous with an opulent country life. The estates of the very rich are scattered all over to the north of

the city; the western districts are comfortable and well-to-do.

Catonsville with its thickly settled environs is on the west side. Long ago they called it Johnnycake in compliment to an inn, famous for its cornbread. The Caton who gave the place its official name was Richard, son-in-law of Charles Carroll. Catonsville is the sort of place where everybody appears to be well off. Great developments are being laid off with attractive little homes for aspiring young couples in such numbers that one wonders where enough prosperous young couples can be found to fill them. Times are changing and on the main street of the town the big old frame houses behind their wide lawns are now divided into apartments.

Among these clapboarded and shingled structures of the early nineteen hundreds stands one little house that deserves to be noticed. Born in an age of ugliness, it is charming and will always be, however styles may change. It was built in 1908 for Mrs. M. L. Brinkman, by architects Wyatt and Nolting.

At the edge of Catonsville stands Mount de Sales, a convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, who conduct a girl's school. When I asked my Catholic friends which of the many institutions around Baltimore was most characteristic and charming, the answer was Mount de Sales. Several women of my acquaintance who graduated from the school told me that the years they spent there were the happiest of their lives. I requested permission to visit Mount de Sales, which was courteously accorded. The Visitation is a cloistered order; once they have taken their vows, the nuns never leave their own precincts again. They speak to those who visit them through a grating in the entrance hall. Two of their number called "outsiders" who are not subject to the same vows, do their shopping. I have heard it said that the Visitation is rather a snooty order, and that none but young ladies of good family are welcome. This is probably not true, but I will say that the two sisters who received me and showed me all that

an outsider may see, had in the best sense, the manner of great ladies. Not in the least put about by the visit of a man, they were entirely *au fait* with worldly matters. We became friends at once. At their request I suppress their names.

The sisters own a tract of ninety acres which is now almost completely surrounded by the town. It must be enormously valuable, but they assured me that however they might need money, they were not open to offers from realtors. Once inside the gates, you are completely cut off from the sights and sounds of the city. The sisters mentioned with a smile that sometimes on quiet evenings they could hear radios and telephone bells in the nearest houses. In front of their building there is a meadow with rail fences and cows grazing; behind, an untouched wildwood. The long building with its big portico is plain and harmoniously proportioned. The front is stuccoed and painted yellow; in the rear the naked bricks show with many bays and iron galleries that lend a quaint effect. The sister said: "We have a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann behind."

It was vacation time and the school was being renovated. It appeared to me to have everything that a school ought to have, though the physics and chemical laboratories might cause a scientist to smile. The sisters described their problems; they have steadfastly set their faces against a gymnasium and a swimming pool, though funds for them have been offered, because they say they have noticed that such things only make the pupils restless and dissatisfied. I honor them for it and hope that they may prevail in a world where everybody must have what everybody else has. On the second floor is the big airy chapel, its altar hung with the priceless embroideries worked by the nuns. The scholars worship in front of the altar; for the cloistered sisters a second chapel stretches away at right angles behind a grating.

After viewing the school, we sat down to talk things over in a big round living-room decorated with a valuable collec-

tion of Audubon and Rex Brasher prints. The sisters told me with laughter how their predecessors came from Georgetown in 1852 to open the new house in Catonsville. It was at the height of the "Know-Nothing" agitation when Catholics were subject to attack in the streets. The sisters were therefore advised to leave off their habits, and they made the journey by stage-coach in hoop skirts and smart bonnets. The experience gave them something to talk about for the rest of their lives. The hatred of Catholics is a thing of the past. "But even nowadays," said the sister, "people are apt to think that nuns are queer people. We have found it advisable once a year to conduct the pupils through the convent so they may tell their parents that nuns live like anybody else."

Even in an hour's visit I was sensible of what the former pupils had tried to describe to me as the happiness of Mount de Sales. Here was peace and security in a distracted world. Every sister we met on our tour of the building greeted us with the same confident smile. These happy women with their well-bred voices and rippling laughter made one envious while at the same time they raised the old unanswerable question: Is happiness in this world only obtainable by turning one's back on one's fellow-creatures? And if so, is it justifiable to forsake the world? Whether the question is answered or not, the glimpse of such a haven of peace leaves a delicate fragrance in the mind.

On this, the westerly side, Baltimore County is bounded by the Patapsco River which flows through a deep cleft in the earth so beautiful and unspoiled that the city might be a hundred miles away. Unfortunately there is a railway line, but there are not many trains to destroy the illusion of beauty and solitude. The greater part of this place, too narrow to be a valley, too open to be a gorge, is now reserved as a state park. The loveliest spot is called Orange Grove, though there are no oranges; it can only be reached on foot. In 1854 Washington Irving visited Pendleton Kennedy in this neighborhood

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and wrote that he would have liked to destroy the mills and the railroad and build châteaux along the river. "All the cotton lords," said Irving, "should live in baronial castles on the cliff; and the cotton spinners should be virtuous peasantry of both sexes in silk shirts and small-clothes and straw hats with long ribbons, and should do nothing but sing songs and choruses and dance on the margin of the river."

Towson, the seat of Baltimore County, lies so close to the northern city limits that it is rapidly losing the character of a county town and becoming just another suburb. At the same time its court-house built of native stone with a white tower and a Doric portico is the most dignified and beautiful in the state. This building dates from 1855, shortly after the separation of city and county had been completed. The Federal Government has lately built a new post-office which conforms to the style of the court-house and greatly enhances the beauty of the square. Why is it not done oftener? There is also a new armory on the corner which somehow avoids the excessive ugliness of such buildings.

Another thing in Towson worth remarking is the office of the local newspaper, the *Jeffersonian*. Newspaper men are supposed to labor and have their being in the midst of ugliness and squalor. In Towson the tradition has been broken; the little building of the *Jeffersonian* stands in the middle of a garden with flowers and a pool. The interior, lined with framed photographs of the great and the near-great, is no less attractive. "Why should newspaper men have to work in a mess anyhow," asks Logie Bonnett, the editor.

The villages of Baltimore County, old and picturesque, show a new briskness nowadays. Nearly all have the same character—Lutherville, Timonium, Cockeysville, Pikesville, Reistertown, and so on—a simple village life contrasting with the sophisticated country estates outside. The village stores are full of luxuries. The smartly dressed people in station-

wagons seem to come from a different world. It is more like England than America. The Timonium fair which begins on Labor Day every year is an important fixture in Baltimore County. Some of the spirit of the old-time county fair has been preserved.

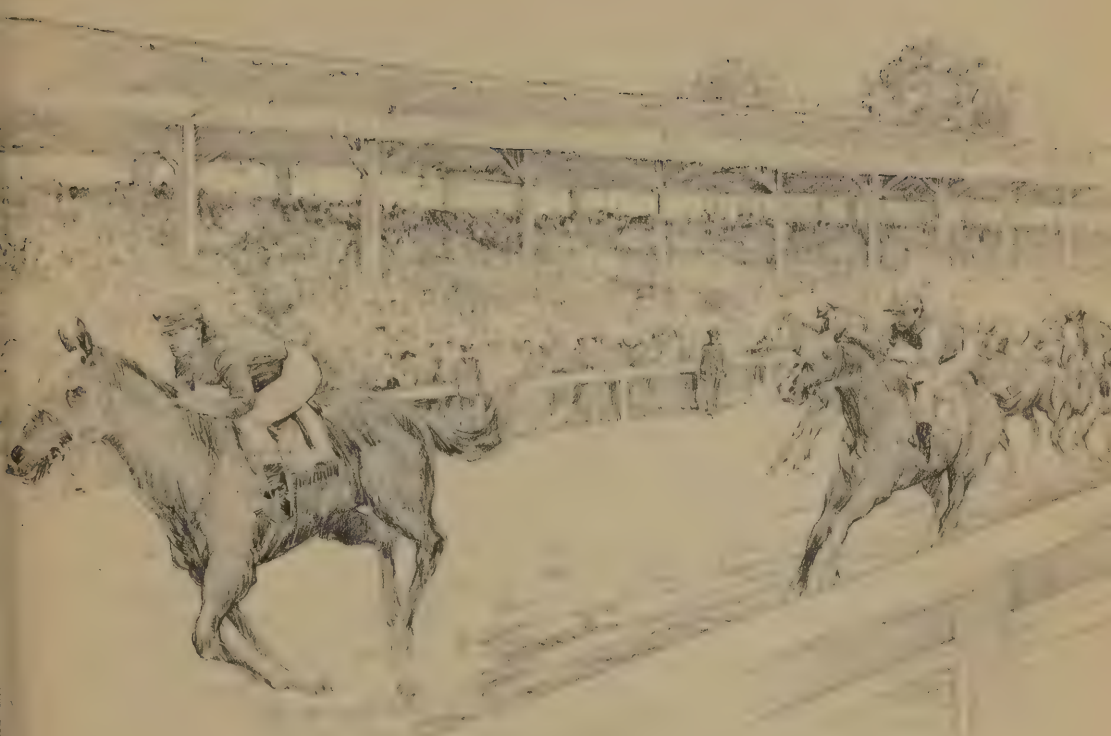
Country life in Baltimore County, though it may appear frivolous, has its roots deep in the past. From the beginning of the city it was the practice of her merchants to build country homes as soon as they were rich enough to do so. Nowadays so many wealthy horsemen from other states have established their stables here, that it is not now so much a Maryland community as a National center for horsebreeding. The condition of the piedmont, they say, grass, water, and climate, are perfect for the purpose. The new-comers being horsemen find the Maryland tradition much to their taste and have not sought to change it. They eat well, drink deep, and ride hard. The love of horses gives this community an excuse for being which the very rich elsewhere often seem to lack.

If you breed horses you want to race them. Horse-racing in Maryland goes back to 1695. In all the county seats during early days there would be racing during Court Week. The Civil War almost ruined it, but it was revived by the sport-loving farmers. Many of the big places in Baltimore County have their own private running tracks and one or two have gone so far as to build a covered track for exercising their horses. Among the great show stables are those of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, "Sagamore Farms." Young Mr. Vanderbilt is now president of the Maryland Jockey Club, which goes all the way back to the famous Governor Ogle in 1745. The Jockey Club owns Pimlico, Maryland's premier race-track, known from one end of the country to the other. It is within the Baltimore city limits. Its greatest fixture is the Preakness, which has attracted as many as sixty thousand people, pays more than fifty thousand dollars, and constitutes one of Baltimore's red-letter days. Pimlico was one of the first

tracks to adopt the pari-mutuel system of betting, the totalizator, and the starting gate.

But professional racing is not a distinctively Maryland sport, whereas steeplechasing is. It developed as the result of rivalry between the two principal Hunt Clubs in Baltimore County in 1894. The members of the Elk Ridge Fox Hunting Club and the Green Spring Valley Hunt were accustomed occasionally to hunt with each others' hounds. On the way home the hard riding Marylanders frequently fell into impromptu "pounding" races. Out of this came a regular challenge from the Elk Ridge Club to the Green Spring Valley Club to meet them in a cross-country race to be known as "The Maryland Hunt Cup." The Elk Ridge Club put up the first cup. Every year since the race has been run, and the design of the cup has never been changed. In 1913 a gold challenge cup was donated by Mr. Ross Whistler to be awarded to the first horse who should win the race three years in succession. Blockade, a son of Man O War, the property of Mr. E. Read Beard, captured it in 1940.

The Maryland Hunt Cup provides Baltimore with its greatest field day of the year. The amateur status of the race has been carefully guarded; the jockeys are "gentlemen," there is no money prize, and no admission is charged. Consequently the people of Baltimore turn out in their thousands on the fourth Saturday in April. The course is a "natural" one laid over the fields and brooks of the Worthington Valley, starting and finishing on the estate of J. W. Y. Martin where a convenient hill provides a vantage point for thousands of spectators. The distance is four miles and there are twenty-two breathtaking jumps. Spills are frequent but serious accidents have been rare. There is betting, of course, or it would not be Maryland, but the bookies are no longer allowed to put up odds boards nor otherwise call attention to themselves. On the day of the Maryland Hunt Cup race more cocktails are consumed in Baltimore than on any other day of the year;



THE PREAKNESS, PIMLICO

the day ends with the Maryland Hunt Cup Ball which is also in the Maryland tradition.

This is the oldest steeplechase fixture. Other important events are the Junior Cross Country Race at Glyndon on the first Saturday in April; the Point-to-Point Race at "My Lady's Manor" on the second Saturday, and the Grand National Steeplechase near Hereford on the third Saturday. The last-named race offers the Astor Gold Cup which also must be won three successive years for permanent possession. These affairs run on successive Saturdays, and have a cumulative effect. If the same horse wins one or more of the earlier races excitement reaches a feverish pitch upon the day of the Maryland Hunt Cup race.

Perhaps it should be spoken softly, but cock-fighting is still an important item in the sporting calendar of Baltimore County. The mains, naturally, are not advertised, but every young sport in Baltimore seems to know where there is one to be held, and all who can afford it have a "bird" in training somewhere in the County. Several times a year there are regular competitions between the champions of Baltimore and Pennsylvania.

There is, of course, another Baltimore County which has nothing to do with the world of sport—of politicians, farmers, store-keepers; closer to reality no doubt, and more truly representative. I had a long talk with Judge Duncan in Luther-ville during which horse-racing was never mentioned. The only horse in Judge Duncan's story was an old blind mare which belonged to Landregan, a track inspector on the railway. The horse used to pull Landregan's hand-car up the grades, then climb aboard at the top and coast down with his master on the other side. Judge Duncan told me how the village of Cockeysville failed to get the county seat because of the determined opposition of an apple-grower whose orchard adjoined that village. He was afraid those who came to court would steal his apples.

The Judge told me of the case of a young white man who was tried before him for rape. The "victim's" story was absolutely convincing and the young man was headed straight for the gallows, when his attorney saved him with a single witness to whom he put a single question. It was an old woman on the stand and the lawyer asked her: "Did you ever before see the necktie that the prisoner is wearing?" The answer was: "Yes, sir. I seen Mrs. So and So (the complaining witness) making it, and afterwards she sent it to the prisoner by me for a present."

The most famous trial that ever took place in Towson was that of Euel Lee. In 1931, this Negro murdered a family of four whites in Worcester County, and excitement ran high throughout the whole Eastern Shore. A Baltimore attorney who volunteered to defend Lee was badly beaten by the mob before he could be rescued. Lee was then carried over to Baltimore County for safe-keeping. He was tried twice in Towson, a verdict of guilty in the first trial being upset because there were no Negroes included in the jury. In the second trial, Negroes included in the panel were successfully challenged by the prosecution and this verdict held. Lee was finally executed in Towson on October 27, 1933. Judge Duncan said that the riff-raff of Baltimore was attracted to the scene; he had never seen such horrible-looking people nor such shameless behavior. As a result, the Judge, assisted by his friend the editor of the *Jeffersonian*, was instrumental in getting a law passed that hereafter all executions in Maryland should take place privately, within the walls of the State Penitentiary.



VIII • HARFORD

HARFORD COUNTY, which lies to the east of Baltimore County, has a distinct individuality that is easier to feel than to define. The southerly part, with its great tidal estuaries flowing into Chesapeake Bay, is traversed by the main lines of the Pennsylvania and B. & O. railroads, and having become largely industrialized has lost its purely Maryland character. The United States War Department has established a great arsenal and proving grounds near the town of Aberdeen. It is when the salt marshes give place to the rolling piedmont that Harford becomes itself. It might be called the country gentleman's county. There is a smarter, showier, and more opulent society in Baltimore County, but this sophistication has been imposed on Maryland, it is of the great

world; whereas the aristocratic traditions of Harford are *sui generis* and bred in the bone of the old families.

Harford has its rich new-comers, too, but not as yet in sufficient numbers to effect much change in its way of life. Of all the counties in Maryland, Harford possesses the most intense county-consciousness. In Baltimore City you will not be long in the company of a Harford countian before you are informed with pride that "my place is in Harford." Horse-breeding, horse-racing, and hunting are all in the old Harford tradition. In 1805, Commodore Joshua Barney took Jerome Bonaparte to the races at Havre de Grace, though it was not here but a race-track in Baltimore County that Jerome met the lovely Betsy Patterson. Nowadays, of course, the meet at Havre de Grace attracts the talent from all over the country and it can no longer be considered a Harford institution. Thoroughbreds, however, are still raised in Harford, and the Harford Hunt Club is in being.

Harford was called for Henry Harford, illegitimate son of Frederick, the last Lord Baltimore, and his heir. Harford was an insignificant fellow and would hardly have been so honored had it not happened that he had just inherited the province of Maryland at the time, 1773, when the county was created. Soon afterwards he lost his province in the outbreak of the Revolution and troubled Maryland no more. Harford County people in their large way, look upon it as a good joke that their county should have been named for a bastard. No other county in the nation they claim, has been so honored. The county seat was first located at Old Harford Town on the Bush River now known as Bush. An ancient tavern stands there as a reminder. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe stopped there and on March 22, 1775, thirty-four worthies of Harford County met there to formulate and sign the "Harford Resolves" which has been called the first Declaration of Independence.

Harford is bounded on the north by Pennsylvania, but it



HARFORD HUNT CLUB

has never received so great an influx of German immigrants as the other northerly counties, consequently the old English spirit has never been modified. Though Mason and Dixon's line is a purely imaginary boundary, to cross it from Harford to-day is like entering a foreign country. They have a saying in Harford to explain the difference between the two peoples: "The Maryland farmer sells what he can't eat and the Pennsylvania farmer eats what he can't sell." An old resident of Belair told me of a driving trip he took to Pennsylvania sixty years ago. He and his friend, young Harford bloods of the day, drove a pair of matched sorrel mares hitched in tandem to an English dog-cart. Harford was a dry county at this time, the weather was hot, and all the way north they regaled themselves with thoughts of the cold beer they would drink in Pennsylvania. They crossed the line, they entered a tavern and the foaming amber nectar was drawn and put before them. At this moment a Negro entered the bar and was served, whereupon the two young Marylanders left their beer untouched.

It is pleasant to note that there is more in the Harford tradition than sport. From the time that Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, built Tudor Hall near Belair in 1822 and raised his talented and tragic family there, always there has been a sprinkling of artists among the new-comers attracted to the county. It is one of the things that make life in Harford pleasant and different. Painters and writers, so long as they are not too "arty," are treated as human beings and you may meet them at anybody's table. In Belair's new post-office there is a spirited mural depicting Edwin Booth's first public appearance. This took place on a temporary stage erected in the court-house. A stairway in the court-house is decorated with pictures of Harford's own Declaration of Independence by Marian B. Ewald. The courtroom itself exhibits Harford's Hall of Fame on its walls. No other county in Maryland has risen to this. The collection includes portraits of men notable

in every walk of life from Edwin Booth the actor, to John Rodgers the naval officer.

Pleasant Belair under its umbrageous trees could not be mistaken for anything but a county town. The principal business of the well-furnished stores appears to be supplying the wants of the healthy-looking, well-dressed—but not too well-dressed—country gentry who drive in. The court-house, plain brick, American plan, is completely in character. Pleasant it was to see a man appear on the steps and swing a gigantic brass bell. This was the town auctioneer (“Vendue Master” he used to be), advertising the sale of a piece of land. Little that is very old remains in the town except a dignified dwelling here and there, and in Bond Street the old Eagle Tavern which now calls itself the Country Club Inn. The first part of the building was erected in 1718; added to in 1790. The grounds are attractive and the inn contains old pieces of furniture and other relics of its past.

When I was in the court-house there was an equity case in progress which dealt with a problem in the sale of real-estate so abstruse that I could not follow it; however, I was highly entertained by the gravity with which the proceedings were conducted. It was like a superior game of make-believe; the Judge remote and passionless upon the bench; the opposing lawyers always courteously deferring to each other while each searched for a weak joint in his opponent’s armor. Yet all these men had played together as boys. There were no spectators; they were doing it for themselves alone. It is a pity there is not more ceremony in our lives; it is so much fun. What a contrast when a recess was declared, and everybody became natural. The Judge was then a boy among the boys again.

Like all towns of character, Belair is rich in stories. Mrs. Dudy Bradford was lamenting to her sister, Miss Mamie Norris, that the funny old characters were passing away. Said Miss Mamie: “You forget yourself, Dudy.”

Judge Robinson of the *Times-News* tells anecdotes with a legal flavor. Many of them concerned Judge Watters who ornamented the bench of Harford for many years. It was his custom to drive to the court-house in a creaking buggy, with his long red beard waving in the wind. The outfit was drawn by an aged mule. When the Judge got out, the backs of his trousers legs were usually caught inside his unlaced shoes. On one occasion while driving along he gave a lift to Barney Devlin, a local Irishman of the humbler sort. "Well, Barney," said the Judge condescendingly, "you would live in Ireland for a long time before you found yourself driving with a judge." "Faith it is so, Jedge, your Honor," answered Barney, "and you would be living in Ireland for a long time before you found yourself a judge!" Once as the judge was leaving home, he met a young fellow coming to call on his daughter. The judge wished to be hospitable, but his wife was within hearing, so he said: "Make yourself at home John! Make yourself at home. I have to go out, but you can look up that case we were talking about in 72nd Maryland." Alone in the judge's library, John pulled out the law volume and found a bottle behind it!

Attached to Judge Watter's court was a bailiff called Barney Dunnigan who was as great a character as the judge. Returning from Baltimore in a crowded railway car one day, Barney took an aisle seat. Presently Judge Watters entered and seated himself in front of Barney. The judge was carrying a wicker-covered demijohn which he tenderly set down in the aisle, causing the bailiff's mouth to water profusely. Barney's Adam's apple worked convulsively up and down while he thought and thought, without being able to hit on a dignified method of approach. Finally the judge fell asleep in his seat. Barney then with infinite care loosened the cork in the jug and rocked it back and forth until a little of the contents slopped out. He woke the judge saying: "I am sorry to disturb you, Judge, your Honor, but your jug appears to be leaking." The judge looking down in dismay, saw the wet spot

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spreading on the floor. "That's so; that's so, Barney! Well, we better save what we can!"

There was old Charlie Lee, one of the richest men in Belair, who, like the judge, was a very untidy dresser and fond of his dram—a "rum-dum" as they say in Belair. Charlie always had money to lend on mortgage, crisp one-hundred dollar bills, and as he counted them out: "One hundred, two hundred, three hundred," he would interrupt himself to say to the borrower: "Samuel, I am not lending you this money because I love you, but because I expect to make something—four hundred, five hundred, six hundred," etc.

Charlie had a wife so pious that she was known in the village as "Mrs. Sanctified Lee." Once, when her praying had extended itself further than Charlie could bear, he broke out: "Get up, get up, Mrs. Lee, or you'll worry the Lord to death!" On another occasion, when her grace before breakfast was unduly long, he slyly remarked: "Mrs. Lee, the cat is on the table!" Mrs. Lee, jerking up her head, became very angry upon discovering that the cat was not even in the room. "Well," said Charlie, "I just wanted to see whether you thought more of the Lord or of your breakfast."

Dr. Armfield Van Bibber is to-day a worthy exemplar of the old Harford spirit. Not content with being a first-rate physician, whose reputation extends far beyond Harford, he cultivates the amenities as well; he has written good poetry and contributed many graceful articles to the better magazines. Dr. Van Bibber loves to tell stories that illustrate the special character of his people; his anecdotes, naturally, tend to have a medical flavor.

Years ago they had a Doctor Frank Turner in Belair who was highly regarded as a physician—"when you could get him sober!" In the course of time a Doctor Bradley came to town and hung out his shingle, and one of Dr. Turner's long-time patients, a farmer called Bond, let us say, took the occasion to warn Dr. Turner that if he ever came drunk when he was

called for, he would never be summoned again. In the course of time Farmer Bond's young son was taken sick and Dr. Turner was sent for. He arrived at Bond's house a little worse than sober and was not allowed to come in.

Driving back to town, he stopped at Dr. Bradley's house. "Doctor," he said, "I've got a bottle of something particularly choice at my house. Come on over and sample it." The young man, delighted with such a friendly overture from his confrère, accompanied Dr. Turner and was persuaded to sample the bottle very liberally. Dr. Turner for his part, drank sparingly. By and by Dr. Bradley's servant came over to say that her master had been sent for by Farmer Bond. "Can you tell me how to get to Bond's?" asked Dr. Bradley of Dr. Turner. "It's pretty complicated," said the latter; "tell you what I'll do, I'll drive you out there myself." So they went, and, the weather being very disagreeable, took the bottle with them. Arriving at the Bond place, they found the farmer waiting at the open door. Young Dr. Bradley alighted from the buggy with dignity, but there was a steep grassy slope to the house door and as fast as he ascended it he slid back to the bottom. Finally, prompted by nature, he took the handle of his little satchel between his teeth, and climbing nimbly up on all fours, so presented himself to the grim Farmer Bond! By this time Dr. Turner was sober. Said the farmer: "You had better take the case, Frank."

Some of the stories about Dr. Turner have a grim edge. He was watching at the bedside of a dying patient who was a Catholic. A priest administered the last rites of the church, and went home to his dinner. No such luck for the doctor; he had to see the man through. Being asked by a member of the family to read the Litany of the Saints, he started it with a sinking heart because the Litany of the Saints, he said, goes on pretty near forever. While he read he listened to the dying man's breathing, expecting, hoping that each breath he heard would be the last. But there was always another to follow.

Finally a woman sitting among the others rose, and going to a window beside the bed, threw it up. An icy blast swept into the room; the labored breathing ceased. "I thought that would do it," she said, calmly lowering the window.

One more of Dr. Van Bibber's anecdotes has rather a terrible profundity. This is of the village half-wit, disregarded by all. "Doctor," he said, "do you ever think about the best families? They have been here from the beginning and they have always been the best families. Tilling the same land year after year, living in the same houses. They don't need to get themselves an education or to do anything in particular because they are the best families. Doctor, do you know what I think? I think the best families have got common and they don't know it."

The northern part of Harford is very beautiful; a typical piedmont country, rolling and rich. Along Deer Creek peaceful sylvan scenes alternate with wild rocky gorges. The northeast corner of the county comprises a part of "My Lady's Manor," the ideal country for horsemen. Most of the Manor lies within Baltimore County. Among the survivals of the past North of Belair is "Rigbie House" where Lafayette spent the night of April 13, 1781, on his way to Yorktown. A mutiny broke out among his soldiers and a council of officers was held in the big paneled living-room. Luckily the mutiny was quelled, or the course of our history might have been different.

On the banks of Deer Creek stands a strange little building known as "Paradice" or "Priest Neale's Mass House." It is a private chapel built during the years when the Catholic religion was proscribed in Maryland—or perhaps it would be more proper to describe it as a little monastery with its chapel and its pair of cells.

One more old house that I should like to mention, because there is no other like it in Maryland, is "Bon Air" which stands a little to the north of the old Harford Road. It was

built in 1794 by Count Francis Delaporte, one of Rochambeau's officers. He was thinking of his native France when he built his home in America, and the result looks like a little château on the Loire, delightful in its simplicity and grace. All the details of the house outside and inside are absolutely French.



IX • HOWARD

FROM the earliest days the landing at the head of navigation on the Patapsco River, later called ElkrIDGE, was an important point for the shipment of tobacco. "Rolling roads" approached it from several directions (one of the roads still bears that name), and officers for the assessment of the tobacco and the collection of customs duties were appointed. In 1765 the agent of the hated Stamp Tax was hung in effigy! Then, as now, the principal northern and southern highway ran through the settlement; iron had been discovered in the vicinity and furnaces built; up to the time of the Revolution, ElkrIDGE threatened to rival Annapolis as the leading port of the province.

An early settler was one Caleb Dorsey, a fox-hunting gal-

lant, who in time became known as "the rich iron merchant of Elkridge." Not far away he built a home for his bride, Priscilla Hill, and called it Belmont. The rambling, "five-part" brick house is still there, the front door still bearing an iron plate inscribed "C & P. 1738." Other doors in the house are hung on the immense strap hinges known in New England as "Witch crosses" which were warranted to keep the devil and all his myrmidons from entering. Belmont is now the home of one of to-day's rich men, Howard Bruce. Some of the box planted by his predecessor has grown to a height of fifteen feet.

In 1774 three brothers, Quakers, John, Joseph, and Andrew Ellicott, came to the vicinity from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and worked a kind of agricultural revolution. With an eye to the power that was going to waste in the beautiful, brawling Patapsco, they bought land and water rights a few miles above Elkridge, built a mill and installed improved machinery invented by themselves. Their next task was to persuade the farmers of the country that it would be more profitable in the long run to feed the world than to supply it with tobacco. This was not difficult, because the farmers were already, through the exhaustion of their land, discovering what a greedy crop was tobacco.

The Ellicotts built their own road to Baltimore, ten miles away; their own wharf on Baltimore Harbor, and hauled their flour by wagon. About this time the custom of rolling the tobacco hogsheads to the shore was generally given up and Elkridge, as a port, was doomed. However, the furnaces were still busy throughout the Revolution turning out cannon and cannon balls for the Continental army. It is many a long day now since Elkridge has been a port. Owing to the silting of the river, Baltimore Harbor is the head of navigation, and Elkridge a quiet village supplying the wants of the neighboring country folk.

Meanwhile Ellicott City thrived. For sixty years the broth-

ers operated their mills successfully and Patapsco flour became known far and wide. The management then passed into other hands and for thirty years more the mills ground on. Finally in 1868 the dam, the bridge, the mill, and a number of dwellings were all swept away together in a great flood, and the mill was not rebuilt. To-day its site is occupied by the plant of the Doughnut Corporation of America! As this company has a storage capacity in its bins for half a million bushels of wheat, we are not likely to suffer from a shortage of doughnuts.

Howard County was made a separate district of Anne Arundel in 1838 and with the addition of a part of Baltimore County became a full-fledged county in 1851. It goes without saying that it was named for John Eager Howard, Maryland's Revolutionary soldier and later great gentleman. After the war he served as Governor of Maryland for three one-year terms and was later United States Senator. His son, George Howard, became Governor of Maryland in turn, 1831 to 1833. He lived at Waverly, an ancient house in what is now Howard County, and became known as "the pilgrim governor" because he was so enamored of his home they could not keep him in Annapolis for long. He flatly refused to stand for a second term.

Ellicott City is the seat of Howard County. Among the small towns of Maryland—or indeed of the whole country for that matter—it is unique. Its steep and winding main street reminds me of Guildford in Surrey, England, a much more ancient county town. The town was built in a ravine so narrow that some of the houses on the south side of Main Street had to be built over Tiber Creek which falls down into the river here. The inhabitants of such houses, in lieu of a cellar, can cool their watermelons in Tiber. The older houses are built of granite from neighboring quarries, and it is that which gives the town such distinction among our flimsy boroughs. It is not so much old as ageless. It was actually chosen to supply a

medieval background for a motion-picture, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

Upon crossing the bridge as you approach the town, you duck under the B. & O. railway and Main Street rises and winds out of sight before you. The first building on the right is the old Patapsco Hotel. According to tradition, Henry Clay appeared on the balcony one Sunday morning during his presidential campaign and the crowd below shouted for a speech. A church bell was ringing and the wily Mr. Clay said: "My friends, the notes of yonder bell remind me that this is a day for prayer and not for public speaking." He then retired, having done himself more good in the pious Quaker community than all his eloquence could have accomplished.

Across the road is the original B. & O. station, built in 1830, and no doubt the oldest depot in the country in continuous service. It still bears its first sign and, of course, it is a point of pride not to paint it. Beneath are the stalls for the horses that drew the cars during the first few years of operation; the rounded stone wall which now supports a part of the platform was once the foundation for a turntable.

Above the hotel rises the old Town Hall, an immense building for those days, being five stories high. There is a series of cellars dug out of the hill behind each of the first four stories and from the top floor you can walk out on Church Street behind. Half way up Main Street another ravine branching off to the left, is utilized for a second steep street of ancient houses.

In time the town broke out of its ravines and started climbing the hillsides. Narrow lanes wind in every direction at successively higher elevations, providing every house with a fine site. The older houses belong to the Classic Revival period to which the dark granite with wood facings is perfectly suited. The quaintest building is century-old "Berg Alnwick," better known as the Female Seminary, perched on one of the hills. While it can hardly be called beautiful, it is imposing even in

decay. Such were the buildings in the days of Edgar Allan Poe. To-day the old seminary serves as a playhouse for a group of talented young Baltimoreans who call themselves the Hill-top Players.

A stranger would scarcely be able to find the Howard County courthouse without directions. The approach is by a steep, winding lane called Court Avenue, though it is no more than wide enough for two cars to pass. The seat of justice is built on a shelf half way up the hill, so narrow that when they wished to build a small addition recently, they had to dig out the hill behind to make room for it. The courthouse is in the same style of the classic revival and with its granite walls and white wooden tower has beauty and dignity. Its remoteness from the bustle of business gives it an added charm. Along the narrow road in front are the usual little buildings for the lawyers' offices.

On the miniature lawn in front of the court-house stands an ancient British gun engraved with an intertwined G. R. It bears no date but a P. suggests that it was cast at Portsmouth which would make it a naval gun. There are various stories to account for its presence in Ellicott City. The most likely account was supplied by Mr. Michael J. Sullivan, the postmaster, who interests himself in such matters. He says that it was brought home after the Battle of Bladensburg, 1814, by "Bachelor John" Dorsey and Dr. Allen Thomas. It is a matter of record that the British had four small naval guns which were drawn to the field by sailors of the fleet, but they have not confessed to losing one of them; on the contrary, they drove the Americans from the field. However, there it stands. In the beginning it had a carriage, but after it had been carried off by roisterers several times and discharged in the hills, it was mounted in concrete and its touchhole spiked.

Howard is one of the smaller counties, but such is the richness of its soil that it supports one of the wealthiest and solidest communities of the state. Perhaps it owes something to the



ELLICOTT CITY

Ellicotts who persuaded the farmers to leave off growing tobacco while there was yet time. At any rate the beautifully kept fields of Howard are a treat to the eye. It is a different world from Southern Maryland. The whole county lies within the piedmont and the view is of an ever-varying succession of green hills and dales with specimen trees along the fence lines and woodland patches of an extraordinary richness of leafage. On midsummer days, when there is a strong infusion of blue in the atmosphere, the far vistas have a quality of loveliness that casts an enchantment on the spirit. It is preëminently a country for horsemen, and Howard has always been a hunting and steeplechasing county.

It was among these hills that the third Charles Carroll, better known as the Signer, established his home. He added "of Carrollton" to his patronymic to distinguish himself from other Charles Carrolls. He never lived at Carrollton, an immense grant of land in Frederick county; Doughoregan Manor was his home. It is more beautiful than any of the innumerable photographs would lead you to suppose. A photograph fails to convey the lovely patina on the old house, or its air of grace. It shares with Wye House on the Eastern Shore and Hampton, near Towson, the distinction of having been continuously occupied by descendants of the man who built it. Family tradition preserves such houses; there is no itch to modernize the house where you were born.

The grounds at Doughoregan are not *too* well kept. The rough, hand-split rail fences are silvery with age. One visualizes that in the beginning it was like other rich men's places, formally laid out and planted with rare exotics. The formality has disappeared; trees are missing from the regularly spaced rows; young trees are coming up among their elders. There are several catalpas; a vulgar tree in its youth, but now, immense, gnarled, broken by a thousand storms, highly distinguished. It is the same with the exotic evergreens; after a century and a half of growing on the same spot, each is full

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of character and all of them belong. Flowers were used sparingly in the grounds. A cultured Japanese would approve of the planting old and new, and I know of no higher praise for a garden. From every part of the grounds there are characteristic views over the rolling fields, or into the green dales and deep woods.

The house is three hundred feet long, built of brick and painted yellow a long time ago. Most of the paint has weathered off. The central block has been standing here since 1727; it was probably the Signer who added the long wings, the roof promenade, the octagonal cupola, and other embellishments. The L at one end contains the kitchens and servants' quarters; that which balances it at the other end, is the chapel. The Carrolls were Catholics; the public celebration of their religion was forbidden until after the Revolution, hence the Chapel.

Upon entering the house you are immediately sensible that it has been the home of the same family from the first. It has nothing of the glassy perfection of the homes of the very rich; nothing of the museum. There are some beautiful old family portraits—and some bad ones; there are priceless antiques along with the miscellaneous accretions of every age, including a share of Victorian horrors. The desks are written upon, the beds are slept in, a meal is being prepared in the ancient kitchen. All this speaks of a continuity of *use* which is the antithesis of *show*.

The long house is shallow and contains no rooms of great size. On the left of the central hall is a small living-room, with a breakfast-room beyond, and on the garden side the main dining-room. The rest of this wing is occupied by pantries, kitchens, and other offices. On the right of the hall is a small library and looking out over the garden, the main living-room. Through the library one reaches a little hall with Mr. Carroll's office at the end. Opening off the hall is the "Cardinal's room" upholstered in red with a smaller bedroom for His Eminence's secretary. The Chapel is well-lighted; plain

in effect; the altar and reredos of the early nineteenth century. A pair of classic sarcophagi and a pair of medieval carved saints lend it an old-world air. There are tablets to mark the passing of many Carrolls; their remains lie in the crypt below. On Thanksgiving Day members of the Harford Hunt attend a service here to perpetuate the old English custom of blessing the hounds.

The ancient outbuildings constitute an interesting feature of Doughoregan; brick granaries, a blacksmith's shop, and slave quarters have survived. One of the quaintest is the "Laundry House" with its quadruple chimneys and its tiny window high up on each side of the entrance door.

Charles Carroll, the third of that name in Maryland, was born in Annapolis in 1737. His grandfather and father, agents of the Lords Baltimore, had acquired large estates in land. The Signer, while a man of parts, owes his great and abiding fame chiefly to the beautiful consistency of his life; the tradition of gentlemanly splendor that surrounded him has laid a spell on his countrymen. Born the son of a rich man, he lived to the age of ninety-five, and died reputed the richest citizen of America. Yet his riches did not separate him from the cause of the people. Sent abroad at the tender age of eleven, he spent seventeen years in getting an education, and on his return was, owing to his religion, prevented from practising his profession, the law.

He immediately embraced the cause of the Colonies. He is said to have instigated the burning of the tea-ship, *Peggy Stewart*, at Annapolis in 1774. He acquired wide fame through his debates with the celebrated Daniel Dulany on the subject of loyalty versus rebellion. A member of the Maryland Convention of 1776, he was instrumental in carrying the resolution of separation from England, and in the same year went as a delegate to Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence. As a member of the Committee of six which constituted the first War Department, he followed the army into

the field and was at Valley Forge during a part of the awful winter of 1777 to 1778. Back in Congress, he was responsible for the defeat of the despicable Conway Cabal which sought to oust Washington. After the war, as Maryland's first Senator in the Federal Congress, he was active in shaping the Bill of Rights, and it was this great slave-owner who introduced the first anti-slavery bill in 1789.

A great man, wise and generous, curiously enough no historian or biographer has succeeded in bringing him to life. He looms more like an institution than a human creature. Many portraits of him have come down, depicting a thin, handsome gentleman somewhat on the precise side. Always right, always decorous, there is little you can get hold of. His one ingratiating weakness seems to have been his fondness for the three beautiful Caton girls, his granddaughters, who became respectively Marchioness of Wellesley, Duchess of Leeds, and Lady Stafford. His other descendants held that his gifts to these girls and their noble husbands had embarrassed his estate, and there was a great row about it after his death.

No tradition of the austere Signer lingers in the countryside, but they talk of the ample days of John Lee Carroll, his great grandson who was Governor of Maryland, 1876 to 1880. John Lee Carroll bought the estate from his elder brother Charles who had inherited it, and in his hours of ease entertained here in the grand Carroll manner.

About four miles from Doughoregan Manor on Rolling Road is the Novitiate of the Franciscan Fathers, a modern institution which includes among its buildings the famous old dwelling called Folly Quarter. This imposing stone house with matching porticoes front and rear, was completed by Charles Carroll in 1832, the year of his death, as a gift for one of his children. There are various stories to account for its frivolous name so uncharacteristic of the Signer. One is to the effect that he exclaimed: "Folly!" upon hearing that his son had bought more land. For several years before becoming the

property of the Franciscan Fathers, Folly Quarter was owned by the late Van Lear Black, a millionaire of Baltimore who had imagination. During this period the old house acquired a new reputation for folly among the sober county folk by reason of the lavish and fantastic entertainments including a rodeo, tendered by the owner to the great folk of his day. Mr. Black was an upholder of the Maryland tradition.

III • Western Maryland



X • CARROLL

CARROLL is one of the youngest counties of Maryland, though the settlements are old. It was carved out of parts of Baltimore and Frederick counties in 1837. It is usually considered a part of Western Maryland though why it should be, while Howard County which extends quite as far west, is omitted, I can not say. In Carroll one begins to feel the influence of the mountains. It is a lovely, gently-rolling country with upland plateaus, uncommonly rich agriculturally. Everything seems to have been fixed and settled a long time ago; there is rarely a new building to mar the mellowness of the scene. The brick farm-houses are immense, solid, and comfortable; the barns gigantic. A sober, prosperous community is suggested with few pretensions to style. When not painted,

the old bricks have weathered to a delicious warm brown, which combines with faded green shutters in a harmony highly agreeable to the eye. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, the houses are painted a trying shade of red, each brick being pointed up with white paint. These will be the dwellings of the estimable but unesthetic Pennsylvania Dutch families who form the county's backbone. But even red paint mellows with age.

The first white settler in Carroll was not a German but a Scotsman, one William Farquhar who came about 1735, and called his place Kilfadda. Besides being a farmer, he was a tailor, and he made buckskin breeches to such good advantage that he became the possessor of two thousand acres including the present site of the village of Union Bridge. He was known far and wide as a good counsellor and peacemaker, and his neighbors all ran to him for protection when the Indians threatened. The Indians trusted Farquhar and looked upon him as their friend.

After Farquhar the Pennsylvanian Germans began to drift in from the north. This is true of the whole of Western Maryland. An immense German immigration resulted from religious persecution during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the Palatinate, the Low Countries, and the Swiss Cantons. Queen Anne of England, as the defender of Protestantism, was the special patron of these people, and naturally they sought her colonies. Human nature being what it is, Maryland had a special attraction for them because at this time Catholics were proscribed there. A stalwart, industrious, freedom-loving people, the Germans were the finest settlers a new country could have desired. They were not only good farmers, but spinners, weavers, tanners, smiths; they brought workers in every needed trade. Since every member of the family worked, their production capacity was immense, and their communities prospered.

The Germans were often robbed, cheated; or they lost their goods on the way across the ocean. Sometimes they were

obliged to sell themselves for a period of years to the captain of the ship to pay for their passage. On arrival in America the captain would then dispose of them to the highest bidder. There was a strong fellow-feeling among them; they helped each other out. They generally arrived in Maryland in parties, and by joining together could put up a log house and furnish it in three days. When they had stock they housed it better than themselves. After the building came the house-warming, when they feasted on hog and hominy, johnnycake (they got the recipe and the name, Shawnee-cake, from the Indians), milk and mush, and wild meats. There was always a fiddler or two for dancing.

The young men adapted a dress from the Indians. The indispensable fringed hunting shirt with a cape, lapped over in front, was belted at the waist. Provisions for a short journey, tow to clean their guns, and other small articles could be carried in the bosom. A tomahawk was stuck in the belt on the right side, scalping knife on the left, bullet-bag hanging in front. Shirts were made of linen or wool since deerskin became uncomfortable in wet weather. A breech-clout was caught under the belt before and behind with flaps hanging. Leggings also were fastened to the belt. Thus thighs and hips were left exposed, something the older people considered immodest, but as the costume was becoming to a stalwart youth, the objections of his elders would be of small avail. It is said that the boys' bare legs distracted the maidens from their devotions in church, a reversal of the order of things nowadays.

The German immigrants were divided into many and quaint sects. In addition to the Lutherans, the Dunkards (or Brethren), and the Amish, which are still with us, there were scores of little religious bodies that have been forgotten, such as the Voestists, Cocceians, Herenhutters, and Schwenkenfelders. Whatever their religious beliefs, they were good patriots and good farmers. Some of the Amish have lately

carried their quaint customs down to St. Mary's County in Southern Maryland where their example can not do otherwise than improve the slipshod husbandry of those parts.

The villages in Carroll County are delightfully quaint and old and quiet. The houses are generally built in solid rows with stoops bang upon the sidewalk, according to the custom of the German settlers. The deserted appearance of the streets is deceptive, for the people are busy indoors. Of all the villages, Uniontown is the most picturesque; its main street, lined with ancient brick houses and like a green tunnel under the thick leaved maples, would make a perfect movie setting. There is not a modern note to spoil the effect.

Union Bridge is another ancient place, but a cement works has been established here, bringing, one may suppose, prosperity to the village, also dust. The plain old houses now sport fancy porches; one finds such names on the stores' signs as Devilbiss, Hiltabild, and Hoopengardner. The name of the village goes back much further than the Civil War. There were two little communities divided by a stream. They built a bridge to provide freer intercourse, and called the united hamlets Union Bridge. Canary Street offers a refreshing departure from the usual village nomenclature. It gets its name from a diminutive locomotive used on the construction of the railroad in 1855, which the villagers christened the Canary.

In 1809, in Union Bridge, one Jacob R. Thomas invented the first reaper and binder. It reaped satisfactorily but did not bind so well, and the inventor, wounded by the ridicule of his neighbors, abandoned it. Obed Hussey, a cousin of Thomas, perfected his machine and put it on the market. Thomas died in poverty. It is a common story.

The first farmers' club was formed in Union Bridge as far back as 1817. The members took turns in driving to Baltimore with the community butter, and it was such gilt-edge butter that it commanded the highest price in town. Up to within recent years the club, or its successor, was still successfully

functioning. Union Bridge by the way was known as Buttersburg for many years.

New Windsor is another quaint town without any disturbing innovation. A log chapel on Pipe or Sam's creek not far away was the cradle of Methodism in America. Here about 1764, Robert Strawbridge began to "pray without a book and preach without a manuscript," something that was considered a marvel in those days. The stone chapel which succeeded the log church still stands.

The county seat of Carroll is the town of Westminster. It was laid out in 1764 by an Englishman, William Winchester, whose house still stands and whose monument is in the cemetery. He called his town Winchester, but as it was frequently confused with Winchester, Virginia, the name was changed to Westminster. It is a sober, old-fashioned town, a reminder of an earlier America with a deceptively sleepy air. It may well be the longest town for its size in America, since nearly all of it is spread along one street. The reason for this is, that at the time when the great Western Road passed through Winchester, everybody wanted to build on the main stem. Later a shorter route was laid out to the south.

The Carroll County Courthouse, built immediately after the erection of the County, is a building of considerably more dignity than the Victorian aberrations scattered around the state. Since the town was in existence long before the county was established, the courthouse had to be built on a side street and most travelers drive through town without being aware of it. Standing aloof from the town's traffic under fine old trees, it is the most peaceful spot imaginable, but the same passionate dramas are acted out there as in other courts.

One of Westminster's notable citizens was Colonel Joshua Gist, who commanded a regiment of militia during the Revolutionary War and put down Tory risings. He was brother to the more famous General Mordecai Gist, one of Maryland's chief Revolutionary heroes. During the Whisky Rebellion of

1794, the "Whisky Boys" of Westminster raised a travesty of the Liberty Pole of 1776 as an affirmation that they would pay no taxes on whisky. The terrified townspeople who were accustomed to depending on Colonel Gist in a pinch, sent for him now. The doughty Colonel buckled on his sword, mounted his horse, and rode into town. Alone, he faced the mob and ordered the pole thrown down. Such was the power of his eye, that he was actually obeyed; whereupon he planted his foot upon the pole and kept it there until they sawed it up in lengths. It was the end of the rebellion in Westminster. Colonel Gist's old brick house, Long Farm, still stands on a rise beyond the town, but it has passed out of the Gist family.

Westminster, along with Frederick, Annapolis, and Baltimore, claims Francis Scott Key for her own. He was born at the Key place, Terra Rubra, nearby. It is strange what fame has come to this man, who is without doubt Maryland's favorite son. Though he was but an indifferent poet, the testimony of his fellows is all to the effect that he was a wise and generous-hearted man; his portraits convey further that he possessed great personal charm—but so did thousands of other men now completely forgotten.

Carroll County is full of ghost stories—no doubt owing to the influence of the Pennsylvania Germans, who to this day are prone to dabble in the supernatural.

This is the story of Leigh Master who in the middle of the eighteenth century established the first iron furnaces. He had a Negro servant, Sam, whom he disliked intensely. One night when the furnaces were in full blast Sam disappeared, and there was much talk as a result. In the course of time Leigh Master died, but the story lived on. Once a workman, walking along the edge of Furnace Hill woods, heard the cllop of hoofs approaching, and lo! Leigh Master rode by on a big gray horse crying for mercy on his soul. He appeared again to the accompaniment of horrible groans and clanking chains, and again a third time. Others saw Leigh Master always on the

gray horse emitting smoke and flame from his nostrils. Sometimes he was followed by three little imps carrying lanterns and sneaking along as if looking for something. This story persisted for more than a century and lately has been given a fresh lease of life by a tenant in Leigh Master's old home who, in removing some bricks to get at the seat of a fire, uncovered an old oven which contained a human skeleton.

So much for the ghost. Carroll County has another reason for remembering Leigh Master. In summer the fields are white with the English daisy. It is said that Leigh Master imported the seed and sowed it in mistake for clover. They call it Leigh Master's clover.

Until recent years the ruins of the Union Meeting House stood in Westminster Cemetery. One Lorenzo Doro, a famous evangelist of the day, held services here in 1801. Three times in the course of his sermon the preacher called on Gabriel to sound his trumpet and each time a mighty blast resounded from the sky. The effect was stupendous; weeping sinners crowded to the altar rail; it was probably the most successful revival ever held. Later it was whispered about that Doro had concealed a trumpeter in the branches of an elm tree outside the Meeting House. By that time the preacher had departed for other fields.

During the Civil War the peace of Westminster was only once interrupted. On June 28, 1863, there was a Confederate raid, and the first Delaware Cavalry defending the town was chased as far east as Pikesville. Horses were taken and the merchants forced to accept scrip. The Rebs were driven out by Federals next day and immediately afterwards the whole Union force passed through on the way to Gettysburg. During the battle Westminster was the central point for Federal supplies; hospitals were established in all the churches and school-houses, and a mad activity prevailed. After a week the army moved on and the town resumed its usual quiet serenity, which has scarcely been interrupted since.



XI • FREDERICK

FREDERICK COUNTY, which was carved out of Prince George's in 1748, comprised for a while the whole of Western Maryland. It was named for Frederick, the sixth, the worst, and the last of the Lords Baltimore. He was actually tried for rape, and, though acquitted, was universally believed guilty. When he died the proprietorship of the province descended to his illegitimate son, Henry Harford. In 1776, when Montgomery was separated on the south, and Washington on the west, Frederick County assumed its present proportions. The first settlers came up the Potomac Valley from Southern Maryland about 1730, and the Germans came down from the north a little later. The amalgam of the gay and elegant southern planters with the sober, thrifty Germans has resulted in a fine people.

Frederick County lying nearer to the mountains than Carroll, presents bolder and more varied outlines. For pure, sylvan loveliness it could hardly be surpassed anywhere. It is full of famous beauty spots such as Point of Rocks on the Potomac, the heights overlooking Harper's Ferry, and a hundred others. But indeed, no part of this smiling land could be called otherwise than beautiful. There are roads which are unforgettable; that from Emmitsburg down to Frederick City is one of them. It follows the crest of a low ridge with an ineffable green panorama unrolling on either hand. The whole route from Baltimore to Hagerstown is fine, improving as it goes, and culminating in the climb over South Mountain where it becomes glorious. To the south rises strange, isolated Sugar Loaf Mountain. There are more magnificent and awe-inspiring scenes in our big country, but none that so perfectly expresses man's well-being on earth as these rich green fields and rolling pastures.

The richness of the country is illustrated in the big four-square brick houses on every hand, and the gigantic barns. The Germans have a pleasant notion of putting rows of fanciful gothic windows in their barns; if they do not actually put in apertures, they paint them on. Very often the big barns have brick ends, the bricks being laid in an elaborate lattice pattern to permit of the circulation of air. There is little elegance about these establishments, but what good eating they suggest! The very sight of such a house and barn beside the road makes the traveler hungry. Country-cured hams and sausages are suggested; fit for every meal.

Frederick City was laid out in 1745. Benjamin Franklin visited it ten years later in his capacity as contractor for wagons to serve Braddock's expedition. We shall hear more about this expedition as we proceed west. During the Revolution, the hardy pioneers were patriot almost to a man. They couldn't hold a tea-party as in Boston or Annapolis, having no tea, but when the newly formed County Court repudiated

the Stamp Act, the citizens gave it a State funeral. In the *Maryland Gazette* of December 16, 1765, we read:

The Stamp Act having received a mortal wound by the hands of justice on Saturday last, gave up the ghost to the great joy of the inhabitants of Frederick County. The lifeless body lay exposed to public ignominy till yesterday, when it was thought proper, for preventing infection from its stench, to bury it in the following manner: The Sons of Liberty assembled at the house of Mr. Samuel Stearingen in the afternoon, and the coffin was taken up at exactly three o'clock.

As soon as the news of Lexington and Concord reached Frederick, a body of riflemen set out under the command of Michael Cresap. We shall hear more of the Cresaps later. These were the first men from the South to reach Cambridge. "Remarkably stout and hardy men, many of them exceeding six feet in height... remarkable for the accuracy of their aim, striking a mark with great certainty at two hundred yards distance." Unfortunately young Cresap died of a fever before he could make himself felt.

As in other parts of Maryland, the early settlers in Frederick were fond of bestowing whimsical titles on their patents of land. Here are a few picked at random: "A Stopper for the Full Bottle"; "All Talk and No Cider"; "Bite Me Softly"; "Circumbendibus"; "I Wish There Was More"; "Trouble Enough Indeed"; "Wet Work."

Having heard that Emmitsburg in Frederick County was one of the quaintest villages in Maryland, I motored up there to look it over, and was not disappointed. The place lies near the Pennsylvania border off the main lines of travel, and the surrounding country is most romantic. The village has a doll-size civic center that looks as if it had not been touched in a hundred years. On one corner stands an ancient pharmacy that is too good to be true, on another, Slagle's Hotel, which is just what it ought to be, except that it has lately painted itself red and blue to persuade the infrequent tourist that it is up-to-date. Up the street a little way is a beautiful old Catholic church,



EMMITSBURG PUBLIC SQUARE

St. Joseph's, with a graceful painted tower that looks as if it had been transported from New England. Odd it was to see the Wachters, the Frizzells, and the Hefenstays lying side by side in the church yard with Doyles, Kellys, and McBrides.

The first settler was William Elder, a Catholic, who came from St. Mary's County in 1734 and gave the knoll nearby the name of Mount St. Mary's which it still bears. The town was first called Silver Fancy; a pity it was not kept. It has always been known as a Catholic community, and Mount St. Mary's College was founded here by the Sulpician order in 1808. An offshoot of the Seminary in Baltimore, it has given many Bishops to the church, and is also a secular college. In the following year the order of Sisters of Charity was founded by the famous Mother Seton, and they opened St. Joseph's College for Women. Mother Seton was a beautiful woman renowned for her sanctity. Both these institutions have flourished. Each occupies a fine site on the road down to Frederick, but the present buildings are more imposing than beautiful.

Emmitsburg, the Catholic stronghold, was also the cradle of the Presbyterian Church in Maryland. The first congregation of this faith was organized in 1760 at Tom's Creek nearby. It is odd to find the two Churches which had battled so furiously in Ireland, setting up side by side in the New World.

Frederick, among small towns, has an individuality which delights the traveler. The town is itself and like no other. It started at the spot where the road from Georgetown crossed the road from Baltimore and those are still the main streets, Market and Patrick. Early records are full of references to an inn kept here by a Mrs. Kimball, "at the sign of the Golden Lamb." The main streets with their shops, theaters, and hotels, do not differ greatly from those of other county towns, but once you leave them, you become sensible of Frederick's special charm. The brick Victorian Courthouse (*circa* 1862) is nothing to boast of, but the old dwellings which surround the square and line the shady streets in the vicinity, are fine

and distinguished, and are preserved with loving care. There are half a dozen beautiful old church buildings, notably Trinity Chapel and All Saints' parish house. Some of them have the classic wooden towers and steeples that suggest New England. Even more characteristic are the old back streets, close-lined with little wooden dwellings crazily leaning together. These streets have a smiling aspect which is anything but squalid. Little Frederick has a curiously sedate and self-sufficient air that one associates only with big cities.

The great attraction for tourists in Frederick is, of course, the Barbara Frietchie house which is just what you might expect it to be. The Frietchie myth after having been exploded a dozen times is still intact. It will never die. It provides the town of Frederick with a marvelous source of publicity. The inhabitants, while they refer to the story with a grin, are well aware of its value. An old gentleman who is on all the committees remarked to me with the suspicion of a wink: "We gave the old girl her first automobile ride when we buried her under the new monument."

Whittier's jingles are pretty, but his story will not hold water. In the first place the Confederates were headed west at the time; they did not come "Over the mountains winding down." It was quarter-past five in the morning; the sun was not due to rise for twenty-five minutes on September 15th and it would have been difficult to see the flag. Jackson did not pass the Frietchie house on Patrick Street but went through Second Street. Lee passed the house and there were a number of onlookers. None saw the flag raised nor heard any shooting. In fact nobody in Frederick heard about any flag waving until after the poem had been published. Barbara Frietchie had a nephew who lived on until recent years. He used to insist on pointing out, to the great annoyance of the boosters, that his aunt was ninety-six years old and bedridden when the Confederates marched through. When the inconsistencies of his story were pointed out to Whittier, he is said to have replied:



WEST PATRICK STREET, FREDERICK

"It seems to be admitted that Barbara Frietchie had a Union flag in her house; if she did not show it on that occasion, so much the worse for Frederick City."

There is another shrine in Frederick less visited, though it has a better claim to attention. This is the home of Roger Brooke Taney, the great Chief Justice. A plain little house in a poor quarter, there has been no attempt to prettify it, but great pains have been taken to collect everything which might throw light on the man and his work. You see the Justice's silken gown, his watch and fob, the plain desk upon which he signed the momentous Dred Scott decision. Upstairs at the foot of his four-poster bed are the most touching relics of all, his very tall hat, the block upon which it was ironed, his old leather trunk, and his carpet bag.

The Dred Scott decision was hailed as a great victory for the slave-holders, and in the North Taney was the most reviled man of his day. The saddened old man only lived a year longer. At this distance it can be seen that he only did with a heavy heart what he considered to be his duty. Justice can be done to him now. While he confirmed slavery with this decision, he privately freed his own slaves.

Thomas Johnson, first governor of the State of Maryland and another honored citizen of Frederick, is represented in the Taney house by a beautiful portrait of him and his family by Charles Willson Peale. If young Thomas Johnson was as sensible, humorous, and lovable as this portrait suggests, he is worth honoring. Born in Calvert County, he came to Frederick as a young man. As a member of the Continental Congress he nominated George Washington for Commander-in-Chief. In 1777 he was called to Annapolis as the first Governor. He helped to save Washington's army at Valley Forge by shipments of provisions. He was largely instrumental in having the Federal Constitution ratified by Maryland. In 1791 Washington appointed him to the Supreme Court. His house, Rose Hill, still stands to the north of Frederick.

During the Civil War, Frederick town was entered on three occasions by the Confederates. Early in September, 1862, Stonewall Jackson cut the B. & O. near Point of Rocks, and Lee's troops crossed the Potomac singing "Maryland, My Maryland." They were miserably clad, thousands lacked shoes; their wagons were empty except for ammunition. Their first meal consisted of green corn pulled as they marched between the fields. On the sixth they entered Frederick, from which many of the citizens had fled; the stores were closed, the streets empty. The Confederates affected to believe that this cool reception was due to the people's fear of their Union masters, but the truth is, that throughout Western Maryland there was always a large majority for the Union. Martial law was declared and General Bradley T. Johnson, a native of Frederick, was appointed provost-marshal. He issued a grandiloquent proclamation announcing that the sole object of the Confederates was to relieve Maryland from her "thralldom." The troops were very well behaved; a recruiting office was opened, but the wretched appearance of the troops discouraged enlistment and they lost more by desertion than they gained.

Meanwhile Burnside's column arrived at Monocacy Bridge and on September 12th, Coxe's division charged on Frederick and the Confederates were driven out. Those were exciting days. The entrance of the Federal troops was in great contrast to that other army. The Stars and Stripes blossomed out everywhere, the population went wild with joy. When McClellan entered, the girls kissed his horse because they could not reach the General.

The battle of South Mountain followed. The Confederates retired, but not until they had ensured the capture of Harper's Ferry, an important success for them. Over on the other side of the mountain the bloody battle of Antietam was fought on September 16th and 17th. Neither side gave way but chief honors are due to General Lee who, with his ragged and foot-

sore men, held twice their numbers of splendidly equipped soldiers at bay.

Lincoln visited the battle-field shortly afterwards. History has preserved a touching picture of the gaunt man in his tall hat wandering over the bloody field in silence with bent head. When he came to Frederick and was pressed to make a speech he merely said:

In my present position it is hardly proper for me to make speeches. Every word is so closely noticed that it would not do to make foolish ones and I can not be expected to be prepared to make a sensible speech. If I were as I have been most of my life I might perhaps talk nonsense to you for half an hour and it wouldn't hurt anybody. As it is I can only return thanks for the compliment paid our cause. Please accept my sincere thanks.

Lincoln visited a house where many Confederate wounded were lying. He asked them simply if they would shake his hand in sympathy and in good feeling, and they did.

Less than a year later, June, 1863, Maryland was again invaded by Lee. Word of it was instantly brought to Frederick and the town was thrown into mad excitement; all those who could get away fled, carrying their valuables; the free Negroes crowded on to freight trains bound for Baltimore. But on this occasion Frederick did not lie in the path of the main armies. It was visited by detachments from both sides. On July 2nd and 3rd the guns of Gettysburg could be heard. News of victory came—Frederick was always a Union town, but there was no July 4th celebration because of the distractions caused by marching and countermarching troops.

In the following year the Rebs came again. General Jubal Early, at Lee's orders, was attempting a movement against Washington. This was a surprise because the Southerners were supposed to be fully occupied in Virginia. On July 7, 1864, the various Federal detachments guarding Frederick were driven into the city and from the roofs of the houses the Confederates could be seen approaching. Once more panic reigned and

hundreds of citizens fled to the north and east. An artillery engagement took place and Confederate shells fell in the very heart of the town. Victory lay in the Confederate grasp but a disagreement arose between the Commanders. General Ransom forbade Johnson to advance and at nightfall ordered him to withdraw to the mountains. All next day they lay inactive. General Early was now approaching with the main force. General Lew Wallace (of Ben Hur fame), who commanded in the town, gave Early battle at Monocacy three miles south. Wallace was obliged to give way to superior numbers, but he delayed Early long enough to allow the Federals to bring up reinforcements in Washington, and so ultimately saved the city.

When General Wallace ordered the town evacuated, the citizens were bitter, and many of those who had not already left went with the troops. The Confederates marched in, hoisted their flag on the court-house, and levied a fine of two hundred thousand dollars on the town. The money was carried out in baskets of greenbacks. There was recently an effort made to have the United States refund this to Frederick with interest (amounting to some \$3,000,000 now), but it was defeated. General Early, after having appeared before the defenses of Washington, was forced to retire, and the occupation of Frederick was lifted in a few days.



XII • MONTGOMERY

IN 1776, a new county was created out of the lower part of Frederick and, as was inevitable that year, they called it Montgomery. General Richard Montgomery, by his brilliant invasion of Canada in 1775 and his subsequent tragic death before the citadel of Quebec, was the budding nation's hero. This was the first of many counties to be named for him. There was not much to it in the beginning; excepting Georgetown. When that was taken with the district of Columbia a few years later, it had not a single town nor village with a name. The county seat was known simply as Montgomery Courthouse even for years after it had received its official designation of Rockville in 1804.

Except for a small piece in the south, the county lies en-

tirely within the piedmont country and the general aspect of green hill and dale is no less beautiful than that of Howard County to the east. The westerly border of Montgomery is washed by the Potomac River and Virginia lies on the other side; the beauties of this district are almost entirely unknown since there is no road bordering the river, except for a short piece out of Washington, and no bridge across the Potomac anywhere in the county.

About ten miles outside the District Line are the Great Falls of the Potomac, to which the W.P.A. Maryland Guide does something less than justice in terming them "particularly scenic." Neither does a photograph convey any idea of the majesty of the sight. The Potomac is no mountain brook but a first class river, and when it gathers up its mighty muddy flood and casts it roaring down through a broken chasm of rock, it puts the fear of God into the beholder. The heavens are filled with the sound and the earth shaken; one receives an overwhelming impression of power. The motor road ends on the Maryland side where an ancient hotel dispenses soft drinks and sandwiches. After a walk of a half mile or so, you come out on a high rock and the turmoil of the waters is revealed with fine dramatic effect.

There are several things of interest in the neighborhood of the Falls; the huge building with low vaulted roof which covers the Navy Testing Basin; and Cabin John Bridge, a superbly springing single arch of stone-masonry two hundred and twenty feet in length, carrying the Washington Aqueduct over Cabin John Creek. At the time of its building it was the longest stone arch in the world and may be so still for aught I know to the contrary. It was started during the Franklin Pierce administration when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War. Davis' name was erased from the bridge during the Civil War, and restored during Theodore Roosevelt's administration. At the top of the hill coming up from the river is the

much advertised "Gold-mine" which has produced a deal of talk and little gold.

To-day Montgomery County consists of two elements which have nothing in common with each other. From Suburban Washington you plunge directly into a simple farming community which seems scarcely ever to have heard of a city. Each year Washington reaches its tentacles farther into the green countryside. Beyond the developments are the country clubs with their golf courses. Washington, since it is not a city of permanent homes, is more dependent than other cities on its clubs, and it naturally turns to the hills. Montgomery probably contains as many country clubs as any single county in the land. Chief among them is the Chevy Chase Club. There is one, the National Women's Country Club, whose membership is restricted to women; however, men are graciously allowed to play the golf-course.

All this development, with the high taxes it entails, makes Montgomery wealthy. It has the reputation of being well administered. It has handled the problem of suburban developments more scientifically than Baltimore County, where a similar situation exists. Special commissions have been created to supply the city folk with city improvements and with the power to levy taxes on those who benefit by the improvements. The suburbanites, naturally, have their faces turned toward the city where they work and take little interest in county matters. The developments range from handsome and opulent Chevy Chase all the way down to the acres of little jerry-built houses which are about ready to disintegrate as soon as the instalments are paid.

It is like a tide slowly and relentlessly creeping over the green hills, engulfing the old-fashioned villages one by one. The oldest settlement in the county is at Sandy Spring which is now on the very edge of Suburbia. The Quakers came here in the seventeenth century. A brick meeting-house of 1817 still

stands, and a few fine old houses such as Harewood, of friendly dignity, Cherry Grove, and Clifton. These are eighteenth-century houses of similar plan and constitute what architects have called the Sandy Spring type.

Rockville, the county seat, is inevitably, under the circumstances, a miscellaneous sort of place, neither citified nor countrified, but partaking of the nature of both. Its long Main Street, lined on both sides with low buildings, no one of which has the slightest relation to its neighbors in size, design, material, or color, is an example of how far bad planning or lack of planning may go. In this respect it is very American. At any rate it has the merit of variety; it has so much variety that a modern painter would find it an interesting subject for his brush. Once off the Main Street, Rockville is the typical Maryland town; the trees are magnificent; the clap-boarded dwellings comfortable and inviting. Nearly everybody owns his own home.

The prosperous county quickly outgrew its brick Victorian court-house on the main street and has lately built adjoining it, a fine new one of pale sandstone in the Græco-Roman style. The two buildings, joined together like the Siamese twins, are oddly mismated. The new court-house has a feature which the other counties of Maryland would do well to copy; a jail on the top floor. The advantages of a penthouse jail are obvious; it enjoys good light and air and escape is well-nigh impossible. After some of the almost medieval dungeons that I have seen in Maryland, this place was refreshing.

Somehow to visit a jail makes one feel a little ashamed of one's own freedom. When you open the wicket of a cell the prisoner looks up at you with such eagerness, followed by quick disappointment. You look at him and he looks at you in silence, speculating on what manner of man this may be. Most of the men in the Rockville penthouse were young and had open faces; the hardened sinner was the exception. Several had been badly beaten up, another evidence that crime does

not pay. One got the impression that most men land in jail as a result of being too soft rather than too hard.

On the banks of Rock Creek not far from Rockville was the plantation called Clean Drinking, patented to John Coats in 1699 and subsequently owned by one Walter Jones. Jones' epitaph hints at the disaster which overtook him:

HERE LIES THE BODY AND BONES
OF OLD WALTER C. JONES
BY HIS NOT THINKING
HE LOST CLEAN DRINKING
AND BY HIS SHALLOW PATE
HE LOST HIS VAST ESTATE



XIII • WASHINGTON

ACROSS the Blue Ridge, or South Mountain as it is termed locally, lies Washington County. The passes over the mountain are full of interest. The main road passes through Turner's Gap. On a height away from the highway stands a curious structure which is, strictly speaking, the first monument in the country erected to the memory of George Washington. The citizens of Washington County did not circulate a subscription list nor hire architects and builders, but contributed the affectionate labor of their own hands to raise it. It is a round tower of rough stone built in the form of a gigantic crock. It was finished in 1827, that is to say two years before the Washington Monument in Baltimore was finally completed. The views from the spot are glorious.

In Turner's Gap alongside the highway, stands South-Mountain-House, a solid structure with broad hospitable eaves, famous as an inn during the great days of the National Pike, and much later the summer home of Admiral Dahlgren, the inventor of a famous naval gun. The house has now fallen on evil days again, and the handsome Gothic chapel which the Dahlgrens built across the road is boarded up and deserted. Mrs. Dahlgren wrote a book to preserve the extraordinary superstitions that cluster around South Mountain; the Black Dog, the White Woman, The Headless Man, and innumerable others. Back and forth around this house all day long on September 14, 1862, raged the battle of South Mountain.

The next pass to the South is Crampton's Gap. On the Washington County side stands a grim monument to the transitoriness of earthly glory. George Alfred Townsend was a poet, novelist, and newspaper correspondent who signed his writings "Gath." He first saw this spot while following the Union Army at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam and after the war was over he bought one hundred acres of mountain land here. His first building was a modest one, but as riches and fame came to him, he began to build in the grand manner. Gapland Hall, a structure with walls three feet thick, was followed by Gapland Den, even more pretentious, with a ballroom, and finally the most curious structure of all, the Gapland Memorial Arch, a memorial to the War Correspondents of 1861 to 1865. Gath's buildings were scattered around without any set arrangement, and as his tastes changed from year to year, every style of architecture is misrepresented; Gothic, Roman, Moorish, and American Colonial. The Memorial Arch, for instance combines a Moorish arch that he saw in a little railroad station at Hagerstown and admired, with the tower of a fire-house across the street.

The interiors of the buildings with their tiles, terra-cotta plaques, masks, busts, weapons, marbles, bronzes, porcelains, assorted bric-à-brac, and stained glass, were to match. For a

few years the place was a week-end rendezvous for the élite of Washington. Gath maintained a French chef and a well-stocked cellar. His income for a while amounted to one hundred thousand dollars a year and practically all of it one may suppose went into this place. It is said that he spent half a million on it. Then his luck changed with shocking swiftness; he was forced to sell his cherished collections, and finally had to abandon the place. When he died in 1914, his children sold it for nine thousand five hundred dollars. There was a brief effort to promote it as a summer resort. In 1938 it was sold by the sheriff for seven hundred and fifty dollars. Except for the Memorial Arch, which is maintained by the National Park service, the place is a mournful ruin. The shingle roofs have fallen in and everything moveable has been pried loose by souvenir hunters and pilferers. Squatters are camping in what dry spots they can find and the riotous honeysuckle is converting the whole clearing into a jungle. The ghost of Gath has joined the company of wraiths that congregate on South Mountain.

Westward of the mountain lies the broad rich Cumberland Valley which is merely an extension of the famous Shenandoah, the valley of Virginia. Here lie the field of Antietam, and the quiet villages of Boonsboro and Sharpsburg with their poignant memories. The battle ground is now a National Park; broad avenues follow the battle lines and a labyrinth of monuments has been erected by the different states to their dead. The Civil War guns look simple and harmless to us of to-day; we have invented deadlier weapons. One section of the field comprises a National Cemetery. In eighty years fine trees have grown up to shelter the dead. On the neighboring farms the plow still occasionally turns up the bones of a soldier and the rain washes musket balls into view.

What is now Washington County was, like Frederick, first settled by Southern Marylanders who came up the Potomac and raised tobacco along its banks, and by Germans and Scotch

and Irish who came down from the north. The first settler was one Charles Friend who, in 1739, obtained a grant of two hundred and sixty acres where the Conococheague falls into the Potomac near the present town of Williamsport. Others followed until the last grant in the neighborhood seems to have been claimed by Jacob Friend, who called it None Left.

One of these first settlers was Jonathan Hager, who named his portion Hager's Choice, and a subsequent grant, Hager's Second Choice. A settlement gradually sprang up and in 1762 Hager laid out a town. He wished to call it Elizabeth Town after his wife, but it was always spoken of as Elizabeth Hager's Town. This was too much of a mouthful. It was shortened to Hagerstown and so it remains. The Hagers' first plat, with the streets named and the little market-place laid out as it remains to-day, is still in existence. Old Jonathan would open his eyes very wide if he could see the changing lights that regulate the flow of the great traffic through his little square.

Half-acre lots were leased for five pounds sterling down, and an annual rental of seven shillings and sixpence. Many of the ground rents are still in the possession of Hager's descendants, but one may assume that the rent has gone up. A little town hall was built upon arches in the center of the square, and the market held beneath. It is on record that the city fathers were so disturbed by the bleating of sheep and the bawling of calves that they had often to adjourn to the Globe Tavern for their deliberations. The pillars of the arches under the town hall also served as whipping posts for malefactors. Upon the roof swung a weather-vane in the form of a Hessian officer with frilled shirt front and cuffs. Since he was made by a tinsmith called Heiskell he has always been known as little Heiskell, and is regarded in Hagerstown as a sort of patron saint.

When the little town hall was removed and a new one, very fine for that day, built, in 1824, little Heiskell was transferred to a loftier perch. During the Civil War Confederate sharp-

shooters occupied the tower in the Reform Church a block away. They whiled away the time by shooting at marks and one day they chose little Heiskell. One bullet found its mark, the ball entering his body just below the heart. The wound is still visible. Little Heiskell went into retirement after serving the people of Hagerstown for a hundred and sixty-six years. His new home is in a glass case in the City Hall, and in his place on top of the tower, flying to the four winds, is his image, an exact replica.

The first house built by Jonathan Hager, a stark stone box without any nonsense about it, still stands neglected and forlorn near the City Park. It is said that when Washington County was created in 1776 Mr. Hager "Rode down to Annapolis and had his town made the county town." Just like that. However, that must have been Jonathan, Jr., for the elder Hager had been killed the previous year while sawing out great timbers for the Zion Reformed Church. The Church still stands in sober dignity though marred by an incongruous modern tower. Jonathan Hager is buried in its yard.

The people of Hagerstown have always been addicted to games and shows. In the early days they were sometimes of a pretty rough character, such as bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and horse-racing. To this day the little city supports a first-line race-track where a ten-day meet is held early in the summer, attracting the fraternity from all over the East. I would not be surprised to learn, either, that cocking-mains were still held in quiet corners (as they still are in Baltimore), though I can not speak from personal knowledge. At election times mountain whisky was peddled at fifteen cents a gallon. In the old days the biggest shows of all were the public hangings. On one unforgettable occasion five criminals went to the gallows on the same day. From far and wide, from the mountain caves, the river lands and the valleys, the people poured in. A band in full-dress uniform led the procession of five carts, each containing a prisoner seated on his coffin. Beside each prisoner



THE SQUARE, HAGERSTOWN

stood a minister of the gospel who, at the place of execution, preached lengthily from his impromptu pulpit. After which each prisoner, with whom naturally time was no object, exhorted the crowd not to follow his example. The business took a whole day to conclude.

Strolling players and shows of all kinds always did a good business in Hagerstown. There was for instance, "The far-famed monster of Madagascar(!) called the one-horned Boukabekoubus, whose age, powers, and dimensions have never been discovered and must remain a matter of conjecture until the end of time. He will eat and drink any given quantity of wine, or read and write like an ordinary gentleman. After astonishing the Crowned Heads of Europe the proprietor pants to submit this curiosity to the judges of Hagerstown."

One of the most striking objects in Hagerstown is the fine eighteenth-century house, standing on an elevation at the corner of Washington and Prospect streets. I was sure at a glance that this house was important in the town's history and I presently found that it was. It was built by Colonel Nathaniel Rochester who, after having served as Deputy Commissary General of Military Stores for the Continental Army, came to Hagerstown after the Revolution and established factories for making nails, locks, and ropes. He served the town as post-master, the county as Sheriff, and the Hagerstown bank as its first president. Though he prospered greatly, the question of slavery preyed upon his mind, and he determined to make a home in a free state to rear his children. In 1810 he emigrated to northern New York, and in the following years he laid out a village that he called Rochester, which has become the great city of to-day.

After the departure of Colonel Rochester the old house had a chequered existence until 1850 when it was bought by Dr. Howard Kennedy. One of his children, now Mrs. Anna Howell Kennedy Findlay, has written a delightful account of a childhood in old Hagerstown. The children of those days

received a comprehensive education in the supernatural from the hexes of their German nurses and the Voodoo of their colored mammies. Exciting days followed the first invasion of the Confederates in September, 1862:

It was a hungry army that surrounded us, and the men came daily to our house, singly, and in groups of four and six, and they were never turned away without a sandwich. About five o'clock in the morning the baker would bring a huge basket of bread to the house, the men came throughout the day, and my mother would tell every man that they were eating "Union Bread" and that they were being fed because they were hungry, not because she sympathized with their cause. They were always grateful and polite, except one group of Texas Rangers, who were very rough in their language, and said she was pretty brave to say so, and that they hoped they would wade through Yankee blood, when they invaded the North which they expected to do.

The next summer, before Gettysburg, late one evening, two Confederates came to the house, and said they had been marching all day with little to eat, and had gone into camp a mile from town, and were very hungry. They had asked for leave to come in town "because," they said, "a lady had fed them the year before, and they knew she would do so again."

Of course she did.

There was often shooting in the streets of Hagerstown and the children could not be restrained from running to the windows or climbing out on the roof to see. One day there was a skirmish in North Potomac Street and they could see the blue-coated men whom they regarded as their soldiers dodging around the gravestones in Zion Church graveyard. The little girl was standing on a balcony. Suddenly she heard the shriek of a "Minnie Ball" whizzing over her head. She fell into the house more frightened than she had ever been in her life. The ball was found imbedded in the door of a carriage standing in the drive below. It was cut out and given to the little girl; she still has it. To continue Mrs. Findlay's story:

Two young officers walked up on the other side of the street. [This was the day after the battle of Antietam.] One of them evidently was

wounded, as his throat was bandaged and he walked very feebly. They sat down on the porch steps of a house. My mother's sympathies were excited and she sent my brother who was fourteen years old, across the street to ask the officer if she could do anything for him. He came over to thank her, said he had been wounded by a ball which had gone through his throat just missing the spine. He was from Boston and was waiting to feel well enough to make the journey home. The hotels were full, there was no hospital in Hagerstown and he was in wretched quarters, with little care or attention. My mother asked him to come to our house until he was able to travel. He accepted the invitation, and introduced himself as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. Of course, we recognized him as the son of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the well known author. We little thought at the time that this distinguished looking officer was to become an even greater man, if possible, than his father; and to be one of the greatest of all the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Captain Holmes was 22 years old, tall and very good-looking. He was a delightful guest, and the whole family enjoyed his stay with us. My mother, who was a good nurse, dressed his wound every day, and it began to heal very quickly. He steadily improved under her care and in five days he was able to start for Boston.

Mrs. Findlay added in conversation that Captain Holmes was a great romp and a tease. While he was recuperating in her mother's house his father, the famous author, was distractedly searching for him on the battle-field.

Though well past the age of fourscore Mrs. Findlay was, until lately, a vital figure in Hagerstown life. Having started many of the philanthropic agencies in the town and having at least a finger in all of them, it was only at the end that she began to resign from the different boards because, she said: "I know what it is to serve on committees with senile persons." She could afford to say it because her eye was still bright and her wits well sharpened. A contemporary had lately said to her: "Anna, you and I have lived too long." "Speak for yourself," retorted Mrs. Findlay, "At the age of eighty-five I acted in the movies and I don't know what may be in store for me yet. I have not lived a day too long."

The movie adventure came about in this way. In 1937, Hagerstown staged a great show in commemoration of the battle of Antietam, the settling of Washington County, and the founding of Hagerstown. One of the scenes in the pageant represented the Oliver Wendell Holmes incident. The late Floyd Gibbons heard of it and determined to make a movie short of the same subject. A child was chosen to play the part of the little girl who romped with Captain Holmes, and Mrs. Findlay was persuaded to come in at the end of the picture. She went to New York for the shooting, and, fascinated by the grease-paint, lights, cameras, and the general excitement, had the time of her life.

In recent years Mrs. Findlay renewed her acquaintance with Chief Justice Holmes, too. Finding herself in Washington she called him on the telephone and was bidden to lunch. But she declined, because, she said: "I don't want to be foisted on anybody." However, she went to tea next day. "We drank our tea out of old Indian blue china just like my own, and I felt perfectly at home." The white-haired Justice related an anecdote of his Civil War wound. "My cousin and I," said he, "were trying to raise mustaches. He was jealous because mine was better than his, so he consoled himself by saying it was rooted in blood." Mrs. Findlay died on January 30, 1941.

Prospect Street, which leads away west from the Rochester House, was for many years the abode of the Hagerstown elect. Anybody who was anybody could live nowhere else. The street, with its old trees, still has an air of great dignity, but fashion has moved out to more modern quarters and some of the big houses are beginning to look neglected. Prospect Street passes over a cross street by a viaduct which has always been known in Hagerstown as the "Dry Bridge." There is also Potomac Street, where the handsome houses along one side are built high on a terrace with very imposing effect.

On Jonathan Street below Prospect Hill stands the Washington County Free Library, a unique institution, the first in



SOUTH POTOMAC STREET, HAGERSTOWN

the country to supply a whole county. Besides seventy-five deposit stations in country stores, post-offices, creameries, and toll-gates, it instituted the first book wagon, which may well have provided the inspiration for Christopher Morley's *Parnassus on Wheels*. After nine years of service to the remotest corners of the county, this quaint vehicle, drawn by a spanking team, was struck by a train and reduced to fragments. The library now maintains a fleet of trucks. The pleasure and profit that the original wagon brought to isolated farm-houses is something that can not be measured. Its arrival was always hailed with joy. "We have read all our books and there don't seem to be much in the Hagerstown paper lately."

In the Potomac River south of Hagerstown in 1785 a steamboat was successfully tried out, twelve years before Robert Fulton's *Clermont* plowed the waters of the Hudson. The inventor was James Rumsey of Washington County. For several years he had been working on his boats in secret and had succeeded in winning the interest of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. Washington had made him a superintendent of work on the waterways project of the Potomac Company. This was the first public demonstration. Rumsey's vessel was not propelled by paddles but by a pump which sucked in water at the bow and forcibly ejected it astern.

It was September 11th, at Shepherdstown, West Virginia. The eighty-foot craft was pushed free of the wharf, a jet of steam hissed amidships, there was a boiling astern, and she plowed bravely across the river toward the Washington County shore. Breathlessly the crowd watched, saw the vessel nose upstream and continue in spite of the current. "My God! She moves, she moves!" cried General Horatio Gates, who was a spectator.

General Washington was greatly pleased, as his letters show, and Franklin consented to head a "Rumseyan Society" to aid the inventor. A trip to England was financed. Rumsey built a new steamboat which he operated on the Thames, and

secured patents from the British Government, including one for a cylindrical boiler which came into general use. He set to work to build a still larger vessel, one hundred tons, but he was now pressed for funds and forced to make a ruinous sacrifice of his interest in order to keep out of a debtor's prison. Even so, his big boat was seized when it was finished, and he could not demonstrate it. It was during this time that he met Robert Fulton who, up to now, had not interested himself in steam-engines. Fulton was thenceforward associated with Rumsey up to the time of the latter's death.

The steamboat was replevined, and Rumsey undertook to raise money by lecturing on his work. He was a very shy man, and the ordeal proved too great. Faced for the first time in his life by a great audience, he fumbled with his notes, tried to speak and fell senseless on the platform. The next day he died. Subsequently his boat was successfully demonstrated on the Thames, but it was Fulton who carried on his work and is now hailed as the father of the steamboat. Congress voted Rumsey's only surviving child a gold medal in 1839, and the State of West Virginia erected a monument to him at Shepherdstown. That was all Rumsey got out of it.

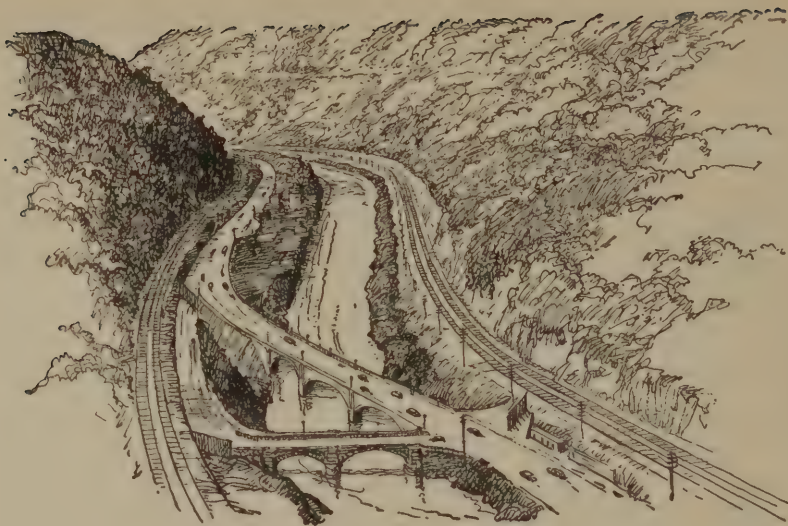
Some miles up the river, on a bluff overlooking the Potomac, stand the massive walls of Fort Frederick, built in 1756 and to-day the principal remaining relic of the French and Indian War in this country. British prisoners were confined there during the Revolution. It has been cleaned up as part of the work of the C.C.C. boys, and put in shape to be visited.

West of Hagerstown, after passing through the pleasant village of Clear Spring, the National Pike climbs over the first ridge of the Alleghenies, Fairview Mountain. The view from the summit is glorious. From this point westward the road is like a gigantic roller-coaster, alternately dipping into the valleys and climbing over the mountains. These are not jagged heights, but smoothly rolling and susceptible of cultivation almost to their summits. It is a green and smiling land that

lies below, and extraordinarily rich. Before the coming of the white man, it was a favorite hunting and camping ground of the Six Nations.

Maryland meanwhile, confined between the winding Potomac on the one side and the straight Mason and Dixon's line on the other, is rapidly narrowing until at the brisk town of Hancock twenty-six miles west of Hagerstown, the state is only two miles wide! The Lords Baltimore, through inattention to the interests of their province, allowed themselves to be deprived of a considerable area in the west to which they were entitled under their charter. When the Mason and Dixon line was projected nobody realized, of course, that it would run so near the Potomac at this point.

An old-timer in Hancock told me that as a boy he could see the traffic on four parallel lines of transportation from his school-house window; there was the National Pike; there was the Chesapeake and Ohio canal with a plodding horse pulling a slow-moving canal boat; there was the Potomac River with flatboatmen poling their clumsy craft downstream. These boats would be broken up at the end of journey and sold for lumber. Finally there was the B. & O. railway with the "camel-back" locomotives of the day.



XIV • ALLEGANY

ALLEGANY COUNTY, cut off from Washington in 1789, was like the others, settled by tobacco planters from the south and German farmers from Pennsylvania, but this wilder country attracted a hardier kind of men. The first settler's name was Evart, which has been corrupted to Evitt, and he built his cabin on a mountain to the north of the road which is still called Evitt's Mountain, and the creek at its base, Evitt's Creek. Here he lived entirely cut off from his kind, in a spot so inaccessible that even the Indians seldom reached it. No white man ever saw him after he had disappeared into the wilderness. An unrequited love was supposed to be the reason for his forsaking the world. He died about 1750. His story came to be regarded merely as a fable until

some years ago a curiosity-seeker hired mountain guides and commenced a search for the site of Evart's place. He actually found it; the cabin had disappeared but the rough stone chimney still stood and apple and pear trees planted by Evart were still flourishing. His little clearing was overrun with English strawberry vines. Some of the roots were brought into Cumberland where they have produced the finest strawberries ever grown there.

When the Ohio Company was chartered in 1749, Christopher Gist was sent out to Will's Creek, the site of the present Cumberland, to establish a trading-post. Will's Creek, which comes through a mighty cañon in the mountain wall, provides the easiest pass in many miles, and was therefore destined from the first to be a main route of travel between east and west. Gist built a storehouse on the spot and in the following year the famous Colonel Thomas Cresap laid out the first road to the Ohio River. This Cresap was a mighty fellow, the most notable of Western Maryland pioneers, and he begat sons in his own image. He lived at Oldtown in a blockhouse that he had built for the protection of himself and his neighbors, and he was called "Big-spoon" by the Indians because of his lavish hospitality. He had taken an active part in the boundary troubles between Pennsylvania and Maryland, and was finally arrested by the Quakers and carried to Philadelphia. Great crowds turned out to see the one they termed "the Maryland Monster." Cresap said coolly: "Why, this is the finest city in the province of Maryland!" He married a second wife at the age of eighty; at the ripe age of a hundred he journeyed to the distant province of Nova Scotia; he died at 106.

The town laid off at Will's Creek was first called Charlottesville. Young George Washington arrived there on the 14th of November, 1753, accompanied by Nathaniel Gist (brother of Christopher) on a mission to the French. The French, refusing to treat, seized the western forts. In May

there was a skirmish at Great Meadows and Washington built a fort to which he gave the grim name of Necessity. In July he had to surrender his fort and retreat to Will's Creek, from whence he hastened on to Williamsburg to report. Up to this time the province of Maryland, governed by a selfish proprietary, had refused to support the war against the French and Indians but was now induced to contribute a reluctant six thousand pounds sterling. George Washington, reduced from Colonel to Captain as the result of a thoughtless order of the King, resigned from the army. Governor Sharpe of Maryland was appointed Commander-in-Chief and arrived at Will's Creek on November 21, 1754. Washington had built a stockade and called it Fort Mt. Pleasant; Sharpe immediately commenced a stronger fort, which he christened Cumberland, after the Duke of Cumberland, Captain-General of the British Army.

In the following spring a new commander, Major-General Edward Braddock, arrived in an English chariot drawn by six horses with a bodyguard of light horse; drums beating the Grenadiers' March. They gave him a salute of seventeen guns. Braddock was a brave, arrogant, stubborn soldier who refused to learn anything from the rude colonials. He had with him something over two thousand men, besides camp followers. Young George Washington had been persuaded to accompany him as an aide, and the famous Dr. Craik, in later years Washington's physician, was also of the party.

They set out from Fort Cumberland early in June and everybody knows what followed. On July 9th they were ambushed by the French and cut to pieces. Braddock, mortally wounded, died on the thirteenth and was buried beside the road. On the eleventh news of the defeat reached Fort Cumberland and all the settlers hastened in for protection. Colonel Dunbar, Braddock's second in command, retreated past the fort, and never stopped until he got to Philadelphia. The powerful tribes of the Shawnees and the Delawares went over

to the French. The Indians were able to shoot directly into the fort from higher points surrounding it.

At this juncture the Cresaps, father and sons, were the mainstay of the province. They wiped out one party of savages at Bloody Hill, and when besieged in their own block-house, admitted a chief called Killbuck and a few men under pretense of surrender, dressed up the Indians in women's clothes and turned them out again. This proved to be more effective than shooting. The butchery continued for seven years; the Indians boasted that they had killed fifty whites for every man they lost. They raided as far as Emmittsburg across the mountains, and panic extended all the way to Baltimore. The Lord Proprietary refused to pay for the defense of the province, until the Cresaps threatened to march on Annapolis. In 1758, a second expedition of seven thousand men gathered at Fort Cumberland and, after varying fortune, Fort Du Quesne was captured, and the French gave up. The Indian troubles, however, were not yet over, for in 1763 the conspiracy of Pontiac came to a head and Western Maryland was again overrun by savages.

Cumberland is the seat of Allegany County and the second city in Maryland. Its site, at the point where the main ridge of the Alleghenies forces the Potomac River far to the south and so permits Maryland to broaden out again, is most romantic, but the town itself is not beautiful to the eye. It appears to be cramped in its narrow flat, surrounded by mountains, and the great industries which have brought prosperity have also brought plenty of grime. It has, however, one fine feature. On a green hill at the foot of the main street stands ivy-covered Emmanuel Church, dominating the town. The ivy came from Kenilworth Castle in England. This hill was the site of Fort Cumberland, with which the whole history of the place is involved. Beyond the church lies the old parade ground of the fort, now called Prospect Square. General Washington made his last appearance here in 1794 when he reviewed the troops

that were setting forth to crush the Whisky Rebellion in Western Pennsylvania. On Green Street, not far from the Square, is the Dent House, a small, ancient brick building which witnessed the birth of the first white child in Cumberland. This child, Frederick Dent, became the father-in-law of General Grant and died in the White House.

At the point where Will's Creek flows into the Potomac is Riverside Park, which contains two interesting monuments. The first is a tiny log cabin used by George Washington during the French and Indian War. It formerly stood on the spot now occupied by the Allegany County Courthouse. Near it is the rough granite monument erected to the memory of Thomas Cresap, "Pathfinder, Pioneer, and Patriot."

From 1830 until 1842, while the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and the B. & O. were both under construction, Cumberland passed through an anxious period with alternate booms and collapses according as the progress of these works was advanced or retarded. The railroad finally arrived in 1842, and eight years later the canal. From that time Cumberland was truly a boom town; judging from the prevailing style of the streets with their dark, plain, brick buildings, practically the whole of the existing city was built within the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Only the store-fronts have been modernized after disastrous floods in 1936 and 1937.

Cumberland may not be beautiful to the eye, but it has a decided character of its own, consequently it exerts a strong spell of affection on its sons and daughters, especially the older ones. They like to tell of the great days when the Queen City Hotel, "the finest Hostelry west of Baltimore," was the center of Cumberland life. This huge and typically Victorian structure was built by the B. & O. at its railway station in 1872. It is still there, still a hotel, but its glory has departed. They tell of the early days of telephones, when, if you wished to make a night call you had first to throw stones against the window of the exchange to wake up the operator; of the



BALTIMORE STREET, CUMBERLAND

quaint "camel-back" locomotives hauling long strings of "red hoppers." These were little coal-cars that could be dumped directly into the canal boats.

The canal, of course, was a great feature of Cumberland life. In spite of its name it never got any farther west than this point; but for fifty years it helped to move the enormous output of coal from the Cumberland district. One of the most curious incidents in connection with the Canal was the arrival in Cumberland on April 15, 1894, of Coxey's army and its embarkation on canal boats. "General" Coxey called it the Army of the Commonweal of Christ; the rest of the country called them hoboes. According to contemporary photographs there was nothing of the hobo about the General who was, for 1894, the glass of fashion and the mold of form. His army contained any number of picturesque characters such as "Marshal" Brown in a ten-gallon hat and riding a forty-thousand-dollar stallion; the plump "Veiled Lady" whose veil was not so thick but you could see that her face was comely; and "The Unknown," a gentleman of Scandinavian persuasion, wearing a yachting cap and carrying an imitation alligator satchel. After camping in the baseball park for two days the army proceeded on its way to Washington by canal boat. The canal was finally taken over by the railroad and abandoned.

The old-timers tell of the fine old families who have gone down and the get-rich-quick families who have come up, only to lose their money in turn. Such is the history of every town. In Cumberland the greatest figure of his day was United States Senator Wellington, who, if things had fallen out a little differently, might have been President of the United States. They tell, too, of old mysteries which set the town agog. Of these the chief was the Twigg-Elosser case in 1911. An engaged couple pledged each other in a glass of wine in the parlor of the girl's home and both died. A jealous sister was suspected of having doctored the wine, but it could not be proved. A curious story which has been handed down for three genera-

tions in Cumberland deals with the appearances of a man called Harris. Every now and then Harris would walk naked through the streets prophesying the vengeance of Heaven on evil-doers. On one occasion he paraded up the aisle of a church during service. Finally his relatives succeeded in keeping him at home.

One of the most daring exploits of the Civil War was carried out in Cumberland during the last days of the struggle. A lieutenant in the Confederate cavalry, Jesse McNeill, whose father, Captain John Hanson McNeill, had lately been killed in the valley of Virginia, resolved to avenge him by capturing Major-Generals Cook and Kelley, then in command of Federal forces in the district. There were upward of six thousand Federal troops in and around Cumberland. McNeill sent two of his men, Lynn and Fay, natives of Cumberland, into the town as spies. When they had brought him full information, he set out, on February 21, 1865, from Moorefield, West Virginia, to carry out his scheme. He had about sixty men. Oddly enough, McNeill lost his nerve at sight of the first Federal pickets, and wanted to turn back. Lynn and Fay insisted on proceeding, and thereafter Lynn appears to have led the show. At the three-mile water station of the B. & O. they came upon a cavalry picket post of three men, and were challenged. "Halt! Who comes there?" "Friend, bearing despatches to General Kelley." "Dismount one of you, advance and give the countersign!" McNeill unwisely discharged his pistol at the picket. The rest of the command rode up and the three Federals surrendered. McNeill ordered a retreat, but Fay and Lynn refused to obey and the whole force whispered to them: "Go ahead and we will follow."

Lynn, riding on ahead, met a second post where the river road joined the old pike and was again challenged. He had obtained the countersign, "Bull's Gap" from the first pickets. The command rode up and the six pickets surrendered. Their guns were thrown on the camp-fire. In Green Street, Cumber-



CITY HALL, CUMBERLAND

land, they passed a company of regulars encamped in an old house near the waterworks. There was an interchange on the state of the weather, the destination of the party, and so on, without any discovery. Only a few of the Confederates had Union overcoats but it was too dark to distinguish between blue and gray. At the iron bridge across Will's Creek, Lynn selected three men to accompany him on foot up Baltimore Street. Leaving his companions at the steps of Alpheus Beall's house, Lynn went on alone to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

There was an orderly sergeant leaning on a railing at the entrance, and across the street he could see a sentinel pacing his beat in front of General Kelley's headquarters in the Barnum House. How to capture the sergeant without attracting the sentinel's attention was Lynn's problem. He counted on the advance of the column to attract the sergeant's attention. Sure enough, when they rode up the sergeant advanced to the curb beside Lynn to see. Lynn put a hand on his shoulder and covered him with a pistol. He surrendered.

Lynn ordered him to lead the way to Kelley's room, and being joined by his three companions, they proceeded across the street, disarmed the sentinel, and entered the Barnum House. At the top of the stairs the sergeant said: "Inside this door is the Adjutant's room and beyond his room, the General's." Lynn went in and finding the sleeping form of the Adjutant, shook him awake and ordered him to dress. A guard was put over him. Lynn then entered the General's room and awakened him none too gently. The General very naturally demanded "What the hell!" and Lynn introduced himself. After the General had made a hasty toilet the two prisoners were taken down and mounted behind two troopers.

Meanwhile a similar scene was taking place at the Revere House where General Crook was billeted. James Daily sent word that the General had been secured and they presently joined the command in front of the Barnum House. The order was given to return down Baltimore Street the way they had

come. Lynn rode ahead with a few men to the stables near the bridge where the staff horses were quartered. A sentinel was overcome and eight of the finest horses taken, among them General Kelley's horse, Phillipi. It is said that the Confederates were not in Cumberland more than ten minutes in all. They were presently pursued but they got clean away. The affair made a great noise throughout the country. Two months later Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox and the war was ended. The two old hotels are still standing in Cumberland.

Westward from Cumberland, one travels alongside the torrent of Will's Creek where it breaks through the mountain. The deep gorge is known locally as the Narrows and through it has passed all traffic to the west since the white man came. On the right a mighty wall of rock rises sheer to the sky as it seems and this, like so many similar places, is known as Lover's Leap. This particular desperate lover is said to have been the son of the Indian chief Will who gave his name to the creek and to the mountain hard by. It sounds more like a white man's tale for the Indian scarcely knew the meaning of romantic love. His great passions were for warfare and the chase.

Westward from Cumberland, the National Pike pursues its way amidst ever more magnificent prospects. The old road has been relocated and rebuilt for the automobile and now offers a smooth surface and easy grades such as the forefathers never dreamed of. At Forest Hill one of the ancient toll-houses survives as a memento of the past, and at McClarysville a grand old coaching inn remains, all dolled up with a dancing pavilion as a commentary on the present. Highly picturesque in its ugliness is Eckert, a coal-mining village with mountains of black refuse rising from the bank of a small stream.

Just beyond lies Frostburg on the side of a high hill. This town owes its existence to coal and to the means of transporting it developed in the middle of the last century. Conse-

quently the main street, with its fancy brick fronts, winding down hill, looks like the America that Charles Dickens visited. The town stands at the head of George's Creek, along whose banks runs a vein of the finest coal from six to twelve feet thick. The galleries extend far under the town. The best of it has been taken out now, but it was mined in a wasteful fashion and much coal remains.

Men from the British Isles were drawn to mine the coal of Frostburg, largely Welshmen; there were also many Germans. They were the most intelligent miners in the world and consequently determined to stand up for their rights; the early history of Frostburg, therefore, was a stormy one, owing to the frequent strikes. They still tell the story of Welsh Freeney, a baseball player and a town hero, until he was discovered to be a spy in the pay of the mine-owners. Freeney, chased through the streets by an angry mob, sought refuge in the house of a certain Mrs. Thomas. But Mrs. T., the widow of a miner, had no sympathy for spies and in her own words she "threw him to the lions!" Freeney was run out of town.

The mine doctors constituted a perennial grievance of the miners. These physicians were employed by the owners to visit the sick. They received a dollar a visit which, during the palmy days, amounted to as high as a thousand dollars per month. A certain amount was stopped out of the miner's wages to pay for this service. The men objected that the amount earned by the indifferent doctors was out of all proportion to the value of their services. Finally in 1913, in spite of strong opposition, a miner's hospital was established in Frostburg and this trouble was ended. It is a model institution of its kind.

With their Welsh and German heritage the people of Frostburg are naturally inclined to music. Their Arion Band and their choirs are famous throughout the state.

When the coal began to peter out the highest-grade miners moved on to Detroit and points west where they and their sons have become highly-skilled industrial workers in the

automobile factories and elsewhere. Their hearts remain in Frostburg, and in the summer time they return in large numbers to spend their money and add a festive note to the scene. Their places in the mines have been taken by cheaper Italian workers.



XV : GARRETT

GARRETT, the westernmost county of Maryland, was separated from Allegany in 1872. It was named for John W. Garrett then the president of the Baltimore and Ohio, a great executive who lifted the railroad from the slough of despond and set it on a prosperous course that continued until recent years. The county begins at Big Savage Mountain where, looking back, one gets a magnificent view of Frostburg and on down the Potomac Valley. The road crosses Big Savage at an elevation of twenty-eight hundred feet. This height was the Red Man's last stronghold during the Indian wars, hence its name. It is a part of the main chain of the Allegheny Mountains.

Meadow Mountain is the actual divide, and at Grantsville

in the valley beyond, we find Casselman River falling into the Youghiogeny and eventually reaching the Gulf of Mexico. In Grantsville survives another of the grand old inns recalling the colorful days of the National Pike. This part was the National Pike proper, having been built by the United States from Cumberland west to Wheeling. The other end, from Cumberland to Baltimore, was financed by certain banks of Maryland, and a very good thing it proved to be, for it paid them 20 per cent for years. Henry Clay is called the father of the National Pike, and he used it as much as anybody. After the building of the railroad the Pike fell into disuse; the surface disintegrated and grass grew between the stones. The automobile has changed all that; it is again as well traveled as ever it was.

Of the palmy days of the Pike a writer says: "Canvas-covered wagons drawn by six or twelve horses with bows of bells moved slowly along, so close together that the leaders of one team had their noses in the trough of the wagon ahead. Coaches with four or six horses dashed by, weaving in and out of the slower traffic; gentlemen traveled in the saddle with their belongings stuffed into saddle bags; enormous droves of sheep and herds of cattle blocked the way. There were rival coach lines, rival inns; sometimes bowie knives and pistols were drawn in the struggle to secure the traveler's custom." As a result of such keen competition the taverns had to be good. When the hour for the arrival of a coach approached, mine host stirred up his servants, the rooms were redd up, pots put on the fire. The equipage dashed up, the horses at full gallop, the coach rocking and swaying, mine host on the porch rubbing his hands together and smiling his most ingratiating smile.

There were sometimes as many as sixteen coaches each way daily: the clumsy Cumberland carrying sixteen passengers; the lighter Trenton, almost egg-shaped; the Troy, carrying nine inside and two outside; and the familiar Concord, which even-

tually superseded the other models. There was also an infinite variety of private vehicles, mostly of a modest sort, but with an occasional splendid carriage with outriders. The country was a wilderness, but traffic on the Pike was as dense and continuous as in the main street of a town.

In the early days of Western Maryland they sometimes used an extraordinary vehicle called a shallop to carry passengers between important places where the roads were not so well improved as the Pike. It was a sort of dugout rigged upon wheels so that it could be floated across streams that were not fordable.

Braddock's route to the Monongahela did not precisely follow that of the National Pike, but lay generally a little to the north of it. Colonel Thomas Cresap was given the job of laying it out, but the actual marking was done by Nemacolin, an Indian employed by Cresap. The old road is never far away and traces of it are still to be distinguished here and there. George's Creek at Frostburg takes its name from a son of Nemacolin who was raised by the Cresaps.

The highest point on the National Pike in Maryland is reached where it crosses Negro Mountain, 2,908 feet. I need hardly say that it is worth lingering for a while at the summit. The views on both sides are equally fine. This mountain gets its name from one Nemesis, a gigantic black man who was also a servant of Colonel Cresap's. Upon starting out on a foray against the Indians, Nemesis remarked that something told him he would not return. His master offered to leave him behind but Nemesis replied: "Master, you knows I is not afraid; where you goes I goes; where you fight Nemesis will fight; but Nemesis will not come back." Sure enough, fighting at his master's side on this mountain, Nemesis was slain and they named the height after him.

The Maryland traveler now turns south out of the National Pike to cross the breadth of Garrett County. It is a land of milk and honey—or to be more exact, of milk and maple

sugar, which I for one like better than honey. The whole county lies high, the air is of a crystalline purity; the people have color in their cheeks and move with an added briskness. It is extraordinary that one small state can include a country like this and also, the dreamy inlets of the Eastern Shore. The road for much of the way follows a ridge, and the wide views on either hand are indescribably lovely. It is a walker's country; seen from an automobile it passes too fast. But who walks nowadays?

One can not remain long in Garrett County without hearing references to their famous "glades." These are the bottom lands between the ridges, where the first travelers found grass growing higher than their horses' bellies. Over all the glades on still evenings hangs a blue mist. These lands are supposed once to have formed the beds of lakes. It is estimated that there are four hundred square miles of glades in Garrett. The soil is composed of pure humus to the depth of many feet. Wonderful grazing land; and a single acre has been known to produce a hundred bushels of potatoes.

There is a pleasant little village on this road which rejoices in the name of Accident. The first time I passed this way I got out to ask the postmaster how it got such a name. There is a story, naturally, but it was not so good a story as one might hope. In 1774 two surveyers, Beall and Deakens, found themselves surveying the same tract of land. Beall proved by his hatchet marks that he had been over the ground first, whereupon Deakens explained that he had surveyed it by accident. That's all.

A power company has built a dam in Garrett County which has resulted in the formation of a lake which spreads a score of fingers deep in every direction between the hills. Deep Creek Lake is the largest body of fresh water in the state and, owing to its fantastic configuration, is as beautiful as a natural lake anywhere. The road is carried across it by a bridge. That part of the road which lies between the lake and the town of

Oakland caps the beauty of the whole route. Following the crest of its high ridge, at every bend it offers far-ranging views where the eye is free to soar like a bird. Not a dark and awe-inspiring country, but smooth hills clothed to their summits in fresh growing green. When the sky is piled with white clouds, one could ask no more.

Oakland, to a casual view, is no different from many other small towns but it has something that makes it unforgettable. I think it is the keen air; one always feels good in Oakland, and consequently remembers the place with pleasure. On my last visit I paid a call on the Frederick Thayers, father and son. They have second-floor offices on the principal corner, overlooking everything that takes place in town; plain homely offices where nothing had been changed in many years. I was delighted to find two faded lithographs that I had not seen since childhood. All oldsters will remember them: (a) the farmer's family on their knees in the kitchen at family prayers, and (b) what happens when the dog chases the cat in.

The junior partner was democratically sweeping the office. It presently transpired in conversation that he was a poet whose work has been included in the anthologies. He smiled at my glance of surprise. "Yes, I know," he said, "to the rest of Maryland we are all mountaineers and savages up here, but after all people are just people everywhere."

INTERVAL

by FREDERICK THAYER, JR.

Down by the pool
The hooded violet combs her hair:
And a pale fragment of moon
Peers through the half-drawn curtain of the day.
Sound is enmeshed in a spider's web,
There by the jewel weed.
The white hind that comes to drink
Is shod with soft gold,
And silently treads the midsummer aisle of the sanctuary.

When the elder Thayer came in he discoursed affectionately upon the early days of Oakland and Garrett. The first Thayer arrived in 1818 and decided to stay when he saw the verdant glades. Mr. Thayer's recollections go back to the Civil War when the Union forces were ceaselessly struggling to keep open the vital line of the B. & O. in the face of Confederate raids. More dreaded than the raiders were the bushwhackers who cared for neither side and spared nobody. Mr. Thayer told me even older stories that had been related to him of the famous Thayer Tavern, the first building in Oakland. It was built for John M. Thayer who had the contract for grading that portion of the B. & O. running through the glades. The workmen were immigrants fresh from Ireland, some called "Corkonians" others "Far-downers." A deadly feud existed between them and bloody fights occurred; it is believed that many a fill of the B. & O. conceals dead bodies placed there nearly a century ago.

There was one Jerry Jamison who cut a dash at the Thayer Tavern at this time. He rode a fine horse and always came attended by a Negro. One morning after several days of high roistering he invited one of the guests of the house to look down his throat. "Well," said the man, "I don't see anything." "You don't? Well, it's mighty funny, for ten plantations and several dozen darkies have gone down there." Jerry then pulled out a five dollar bill, twisted it into a spill, lit his cigar and throwing the remainder in the stove, mounted his horse and rode away like a prince of the blood.

The tavern was also the stopping place of Commander Rogers, and of Jefferson Davis and his family before the war. Here, too, came the famous Nimrod, Meshack Browning, to meet the bride of his second marriage when she arrived from Wheeling. He was clad in a hunting shirt and moccasins and brought a huge old coach drawn by four horses, on one of which was strapped a saddle. After dinner he handed his bride into the coach, and mounting the saddled off-wheeler cracked

his whip and set off at a gallop. The redoubtable Meshach Browning wrote a book about his exploits and adventures in Western Maryland, *Forty-four years of the Life of a Hunter*, which is still read. According to his own estimate he had killed from eighteen hundred to two thousand deer; three hundred to four hundred bear; fifty panthers and catamounts; scores of wolves and wild-cats.

Oakland was at first called Slabtown for obvious reasons; from the local saw-mills the settlers procured the first cuts of the cypress logs to build and roof their houses. For a while the post-office was called Yough Glades and it seems too bad that the name was not kept, since it is unique even if a little difficult to pronounce, whereas nearly every state in the Union has an Oakland.

In the seventies the B. & O., discovering that they had a popular mountain resort in Oakland, built two immense hotels, very fine for that day, one on the edge of the town, the other at Deer Park six miles east. They were advertised as having: "Brussels carpets, spring beds, dressing closets, mantel, and grate in every room." The railway folders of the time show quaint pictures of the fancy wooden buildings with their countless gables and gingerbread porches. Across the lawn a comical little engine with swollen smoke-stack is pulling a train of quaint cars into the depot. For years these hotels enjoyed popularity and the great and the near great were to be seen shopping in the stores of Oakland. The old inhabitants still talk about a glorious, slender, red-haired actress who came to the Glades Hotel to study her part under the tutelage of her manager. The actress was Mrs. Leslie Carter, the manager David Belasco, and the play *The Heart of Maryland*.

For fifty years the village drug-store in Oakland has been kept by Doctor Joseph E. Harned. His store is no different from a hundred others, but Dr. Harned surely is unique among village druggists. One is struck by the thoughtfulness of his calm, benignant face, and one learns that he is famous among

botanists and belongs to many learned societies. His fame rests upon a book, the work of half a lifetime, *Wild Flowers of the Alleghenies*. It is not only original and soundly scientific but is delightfully written as well. Dr. Harned's book was published in Oakland at his own expense. The author says that he received his impulse toward botany from an understanding instructor in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, John M. Maisch. Maisch was a disciple of the great Linnæus.

IV · The Eastern Shore

Southern Counties



XVI • TALBOT

WHEN people outside of Maryland talk about the Eastern Shore they are generally referring to Talbot County, for that is where most of the strangers go. Like Dorchester on the south, most of Talbot lies under water. The tidal streams of this flat land twist, divide, and return upon themselves in such an extraordinary manner that the whole eastern part of the county consists of "Necks." Nearly every neck bears a fine old house, and these are the places that are bought by rich Northerners when the old families can no longer keep them up. Since the purchaser is well-to-do, the old house is restored in a more or less tasteful manner, and the grounds beautifully kept. There is, however, a tendency of the rich to keep on doing things to their places

until they become stylized and quite lose their original charm.

Talbot is the county of station-wagons, of cocktail parties, and dashing sports clothes. Many of the new-comers bring intelligence and charm to the community but there are also those who merely sit beside their swimming-pools under striped umbrellas with iced drinks before them, waiting for somebody to come and relieve their boredom. However you look at it, the old serene Maryland life is dislocated. The county families, the gentry, can not compete with the rich "foreigners"; their farm workers and their house servants are seduced away by extravagant wages; they begin to apologize for their shabby overgrown places so full of charm. One indignant Maryland housewife told me that her cook had been offered twenty dollars a week by a rich neighbor. Such fantastic wages do the Negroes little good; they become uppity; the whole comfortable relation between white and colored is destroyed.

Still more unhappy is the effect upon the young children of the Maryland families who can not have cars of their own, racing sailboats, and beautiful clothes for every occasion, like the youngsters they go around with. The contrast is painful to the young. Also, the solid middle class of white people, so independent in other parts of the Eastern Shore, becomes demoralized. They turn their faces to the rich as to the sun and grow servile. All in all, Talbot pays rather heavily for the new citizens who bring such an air of prosperity to the county, who pay big taxes, and who contribute generously to local causes.

Not until a "foreigner" marries a native daughter does he really become a part of Talbot. I have such a friend in Easton whose point of view is illuminating. He loves the county and can appreciate its humors better than a native. He was elected a director in one of the Easton banks some years ago. The talk around the directors' table was curiously compounded of business and local gossip. Ought they to renew John Jones' loan? Well, it was reported that John's wife was running

around with young Bill Smith, and John was looking worried so there must be something in it. Another director reported that Bill Smith, the darn fool, instead of concealing the affair, was bragging about it. Another indulgently pointed out that that was natural because Bill had never had a girl before, and folks were beginning to think there was something queer about him. So it went. Finally my friend protested. "Gentlemen, we are not here to discuss the affairs of the Joneses and the Smiths; we have a duty to our depositors to perform." "Now, Ed," said the genial President, laying an affectionate hand on my friend's shoulder, "we know you come from Chicago. Reckon you settled amongst us because you liked our ways better. Then why try to make us like Chicago?"

There was deep wisdom in the President's remark. The new-comers flocking to Talbot in search of a better life have only succeeded in changing it.

Talbot was erected as a county so long ago that the date has been lost. The earliest reference to it as a unit appears in the appointment of one Moyses Stagwell as Sheriff in 1661. The first burgess from Talbot sat in the Provincial Assembly of 1662. The county was named for Lady Grace Talbot, a sister of the second Lord Baltimore. In the first days all traffic was by water, and the eighteenth century was well advanced before their roads were anything more than woods trails. Such trails, when they led to Annapolis, were marked with two notches on trees at each side of the road. Church roads were indicated by a slit in the bark of the trees. Three notches in a line assured travelers that the road led to a ferry, and a court-house road was indicated by three notches in a triangle. The first settlers were almost exclusively English, with only a foreigner here and there to bring an odd name into the registers. They were fighting men and patriots. The Stamp Act was hung from a gibbet in the court-house square until it was repealed.

Coming from the Annapolis ferry, one crosses the border into Talbot at Wye Mills. Here stands one of the famous

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trees of Maryland, the Wye Oak, estimated to be four hundred years old. It is eighteen feet thick at its base, rises ninety-five feet and has a spread of a hundred and sixty-five feet. It is, I think, the most beautiful tree I ever saw, not only in its majestic proportions, but in its rich leafage and youthful vigor. It spreads its great arms as in protection; one trembles to think of the destruction that might be wrought in one second by a bolt of lightning. Not far away stands Wye Chapel which was consecrated in 1721.

Easton, the county seat, serves as a shopping center both for the neighboring farmers and for the wealthy people from New York, Pittsburgh, and points West, who are landowners in the neighborhood. The latter element gives Easton a smarter and more sophisticated air than other Eastern Shore towns. The "foreigners" greet each other in a gay and assured manner at which the old line Marylander looks a little askance. It does not seem quite real to him.

Easton is the only town on the Shore that I can recall at the moment which is not upon the water, though the head of navigation on the Tred Avon is not far away and the place has been a port of entry since 1803. For nearly a hundred years it was known simply as Talbot Court House. The courthouse dates from 1794, but, I am sorry to say, has been Victorianized.

The sight of the old building reminds me of an incident in the early career of Judge O'Dunne of Baltimore. A Negro named Fountain had been arrested in Talbot charged with rape, and O'Dunne, then a practising lawyer, accepted an assignment to defend him. Arriving in Easton, he found a yelling mob of five thousand men around the court-house demanding that the prisoner be handed over to them. Their anger quickly turned against the man who had come to defend him. "Go back where you came from!" they yelled at O'Dunne, adding lurid throats. "We don't want no Baltimore lawyer sticking his nose into our business!" At the conclusion of the



TALBOT COUNTY COURT-HOUSE

first session of court, the police succeeded in getting the prisoner in safety from court-house to jail. Darkness had fallen and the jailer's wife, fearing the mob might shoot at the prisoner through the jail windows, put out all the lights. The prisoner, upon being brought into the jail, took advantage of the darkness to give his guard the slip and to escape through an unbarred window in the jailer's apartment. He got clean away.

The mob then threatened to wreak their vengeance on O'Dunne, but it was shown that he could have had no part in the prisoner's escape. The trial judge offered five thousand dollars' reward for the return of the prisoner alive and unharmed, to which O'Dunne added two hundred and fifty dollars from his own pocket. The jury was locked up to await the event. After two days the prisoner was captured in a swamp. When word of it got around, the mob reassembled at the court-house to wait for him. The judge for the case addressed them somewhat in this fashion:

"Men! We have grown up together in this community. We know each other. I know that you are good citizens and that you are going to let the law take its course. You will not allow a foul blot to be placed on the record of Talbot County."

At this moment the horn on the automobile bringing the prisoner was heard and a deathly silence fell on the crowd. Jumping up, Lawyer O'Dunne cried: "He's coming, men! I have not been brought up among you; the judge ought to know you better than I do, but I say he's wrong. I say you're *not* good citizens. I say you're determined to take this Negro's life. I say you're going to blacken the name of your county. Now let's see who's right."

The automobile drew up; the mob parted in silence like the waves of the Red Sea and let the prisoner through unharmed.

Fountain was convicted. O'Dunne secured a reversal from the Court of Appeals on the ground that the jury should not have been held throughout all the excitement. The Negro was

subsequently tried at Towson in Baltimore County, convicted and hung. The affair cost O'Dunne two hundred and fifty dollars.

Easton is what is called a "pretty" town; that is to say, the streets are regularly laid out, the houses big and comfortable, the trees magnificent. Perhaps it is due to the influence of the Northerners that the place is notably tidier than is characteristic of Tide-water Maryland.

The most interesting sight in town is the Third Haven Meeting House, built by the Quakers in 1682 to 1683. It was the third general meeting-place or "Haven" of the Friends. Third Haven, corrupted in the course of years to Tred Avon, gave its name to the river near-by. The meeting-house is one of the oldest wooden places of worship in the country. In 1700, William Penn held a meeting under one of the massive oaks in the yard for a great throng which included Lord and Lady Baltimore and their retinue. The plain little building has broad plank floors and straight-backed benches. In 1781, the stove was a great source of contention because many of the members considered that religious zeal should furnish sufficient heat without a stove. The records have actually been preserved from the first meeting in 1683.

I read with great regret recently of the death of Judge Mason Shehan. One of my pleasantest recollections of Easton is of sitting under the tall trees in Judge Shehan's yard and listening to him ramble on about the great old days of Talbot, when every gentleman had a parlor full of company and a kitchen full of niggers; of the Lloyds, the Tilghmans, the Dickinsons, and the Chamberlaines. The right name of the latter family was Tankerville (de Tanqueville?). It appears that the Tankervilles in England were hereditary Chamberlains to the Crown from the time of William the Conqueror, and the first of that name to emigrate to America chose to call himself Chamberlaine. Bonfield, near Oxford, now the property of Hervey Allen, was a Chamberlaine place as was

also the stately brick house opposite the hotel in Easton. Here the last Chamberlaine died.

One of Judge Shehan's heroes was the late Colonel Oswald Tilghman whom he calls the last of the wits. Colonel Tilghman wrote a history of Talbot County. He was famous as far away as New York. Chauncey M. Depew was his friend and they vied with each other in after-dinner speaking. In Easton, Colonel Tilghman's pal was George Haddeway, another brilliant man, editor of the *Ledger*. As the Colonel was a magnificent figure of a man, the editor a queer stooping fellow, they made a very oddly-assorted pair. "All my friends seem to have been heavy drinkers," said Judge Shehan, sadly shaking his head. "They say it's worse nowadays, but I wouldn't know about that." Another shake of the head.

Whenever the *Ledger* came out the subscribers eagerly unfolded it to see what condition the editor was in. If the editorials were trenchant, the news complete, he was sober. If the columns were not filled out and obviously written by the printer's boy, everybody in town knew that the editor was drunk. It was a great sight on mailing day to see the sports lined up before a long trestle in the *Ledger* office addressing the papers, while the slam-bang press turned them out in the rear. "Did they do this just for friendship?" I asked. "No, for drinks," said Judge Shehan. "When the work was done the editor passed out mint juleps in summer, or hot scotches when the weather was cold. When all else failed, my uncle Frank Wrightson could always be depended on for a bottle." Mr. Wrightson served as Clerk of the Court for eighteen years. His nephew finally suggested that he could be elected without buying whisky; he tried it, and he was.

Judge Shehan had a fund of Negro stories, too, not the synthetic kind. Slavery as practised in Talbot County was a beneficent institution, he said. The Negroes were fed and housed; they had nothing to worry about; even a mean man was impelled to treat his slaves well by the force of public

opinion. When they misbehaved they were whipped; it was something a Negro understood. To put him in jail is a mockery of punishment. The whites having cleared and occupied all the "Necks" in Talbot, when the Negroes were freed they retired into the backwoods and built their little settlements, which still exist, such as "Stump-town," "Ivy Town," and "Rabbit Town."

Judge Shehan told of his friend Tilghman Johnson, for years a police justice in Easton. A plaster cast of Charles Dickens stood on his bookcase. One day his colored maid ran into him gray with terror. "'Fore God, Massa Tim, Ah done bus' you' grandpappy." A Negro appeared before Judge Johnson to complain that his neighbor, Virgil Watts, had stolen a pig. He explained that the day before he had four pigs and to-day but three; whereas Virgil had three yesterday and four to-day. "How do you know that the extra pig is your pig?" asked the Judge. "Jedge, I knows it, because he favor himself." Judge Johnson made a practice of issuing "court orders" and they were obeyed, too. Clarence Brown was ordered to cease "housing" Mose Tandy's wife; Buena Vista Barnes was ordered to stop "switching" when she passed by Elvira Mearses.

There was Louella Tripp, a smart girl, who went down to Hampton Institute to get a diploma. She came home with a baby and no diploma, so they christened the baby Diploma. There is old Lizzy, who works in Judge Shehan's kitchen. She called the house man to account because he addressed his master as "Judge" just like white men did. "You call him Mister Judge," she said, "or you'll have me on your back." Lizzie's miscellaneous brood bears such intriguing names as Ginger Bread, Pussy Willow, and Muskrat. In the course of time Pussy Willow, a pretty, graceful little girl, produced a baby which she wished to call Mickey Mouse. The late Mrs. Shehan said this would not do at all. She had old Lizzy up in her room to discuss the situation. Old Lizzy opined that,

"Pussy Willow, she *think* she know who was the baby's father." "Then he should marry her," said Mrs. Shehan firmly. Lizzy objected. "'Deed, Miss, Pussy Willow, she too young to marry."

It is characteristic of Maryland that Easton, the town which has no water-front, should be the home of the leading yacht club on the Eastern Shore. The Chesapeake Bay Yacht Club was founded more than half a century ago by the admired Colonel Oswald Tilghman. It has a fine clubhouse in Easton but has never possessed an anchorage; its annual regatta is held at Oxford. The club is chary about admitting new members; consequently, there is a burning desire to belong, and it prospers.

A dozen miles from Easton on a tributary of the Front Wye River which divides Talbot from Queen Anne's, stands Wye House, which for me is the first house on the Eastern Shore. It is hard to analyze the spell that it casts on the imagination; I think of a dozen houses that are more beautiful or more romantically situated, but Wye House stands alone. It presents its wide front as with arms outstretched in hospitality; it has been kept up in a dignified fashion but never slicked up nor "improved"; the ancient gardens are of a piece with the ancient house; in short, its tradition has never been broken.

Wye House has been the home of the Lloyd family for nine generations. The first Lloyd, Edward, came to Maryland from Virginia in 1649 along with Richard Preston and a thousand other Puritans, at the invitation of Lord Baltimore. Very soon afterwards the Puritans were in rebellion against Lord Baltimore. After the trouble was over and Baltimore reinstated in his rights and privileges, Lloyd came to Wye River to settle. His first quaint little brick house still stands at the edge of the garden. Later a mansion was built which stood until it was burned by the British in 1781. Some of the Lloyd silver was afterwards found in the possession of the royal family of

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England, who, when it was identified by the coat of arms, politely returned it.

The present great house was started by Edward Lloyd IV, immediately upon the departure of the British. It is a "five-part" house, that is to say, having a central portion with a wing on either side connected with the main block by a gallery or "curtain." The whole frontage is two hundred feet. The pedimented gable of the main house is repeated in the perfectly balanced pavilions. It is a wooden house, painted white; the detail of the carving on cornice and windows is exquisite. Inside, the rooms are of noble proportions, all those on the first floor having paneled over-mantels rising to the lofty ceilings.

From the back of the house a broad bowling-green enclosed within tall shrubbery is blocked at the far end by a beautiful building, unique in Maryland, the orangery. This is a stone building facing south, with huge small-paned windows giving the effect of a whole front of glass. It was, in fact, an eighteenth-century greenhouse; for nearly a hundred years oranges and lemons were grown here in square tubs patterned after those at Versailles. The Lloyds always lived in the grand manner; it is pleasant to read that they had a yacht to carry them back and forth between Wye House and their town residence in Annapolis. There is an old saying in Talbot that God never intended any man should own a thousand niggers, but Colonel Lloyd had nine hundred and ninety-nine.

On either side of the bowling-green lie the wide-spreading gardens, not too well kept up; the awful urge to balance each bush with another, to lay each leaf in place, has never prevailed here. I suppose they were formal gardens in the first place, but the formality was long ago outgrown. There is something about an old garden that makes the heart ache. Here and there new flower beds have been made within the old box, which is as it should be. The old gardener complained that about all he could do was to keep the box trimmed suffi-

ciently for a person to get through the alleys. "I figure there is about three miles of box," he said.

Along the bottom of the gardens runs an ancient brick wall, a lovely thing in itself, and through an arched opening in it, one enters the family burial ground. I wonder if there is another place in this country where nine generations of a family lie in their own ground. The Lloyds are still brought here, wherever they may die. The changing styles of burial stones for two hundred and fifty years are represented: slabs, obelisks, and urns. The oldest date to be found is 1684. A happy mean has been established in caring for the spot so that it looks neither neglected nor offensively barbered. The exuberant trees are in keeping; the sprawling flowers have become naturalized.

I can not even enumerate all the interesting houses in Talbot. A little off the road to Wye House lies Hope House with its curious ogival roof line, and near-by, Ratcliffe Manor, a house in the best tradition of the mid-eighteenth century, beautiful inside and out. The rich dark bricks are almost covered with English ivy. Off the road to Easton from the North, is Myrtle Grove, another beautiful house with an unbroken tradition. South of Easton are Crosiadore, supposed to be a corruption of "Croix d'Or" but more likely "Crosier d'Or," a Dickinson house; and nearby Compton, a dream of beauty with its rosy-colored brick, the same shade that you may see in the Grand Canyon. There is quaint Otwell which dates back to 1670; Pleasant Valley, for elegance and refinement distinguished even in Talbot, and scores of others.

The road west from Easton following the broad Miles River brings you in a few miles to St. Michael's, a village of highly individual character, which seems to turn its back on the all-pervasive water. To understand the nature of the country you need an air view; this shows how St. Michael's is almost surrounded by water; how every pair of flat fields is separated by a finger of shining water working inland.

At the foot of one of the shady village streets you leave

your car and pass over a foot-bridge to what they call the "peninsula." It is the prettiest, oddest scene imaginable. On your right lies a little basin where the crab-boats are moored in a line with their prows to the shore; on the left, under ancient trees, three little houses with galleries, perfect Maryland specimens. The third and most picturesque has three tiered galleries, and a brick terrace also. Unfortunately the end of the peninsula is occupied by a cement-block factory and a crab-house, not so picturesque. At certain hours it is agreeable to see the comely colored women crossing the foot-bridge in their neat blue and white uniforms like those of well-trained house-servants. These are the crab pickers.

I testify with gratitude that they have good beer on draught in St. Michael's. Formerly this was a great ship-building place; many of the Baltimore clippers were launched here, besides half a dozen barges for Commodore Barney's flotilla in 1814. Perhaps it was on that account that the British fleet undertook to bombard the village. The inhabitants fooled them by putting out all lights near the ground and hanging lanterns aloft. Thus the cannon-balls overshot their mark. The oldest house in town is called Cannon Ball House, because a British ball dropped through the roof and bounced down the stairs past the owner's wife without doing any great harm. Nowadays for fifty-one weeks in the year St. Michael's appears to be asleep with one eye open. During the fifty-second week the Miles River Regatta takes place. The arrival of half the boats on Chesapeake Bay and hundreds of cars rouses the village to a fever of activity.

Before coming to Claiborne at the end of this road—which used to be the terminus of a little railway and still has a ferry—by turning off to the left you will be led to Tilghman's Island, a part of Talbot County as different as could be imagined from the sophisticated purlieus of Easton. Here you are back in Maryland. Vincent Van Gogh would have found a subject exactly to his taste in the view from the drawbridge



FOOTBRIDGE, ST. MICHAEL'S

leading to the island; dazzling sunlight, a flood of green seawater lazily swirling under the bridge and naked, sun-tanned bodies sporting in the water; wide stretches of sea and sky on either hand. In the village of Tilghman the inhabitants salute you, the little boys smile, the old Negroes murmur "Gentlemen!" as they pass. Here is another crab house with a terrific babel of conversation coming through the apertures and more Negro girls in neat uniforms passing in and out.

Down at the end of the island is a smaller village, Fairbank, which smacks even more of the Golden Age. Here everybody's face lights up quite frankly at the sight of strangers; they are eager to enter into conversation. What a silly diffidence it is which restrains us from talking to whomever we may meet! When I am alone I can sometimes conquer it, but on this occasion we were two. Tongues of water crept all around the little village. There was Blackwalnut Cove and Dogwood Harbor. Should Fairbank ever be "developed," such names will undoubtedly be supplanted by names like Bellhaven, and Windermere.

At the end of a side road near Claiborne is Rich Neck, one of the original manors in Talbot. The manor-house, dating from Revolutionary times, is much changed in appearance, but close by stands the strangest piece of architecture in the County. It is a brick building of the middle seventeenth century, twelve by twenty-two feet with walls twenty-one inches thick. The ceiling is a tunnel vault; there are tiny windows with "ogee" heads, and, when the thick vine is lifted from the front end, a curious quatrefoil is disclosed, carved out of the brick. The little building is supposed to have been a chapel.

Starting out to the southeast of Easton one crosses several branches of the Tred Avon, one branch bearing the name of Peachblossom Creek, which lingers pleasantly in the memory. At the end of a tree-bordered private road to the right is Avondale, or Turner's Point. Little remains of the original

house but a story clings around the spot that is characteristic of old Talbot. After Turner, the original grantee, died, a Thomas Skillington established a ship-yard on his property which was so remote from the attention of the authorities that it is said the "Brethren of the Coast," that is, buccaneers, refitted here in safety. One of his customers was a Captain Martin who, on his return from a voyage, would bring sufficient coin to cover over the large dining-room table with Spanish dollars a foot deep. Those were the days!

Skillington's will, probated in 1699, bequeathed the ship-yard to his son. Piracy and buccaneering continued to flourish during and after Queen Anne's War (1701 to 1713) and the second Skillington continued to serve the "Brethren" until about 1730, by which time Stede Bonnet, Blackbeard Thatch, Captain Kidd and some other leaders had had their necks stretched and the coast was said to be fairly clear. Even so late as 1750 we note many pieces-of-eight, chequins, and pistoles in the subscriptions for the Talbot County Free School, showing that the "Brethren's" money was still circulating. A later owner of Turner's Point was an ex-sea-captain, Jeremiah Banning, whose *Log*, discovered and published in 1933, presents an interesting picture of sea life in his day.

This whole neck is full of stories. Otwell is here, and picturesque little Jenna (properly Jena), with its very steep roof and tall, narrow dormers. It was so named during the War of 1812 by its then owner, Jacob Gibson, who was a great admirer of Napoleon, and called other properties of his Friedland, Austerlitz, and Marengo. A political enemy, after downing Gibson, called his own place in derision Waterloo. Gibson owned Sharp's Island near the mouth of the Choptank. When a landing party from the British squadron raided it and carried off some of his cattle, Gibson had the temerity to board the Admiral's flagship where he put up such a big talk that he actually got paid for his cattle. He was then accused by his neighbors of having sold out to the British. To pay them off,

Gibson sailed into St. Michael's harbor with a red bandanna at the masthead and beating on an empty rum-puncheon in lieu of a drum. The inhabitants, thinking the British had come, sent their women and children out of danger and hastily assembled the militia. When the trick was discovered, Gibson's career almost ended there and then, but he talked himself out of that, too.

Just before coming to Oxford, one passes on the left the gates of Bonfield, the home of Hervey Allen, the author of *Anthony Adverse*, built on the site of an ancient Chamberlaine house. The new house, which faithfully conforms to the Maryland tradition, has great charm. It stands on a slight rise which is said to have been made by slaves who brought the earth in baskets on their backs from the near-by Boone Creek.

Oxford is a village of insinuating charm. It occupies a peninsula with the water stealing around on every side. Out in front lies the immense mouth of the Tred Avon River which joins the still vaster estuary of the Choptank just beyond. From the southerly end of the village you look straight out into Chesapeake Bay where sky and water meet. Back of the village is a landlocked harbor to protect the fishing and oyster fleet.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Oxford rivaled Annapolis in the volume of its trade. Large London and Liverpool firms established branches here for trading with the colonists. Record-books of the port collectors show that at one time nearly two hundred vessels were registered at the customs house. Other ports took this trade and in 1790 a chronicler was writing: "The once well-worn streets are now grown in grass, save a few narrow tracks made by sheep and swine; and the strands have more the appearance of an uninhabited island than where human feet have ever trod." Another kind of prosperity is now slowly returning to the old village; its facilities for water-sports are attracting summer visitors in increasing numbers.

The present Oxford shows few evidences of antiquity except in its grand old trees. The wide main street is lined with comfortable dwellings neither new nor old, and the curving street, which follows the shore of the harbor, has smaller houses facing the water, one of which is quaintly designed in the likeness of a steamboat's superstructure. The main street is Morris Street, in tribute to Robert Morris, who came here in 1738 and whose son was the great Robert who, as Agent of Finance, steered the Continental ship past the rocks of bankruptcy with wonderful skill—and afterwards became a bankrupt. In a yard on Morris Street is a grapevine planted in 1775 which still bears abundantly. The water-side street is still called the Strand.

The last time I visited Oxford a sudden shower descended and my friend and I sought shelter on the porch of an old hotel at the foot of Morris Street. I believe that this building incorporates a part of the original Morris house. The porch roof leaked so plentifully we were driven inside the building, and we called for beer. On the wall was painted in large letters with a pointing hand: "To the Used Beer Department." "What is the used beer department?" I asked of the little village girl who brought the beer, and then I saw the point and blushed. She was not in the least discomposed, "The Gents' toilet." Oxford humor.

On the road south from Easton is the village of Trappe which has the distinction in this watery country of being purely agricultural. There is not a boat in sight. At the end of the road a concrete bridge more than a mile and a half long crosses the Choptank to Dorchester County and the city of Cambridge. Every region has its local jealousies. In Talbot they affect to believe that all the country beyond Choptank, Trans-Choptankia they term it, is inhabited by a distinctly inferior race.



XVII · DORCHESTER

DORCHESTER COUNTY is the largest on the Eastern Shore, but much of it lies in salt marshes along the tidal streams. These marshes are of great beauty, wild, unspoiled stretches visited only by muskrat trappers and duck hunter's. Since the "Hudson Seal" coat became popular, muskrat pelts have risen to be one of the principal exports of Dorchester. Whether for the hunter, the fisherman, or the yachtsman, Dorchester is the ideal playground. Lying as it does between the huge estuaries of the Choptank in the north and the Nanticoke in the south, with islands large and small lying off the coast and hundreds of bays, straits, inlets, and creeks indenting it, a man with a boat could spend his vaca-

tions for years exploring the shore line with its fantastic convolutions. Every little cove has a beauty of its own.

As for fishing, you can have it in deep water or shallow. It is best in late summer when the trout and the rock are biting and schools of a small bluefish known as taylor come into the bay. In the shallower and more sluggish waters are to be had perch, white, yellow, or black, which many consider the most delicate eating of all. For the hunter Dorchester offers the best "ducking" in the fall. There is a species of black duck indigenous to the county which never migrates. It builds its nests, lays its eggs, and rears its young in the marshes of Dorchester. Great sections of the shore have now been preempted as shooting preserves.

Owing to its accessibility by water, Dorchester began to be settled from the earliest times. Many of the little houses from the seventeenth century are still standing, some so quaint as to look almost medieval. It was made a county in 1669 and the first delegate elected to attend the general assembly in St. Mary's was Richard Preston, the Quaker. Preston was a resident of Calvert County, but he had large holdings of land in Dorchester. He died that same year.

In entering Dorchester on the north from Caroline, one presently reaches a typical Maryland village, untidy and charming, called East New Market. In this particular village it is worth your while to pause for a moment to see several old houses so distinctive in style that one writer on architecture has distinguished two East New Market types.

So much for the old. Over a glass of beer I had a glimpse of the new. The proprietress of the bar was a stout woman with tightly frizzled hair, rouged cheeks, and a grim expression. She did not condescend to wait upon us but remained sitting in a sort of booth looking sorry for herself. The beer was drawn by a well-made blond youth with an expression of light-hearted unconsciousness that roused my envy. Surely it is the unself-conscious who are the happy ones—at least

when young. The stout woman in the chair was continually issuing orders to the youth—do this, fetch me that—all of which he executed with the greatest good humor. In the intervals he draped himself in the doorway and discussed the details of an automobile accident with men unseen by me in the store adjoining. The youth talked purest Marylandese, which lies more in intonation than accent, and is sweet in Maryland ears. It is impossible to reproduce in print.

Presently the grim woman (how rare it is to see a fat woman with a sour face!) arose from her chair and dropped a nickel in her own automatic phonograph against the wall. The machine, after a pause to make adjustments, began to bumble forth: "There Is Only One Love in a Life Time." The woman's expression became remote and ecstatic. She passed behind the counter with her lips silently shaping the words of the song. She had found release. It made her self-conscious to find my eyes upon her, and when the song was finished she passed into the rear where there was a small dance-hall. There was another music machine in here which she started going. It played and sang: "I'll Never Smile Again."

Cambridge is built beside the Choptank River at a point where it is two miles wide. Off to the west the wide, misty estuary stretches almost to the horizon. Cambridge is the second city of the Eastern Shore in size. The business streets are narrow and overcrowded, but the residential streets with their fine trees are charming, particularly High Street, the older part of the town. There is a tiny park at the foot, jutting out into the river like the deck of a ship. One will not soon forget the picture made by an old schooner moored to the sea-wall with a swarm of boys in scanty trunks diving from the bowsprit. Cambridge has a strong maritime flavor; yachting caps cocked over tanned faces are the rule.

The oldest house in Cambridge is the white frame mansion at the confluence of Cambridge Creek and the river known

as The Point. The larger part was built in 1706, but though it has been added to, the original style has been faithfully preserved. Among other notable houses are La Grange, distinguished by its tall, wide chimneys and thick walls; the Hill, or Wallace, mansion with its fine garden of boxwood and spring flowers shaded by the largest magnolia tree on the Eastern Shore, and the Jordan House, an interesting U-shaped white frame structure in the Georgian style, with an exceptionally beautiful interior.

Up and down the Choptank are many delightful old houses such as Eldon, or Shoal Creek House, Glasgow, Hambrook, Castle Haven, Spocot, and others. On Horn's Point are several magnificent modern places belonging to members of the DuPont family.

Church Creek on the road to Hooper's Island is an ancient place once surrounded by great forests of white oak and pine, and consequently the seat of a flourishing ship-building industry until the best timber was used up. As a reminder of what once was, at the entrance to the village, stands the ancient Treaty Oak, the scene of a long-ago pow-wow between settlers and Indians.

A mile beyond is Trinity Church, known affectionately as the Old Church, and supposed to have been built before 1680. It was "restored" in 1850, at which time the ancient box-pews and the high pulpit with its sounding-board disappeared, but the hoary building in the midst of its leaning headstones still preserves the charm of antiquity. A poor living in the past, the church has had a chequered history, being for long periods without a minister, and on several occasions saved just in time from complete ruin. In the *Annapolis Gazette* for May 14, 1768, appeared a touching advertisement. "Wanted in Dorchester Parish a curate. Apply to vestry." N.B.—They didn't get one.

The church's most treasured possession is a red-velvet cushion said to have been the one upon which Queen Anne



HIGH STREET, CAMBRIDGE

knelt when she was crowned. In earlier days it used to be kept on the altar, and it is said that a visiting bishop, finding it there, threw it on the floor. "If Queen Anne were here would you set her upon God's altar?" he demanded. The church also possesses a silver chalice said to have been presented by Queen Anne. It is a shame to question these romantic traditions, but the English hall-mark on the silver does not bear the story out.

As in the case of most of the early buildings of Maryland, there is an unshakable belief that this church was built with bricks brought from England. There is no evidence that bricks were ever imported from England, and plenty of proof that the colonists started making bricks as soon as they landed, but the story will never die. There is a hollow in the old churchyard from which it is most probable the clay was dug to shape these very bricks.

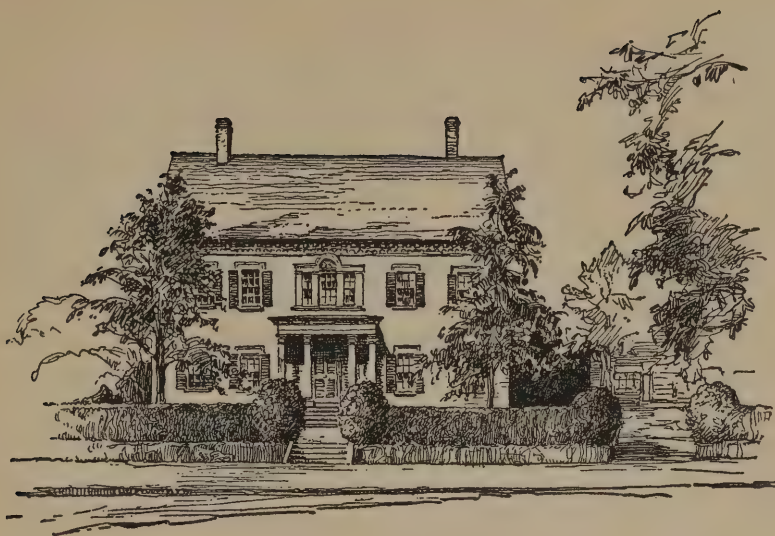
Two ancient houses survive in the vicinity of Trinity Church. One, termed simply the Old House on Church Creek, according to recently discovered records has been standing there for more than two centuries and a half. The little windows and the ornamental cap on the gigantic chimney are very pleasing. The other house, Lake Cove, a mile off the state road, is only fifty years younger. During the Revolution it was the home of one Lovey Lake, who not only saved her silver buckles, but kept the British from burning the house—deponent sayeth not how. Near this house stands one of Dorchester's greatest curiosities, The Old Windmill. Until a few years ago it was actually capable of grinding grain.

Hooper's Island is really three islands, Upper, Middle, and Lower. The bridge to the lower island was washed out a few years ago and has never been rebuilt. On it stands a deserted village, Applegarth, whose inhabitants, drawn away during the first World War by the high wages obtainable in industrial plants, have never returned. One wonders if they do not regret their island home. It is surprising to find how thickly the neigh-

borhood is settled; there are three villages on the other islands, Honga, Fishing Creek, and Hoopersville. All the men follow the water while the women work in the shucking and packing-houses. They are a friendly people who have retained many of their ancient customs.

The whole neighborhood is rich in tales of the past. Hooper's Straits once bore the picturesque name of Limbo, so christened by Captain John Smith who was driven there by a great storm during his exploration of the Bay in 1608. He says in his account that he was obliged to repair his sails with the shirts of the crew. On Goose Creek once lived an old chief of the Wiwash tribe who adopted an English name, Billy Rumley, and married a white woman. When his tribe migrated to better hunting-grounds in the north, Billy chose to remain on Goose Creek. According to the story, he used to punish his wife by tying her to the lubber-pole in his big chimney and smoking her from a smoldering fire below. This was done, he said, "to make her sweet." Individuals with a tinge of copper in their skins are still pointed to in that neighborhood as descendants of Billy Rumley and his white wife.

Many quaint misnomers survive around here; there is "Golden Hill" where is no gold; "Hunger River" which is always full; "Blackwater River" never black, and "World's End Creek" with half a world visible beyond. There are also "Lakesville," "Woodlandtown," and so on, where no towns ever started.



XVIII : WICOMICO

THE Wicomico River was originally called Rockia-wackin. If you ask an old-timer the derivation of that odd name, he will tell you that it comes from an eccentric settler of old time named Rock who refused to use a horse. When he hove in view the people would say: "Here comes Rock a-walkin'"—hence the name of the river. I give the story for what it is worth. When the white people settled on its banks it began to be called Wicomico. This is supposed to derive from an Indian phrase "wicke-micke" signifying a stream upon which houses are built, but here again a much simpler explanation is that it was called after the tribe who lived there, the Wycomesses.

Such was the case with its sister stream to the north, the

Nanticoke. The Nanticoke tribe of Indians was said to have originated in the middle of the continent. However that may be, they possessed a culture of their own; they built their houses in their own manner; their utensils, weapons, tribal customs all differed from those of the surrounding red men. In the middle of the eighteenth century they began to draw away from their old lands, now encroached upon by settlers. The main body made its way up the Susquehanna and by 1765 was established in New York State, where they fell under the dominance of the Six Nations. To-day what is left of the tribe resides near Brantford, Ontario. They have lost their distinctive language but still jealously cling to the name of Nanticoke. Another pitiful remnant lives on a reservation in Sussex County, Delaware, where at Thanksgiving each year they attempt to revive the dances and ceremonies of their forbears.

Wicomico County is mainly drained by the Nanticoke and the Wicomico, which empty together into Tangier Sound. The first white man to view them, in 1608, was the doughty Captain John Smith, who wrote:

We set sail for the maine; and fel with a faire river on the east called Kuskarawaocke. By it inhabit the people of Soraphanigh, Nause, Arsek, Nautaque, that much extolled a great nation called Massawomekes.

On the east side of the bay is the river Rockwhogh and upon it live a people that can make [raise] 100 men, seated some seaven miles within the river; where they have a fort very well palisadied and man-telled with barks of trees. Next to them is Ozinies with 60 men. More to the south of that side of the bay the River Rapahanock, neere unto which is the river Kuskaerock [later called Nanticoke by the settlers] upon which is seated a people with 200 men. After that is the river Wighcocomoco [Wicomico] and on it a people of 100 men. The people of these rivers are of little stature, of another language from the rest [referring to the Powhatans] and very rude.

It is a far cry from Captain John Smith to the modern city of Salisbury on the Wicomico. The county was not created—from parts of Somerset and Worcester—until 1867 but the

city is of the same age as Baltimore. For many years it lay in two counties; those who lived on the east side of Division Street paid their taxes in Snow Hill, those on the west side in Princess Anne. As the result of several conflagrations and the pressure of modern improvement, nothing of the old remains in Salisbury except one fine house, Poplar Hill Mansion, at the head of an avenue bearing the same name. Built in 1795 by Major Levin Handy, with its virgin-pine paneling and delicate stairway, it is a good example of the post-colonial style.

In Salisbury you will find an atmosphere entirely different from the rest of the easy-going Shore. A dense traffic of cars moves slowly through the narrow main street; the sidewalks are thronged with shoppers; the window dressing is metropolitan and sophisticated; at night the street is ablaze with neon signs. Fifty years ago both Cambridge and Easton were more populous towns than Salisbury; now they are far out-distanced. Yet Salisbury is not a boom town; the advance has been sound and steady; this town has known no serious setbacks, and it is certain to continue growing.

In a country like the Eastern Shore, thickly and evenly populated, with many small towns of about the same size, pretty evenly spaced apart, one town was bound to leave the others behind, and just as soon as it showed in front, to draw trade from all the others. That is what has happened here; Salisbury has become "town" to half the Eastern Shore of Maryland and to parts of Delaware and Virginia also. A glance at the map will show why Salisbury was chosen; it is a natural center; all the highways lead to Salisbury—also the railroads, that are still doing a profitable business.

Salisbury is now the true center of its region. Large mills manufacture crates, baskets, and barrels for farm produce; there are two meat-packing plants to handle hogs, cattle, and sheep, and two plants to supply the vast amount of ice required by the refrigerator-cars. Incidentally, it was the invention of the refrigerator-car that revolutionized agriculture on

the Eastern Shore. Long lines of trucks pass in front of auction blocks on the outskirts of the city where auctioneers chant and commission buyers lift the lids of crates and signify their bids. Canneries pack many tons of fruits and vegetables. Other industries are being attracted to the city by the minimum wage scales, by low taxes and power rates.

Salisbury is also the second port of Maryland. The river is not much more than a ditch here, but it has been dredged to a depth of thirteen feet by a paternal government, and bears a daily steamboat (carrying freight only) to Baltimore, as well as a fleet of smaller vessels bringing and carrying away all manner of products. Great quantities of gasoline, fuel oil, and coal are brought here by water and distributed throughout the peninsula by truck. There is a shipyard where yachts and workboats are built and repaired; brickyard, iron furnace, and foundry.

The refrigerator-car permitted the Eastern Shore farmer to ship his perishable (and profitable!) crops as far as Canada. With the money thus earned he bought automobiles, vacuum-cleaners, washing-machines, and the like. Freed from drudgery, the farmer's wife and daughter developed a desire to see the world beyond the next village, and particularly the stores of the world as represented in an up-and-coming town. Every woman wants to wear something that her neighbors have not seen displayed. This explains the rise of Salisbury. I have it on the authority of Mr. Charles S. Gordy, once Maryland's comptroller, now President of the Salisbury National Bank. He pointed out that the business of merchandizing has been completely made over also. Formerly the merchants ordered their stock twice a year, and it was a part of the bank's business to finance such purchases. Nowadays an up-to-date storekeeper aims to make a turnover every fortnight!

Salisbury has everything that pertains to a modern city, including a fine hotel which usually has terrapin on the



SALISBURY'S BUSY CORNER

menu. The busy town is a cheerful place to visit. It has its defects. Its court-house, I should say, is about the ugliest in Maryland, the aberration of some forgotten Victorian architect. It has not been helped by the erection of a big addition at the rear. This slick building of pressed brick with sandstone trimmings is just as "up-to-date" as, no doubt, the old one was in its day; consequently fifty years from now it will be just as ugly. Meanwhile, the two parts together form a sad commentary on the state of municipal architecture in this fair land of ours. On the other hand, Salisbury has spent great sums on clearing up the swamps and slums in the lower part of the town; a handsome park has been created there, with a fine new street leading to it.

They will tell you proudly in town that Salisbury is Wicomico and Wicomico is Salisbury, but this is not to be taken literally. More interesting to the traveler than the rich fields of the eastern part of the county is the neck lying between the Wicomico and the Nanticoke with its innumerable creeks. Here the land has been tilled for nearly three hundred years and there are still standing several plantation houses that have seen more than two centuries pass. Again, in sharp contrast to this life are the fishing and oystering villages on low necks stretching out between wide salt marshes to the estuaries.

The old houses are rarely to be found beside the highway; they require a little searching. There is Pemberton Hall, in spite of its fine-sounding name just a little house built in 1741, and now touching in decay. It has a quaint hip roof with a single dormer, a little kitchen wing with overhanging porch and gigantic chimney. Inside, the paneling is unusually fine considering the size and age of the house. Two sides of the main room are paneled to the ceiling with fluted pilasters rising on pedestals on each side of the fireplace.

The best story in connection with this house—there are always plenty of stories—concerns Captain Allison Parsons,

who made it a rendezvous for Confederate sympathizers during the Civil War. The Union troops stationed in Salisbury soon got on to him because of his habit of firing a small cannon at the news of each Confederate success. After several warnings, the Federals raided Pemberton Hall only to be told to their faces that the small arms collected for the Southern cause had been buried. The Captain, his brother Milton, and a loyal Negro slave took the secret of the burying-place to their graves, and much digging all over the place since has failed to reveal it.

On a side road south of Salisbury is the Paul Jones House, which repeats some of the curious details of Pemberton Hall so closely that one supposes it must have been designed by the same builder. It is in a much better state of preservation and the paneling is more extensive. Outside, the affectionate builders wrought an elaborate double diamond pattern in the bricks of the north wall. It was built in 1733 by a James Jones; I do not know why it is called the Paul Jones House, as the sailor never passed this way.

On a dirt lane off the Anderson Road stands New Nithsdale, a little house built in 1732. In 1730 Captain Levin Gale, the owner of this farm, called at Bermuda on a homeward voyage for water and provisions. The islands were in the grip of a Negro revolt and the Captain sent word ashore that he would carry any one to America who wished to go. That night two little children were put aboard the ship together with their baggage. The Captain waited as long as he dared for their parents to put in an appearance, but when his ship was threatened with capture by armed Negroes, he was forced to sail. All the children could tell him was that their names were John and Frances; but the name North appeared on a trunk and in some books. He brought them to America. Returning to Bermuda as soon as he could, he was unable to find any trace of the children's relatives. So they grew up in his new house. John North was lost at sea as a

young man; Frances married Captain Murray, a Scotsman.

Another dirt road leads to "Upper Ferry," where a small scow carries passengers and cars across the river. Between sunrise and sunset residents of Wicomico County may be carried across for nothing, but "foreigners" are charged fifty cents. For the huskier sort of passengers there are "pull-sticks" to help haul the scow across by its wire cable. Above the ferry stands the white-painted Anderson House, which has served since its building long ago, and still serves as a landmark for vessels entering the Wicomico River. The gigantic fireplace in the little separate kitchen is still used on windy days in hog-killing time, and the lard rendered in great iron pots hanging from cranes.

Beyond "Catchpenny Corner" two turns to the left will bring you to Green Hill Church, the most interesting survival in Wicomico County. The date of its building is outlined with light-colored bricks in the wall that faces the river, 1733, and it still stands substantially as it was built, with its original high-box pews, high pulpit, and clerk's desk. It was the second church of Stepney parish, and its most remarkable rector was the Reverend Alexander Adams, who came out from England in 1704 and served the parish until he died in 1769. He had his ups and downs; in 1752 he was able to present the church with a silver service consisting of a flagon twenty inches high, two chalices, and two plates. They are still in use. A register beginning with 1732 has been preserved. In the churchyard on one of the old stones one finds this sententious verse inscribed to Mrs. Jane Parker, who died in 1755:

THIS WORLD A CITY FULL OF CROOKED STREETS
DEATH IS A MARKETPLACE WHERE ALL MEN MEETS
IF LIFE WAS MERCHANDISE THAT MAN COULD BUY
THE RICH WOULD LIVE EVER—POOR MEN DYE



XIX • SOMERSET

SOMERSET, one of the two most southerly counties, has on that account received but little admixture from the outside and is still very much itself. It is a sturdy, well-to-do community beholden to nobody. The great landed proprietors and the tenant farmers alike are beginning to disappear; 80 per cent of the land is owned by the man who actually works it. This makes for a different point of view; thriftier, more practical, narrower perhaps, yet Somerset still retains much of the old free-living Maryland spirit. It is one of the oldest counties on the Eastern Shore. It has its traditions.

Being almost completely surrounded by the waters of the Wicomico on the North and the Pocomoke on the South, the

Somersetters claim that their climate is perfect; I have not been there for long enough at a time to verify this. Like a well-built brick house, they say, it is warm in winter and cool in summer. However that may be, it is true that the salubrious airs from bay and ocean permit the farmers to raise two and even three crops a year. Their vegetables ripen early enough to command the highest prices. The rich soil responds even to the shallowest cultivation, and under improved methods, produces vast crops of potatoes, truck, and fruit—also chickens. Nor are these Somerset's only resources. The county includes several big islands in the Bay. Between islands and main lies the famous Tangier Sound, the greatest source of seafood in the East—particularly the succulent soft crab.

The county records of Somerset are intact from 1665. Most of the ancient dwellings which survive on the inlets and rivers are still in the hands of Maryland families, though not often the family of the builder. Several of the old Somerset families, however, such as the Dennises, the Dashiells, and the Marines, have maintained their position for nearly three hundred years. One of the fine old houses, Almodington, on the Menokin River, has furnished a room with exquisite paneling to the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Somerset is not entirely without its rich northerners. Of late the county has been much exercised by the activities of a lady, the second wife of a great tycoon who, having bought one of the old places for \$5,000, has announced that she will spend \$100,000 in restoring and furnishing it. She is accompanied wherever she goes by (a) a secretary, (b) a female genealogist, and (c) a horticulturist or nurseryman, and she can only be approached through one of these. It is rumored that the nurseryman is selling her holly trees (which are as common in Somerset as jimpson weeds) at a dollar a piece. Meanwhile, the county is rubbing up its discarded antiques in the hope of cashing in.

The seat of Somerset County is Princess Anne, a dream of

a village hidden under mighty trees. It was named for the princess who was afterward Queen of England and her portrait, by no less an artist than Sir Godfrey Kneller, hangs in the court-house. It is difficult to analyze the charm of such a place, but one is certain upon entering it that it is one of the most distinguished villages in Maryland. Is it the lofty trees, the ancient houses, something persuasive in the very air, or all three? There are many fine old dwellings, but two are really outstanding: Beckford, on the edge of the village, and the Teackle Mansion in the center.

Beckford is a square house of mellow brick dating from the best Colonial period. It was built about 1776. With its wide windows to light the rooms and its immense chimneys to warm them, it suggests the utmost in human comfort. Alongside the house lies a wonderful round box garden; and a grove of immense shade and nut trees covers the lawn. One of them is a gigantic pecan tree which is famous in its own right.

The Teackle Mansion stands at the end of a street. It was built in 1801 by one Littleton Dennis Teackle, who founded the first bank in Princess Anne and established an iron furnace nearby. Unless you have been prepared for it in advance, it comes as a slight shock; you can scarcely believe that anything so charming could grace a mere village street. A long house, shaded by trees as old as itself, time has mellowed its bricks to an exquisite shade of burnt ochre. There is a large central block extended into wings at either end. The builder seems to have had some notion of reproducing the lines of an English castle. The present circumstances of the house are as quaint as its appearance; it is owned and occupied by three separate families. In the afternoons with the sun behind it, striking through the tree-tops, it is bathed in a golden-green reflection like a beautiful apparition.

One day not long ago, to the consternation of all Princess Anne, the Teackle Mansion was discovered to be afire. The young people rushed to see something burn and shouted when

they saw smoke curling under the dry old eaves. But the old looked on with grave faces as if it were their own house that was burning, and so, in a sense, it was. The firemen wiped their feet before entering, the first time they had ever been seen to do such a thing. The firemen's hearts misgave them when they were forced to chop a hole in the ancient paneling; they were impressed by the hand-split laths and hand-wrought nails. The fire was easily put out. Later they were called back by a fresh outbreak; this time they took care to provide themselves with tools so that the old boards could be lifted without injury, and the seat of the fire laid bare.

Another hoary old structure in Princess Anne is the Washington Hotel on the main street. Opened before the Revolution, here in the "land of the cedar and the vine, where flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine," the old hostelry is still going strong. Judge Samuel Chase, the Signer, frequented it with his distinguished father, who was a rector of Somerset parish. There was the famous Luther Martin, another man whose name crops up all over the state; there were the two governors that Somerset gave Maryland; Levin Winder and Thomas King Carroll. George Alfred Townsend, or "Gath," wrote his novel of the Eastern Shore here, *The Entailed Hat*. How surprised these guests would be to find their rooms now lighted by electric lights instead of the tallow dip. The great fireplaces are still in use, but only as supplements to steam radiators. And the telephones—but why go on? Times have changed. Nowadays, where the guests play a mild game of bridge for a tenth of a cent a point, formerly many a Negro slave was lost and won at poker.

There are curious double stairways in the hotel; one was exclusively for the ladies with bouffant skirts billowing over hoops; the other for the gentlemen, who were supposed to admire the fair creatures ascending and descending from a respectful distance. Many relics of the past have been preserved in the hotel: a curious cupboard nine feet high, made

of solid heart pine; an ancient flat-iron to be filled with charcoal; a bed-warmer; old bills and ledgers; and a dinner-bell hanging outside that has summoned hungry guests since stage-coach days.

But Princess Anne by no means lives in the past. Here is the story of a young man to set against those of the old-timers. His name is Rives Matthews and he is the proprietor and editor of the *Somerset News*. We find him in Paris about fifteen years ago, one of the group of young Americans who were in rebellion against their well-to-do fathers. They were embryo writers; Ernest Hemingway was their God and the *Café du Dome*, or *Les Deux Magots* their hangout. At his father's command, Matthews was about to return to America very much against his will. On the eve of departure he visited Longchamps and put all his remaining money on a horse. The horse won, paying the incredible odds of two hundred and three to one, and Matthews was forced to ask for police protection to get his winnings home.

He postponed his departure from Paris. Upon consulting Mr. Harjes, of Morgan and Harjes, as to what to do with his money, he was advised to leave it in francs. Matthews did not know it, but the banker had just been appointed by the French Government to peg the franc. The franc very soon doubled in value and so did Matthews' winnings. While in France, he was often a guest of the de Chambruns; the Comtesse, an American, being a connection of his family. In 1940, Matthews was proud to note that his friend the Comte de Chambrun was the only French senator with sufficient courage to cast his vote against the Pétain régime.

Even the most glorious winnings will give out, and Matthews was finally forced to return to America. Disagreeing with his father as to his future course, they definitely parted company. The son, always determined to support himself by the pen, held a variety of jobs including that of dramatic editor for the *Billboard*. This washed out, and he was at last



WASHINGTON HOTEL, PRINCESS ANNE

reduced to what occasional copy he could sell to a local newspaper in Hastings-on-Hudson. It paid him so little that he was frequently without enough to eat. At the lowest ebb of his fortunes he was overcome by fumes from an oil-stove and carried to a hospital where he was pronounced to be suffering from malnutrition. Before relief could be extended, an investigation had to be made, and he was asked as to the situation of his parents. He wickedly remembered having read in a newspaper that his mother was to entertain the Princess Henry XXXIII of Reuss that day, and he told the investigator that she could be found at the Waldorf at such and such an hour. This did not improve his relations with his family.

His job in Hastings was bettered a little, and he could at least eat regularly. He was greatly concerned about the hideous road signs that defaced the village and its surroundings, but he met only with opposition from the merchants when he tried to campaign against them. When the editor of his paper went away for a vacation leaving him in charge, he saw his opportunity and he took it. He wrote to each of the eleven New York City newspapers advising them that on the following Sunday he would parade through the streets of Hastings between sandwich boards reading: BE FAIR TO NATURE.

He carried out his promise. Perhaps news was short in New York at the time; at any rate, all the newspapers covered the story and each gave it a big spread, including the respectable *Times*. A tremendous fuss was kicked up in Hastings; the editor rushed back from his vacation, and Matthews was instantly fired. The New York City press then made this the occasion for a second story about the affair. An unknown sympathizer sent Matthews a fat check "to recompense him for the loss of his job"; his father, too, read the story and was pleased. Father and son met for the first time in five years, and as a result of their talk, the father matched the

amount of the unknown's check. With the combined sum Matthews bought the plant and good-will of the *Somerset News*, which was in a declining state, and there he is!

This story interested me especially because I once edited a small-town weekly, and because some years ago I wrote a story in which the leading character was a young northerner who came to Southern Maryland and bought a country newspaper. Like my hero, Matthews met with a good deal of hostility in the strange town and, what was harder to bear, a derisive assurance that he would quickly lose his money and go back again. Matthews in the beginning didn't like Princess Anne any better than Princess Anne liked him. But again, as with my hero, his paper made good with the community and the editor, after a year and a half's trial, has won the respect and the liking of his subscribers. When he unexpectedly paid off a part of the mortgage on his plant, there was an immediate reaction in his favor. The very men who had sneered at him now brought him business. I can only add that the *Somerset News* is a fearless and amusing sheet, assiduous in promoting the interests of its community.

In Princess Anne I found another of the devoted, self-effacing scientists who are apt to turn up in odd places. This is Philip Wolle, who works part-time for the *Somerset News*. His grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Francis Wolle, was a well-known scientist; his father was president of the Midland Steel Company. Philip Wolle is a rare person; though his income is microscopic he always has something for those who are poorer than he; he rides to town on a bicycle because he can not afford a car. His life, like Cæsar's Gaul, is divided into three parts; one-third to his job on the *News*; one-third to the little place outside of town where he raises his food; one-third to science. The mixophyceæ and the desmids constitute Philip Wolle's specialty; the first, I understand, being the blue-green algæ, the second, the green varieties. They are very beautiful under the microscope. He corresponds with scientists

all over the world who are interested in the same things, and occasionally they come to see him in Princess Anne. He is a happy man.

Down in the southwest corner of Somerset lies Crisfield, certainly the most individual town on the Shore. There are really two Crisfields. The upper town with its neat, frame dwellings under trees and its brisk little business section need not detain us. A wide, flat street with the railway running down the middle extends to the port. This part, lined down both sides with mismated little buildings of wood, brick, or peeling stucco, has the rakish, disreputable appearance that one associates with a sailors' town. It is ugly, and very intriguing to the eye. The railway is carried out on a long pier for the convenience of loading seafood direct from boat to car. From the end of the pier one looks out across the Bay to the horizon.

Crisfield advertises itself as the Nation's Seafood Capital, and there is none to dispute the title. The smells proclaim its business; the shells of long-swallowed oysters provide a foundation for the shucking-houses of to-day. The seafood houses are scattered around in reckless disregard of order. Many of them stand on an island known as "Jersey." The little basin between Jersey and the mainland is called the "Pot." The rickety old wooden drawbridge connecting island and shore is a drawbridge indeed, for it draws back over the shore when a boat has to pass through. It is the only one of its sort that ever I saw. On every side stretch wide waters and salt marshes under the inverted bowl of the sky.

The same sheds serve for shucking oysters in winter, and picking hard crabs in summer. No machinery has ever been invented to perform these operations. The workers, male or female, white or colored, stand in long rows before their metal-covered tables. They fall into a rhythm at their work and, if one raises his voice in a spiritual, the rest join in.

Under the influence of rhythm and song they work up an incredible speed. Crab-pickers have been known to pick a hundred pounds of meat in a day. If you have ever tried to pick crabs in an amateur way, you can better appreciate what this means. The hard crabs are steamed in immense round baskets which are then hung in the air until cool enough to handle. Soft crabs are shipped alive, packed in sea-grass and ice.

On Jersey also is the terrapin pound, an enclosure of board walls extending out into the water. The heads of hundreds of diamond-backs appear above the surface. At one end of the pound is a sand-bank where the turtles crawl out to drink fresh water and to lay their round, yellow eggs to be hatched by the sun. The delicious eggs are an essential part of that ambrosial dish, stewed terrapin. The young diamond-backs are allowed to escape through cracks in the walls to their natural habitat in the marshes. The terrapin are fed on the rich yellow fat removed from the crab in the picking plants. Like cattle, they are termed heifers, cows, and bulls. The bulls do not grow as large as the cows, whose shells measure up to ten inches. They are shipped alive mostly to famous old hotels and to clubs such as the Maryland in Baltimore. The price ranges from twenty dollars to fifty dollars a dozen. It is not food for the poor.

There is a continual procession of boats in and out of Crisfield, and scores lie moored in the slips between the crab-houses; one or two are always hauled out on the marine railways for repairs and painting. Since the introduction of the gasoline-engine the beauty of these craft has sadly deteriorated. Not so many years ago, this port registered more sailing vessels than any other in the country. Sails are seldom seen now, but many of the infinitely graceful "log-canoes" survive, driven by engines. Since three great logs form the keel of a canoe, they are almost indestructible. Single-masted vessels, larger than the canoes, are called "batteaus" in Crisfield, "skip-jacks" in other parts of the Bay. Next in order of



DRAWBRIDGE, CRISFIELD

size are the "bug-eyes," two-masted. The word is a corruption of buck-eye, which was applied to the vessels because of the custom of burning out the hawseholes with a hot iron. The largest Chesapeake Bay vessel is the "pungie," a broad-beamed schooner of shallow draft. The first pungies were built at Crisfield. I have not been able to learn the derivation of this word. The rakish masts and the triangular sails of all these vessels give them an elegant, nonchalant air.

Up until 1868, Crisfield was just another sagging wharf on the Bay. In that year, chiefly through the efforts of one John W. Crisfield, the railway was extended from Westover and things began to move. Naturally the infant town was named after its begetter. In the beginning there were no wells and the residents depended on the locomotive for their water. I was told of an old-timer, Uncle Haney from Smith's Island, who waited every day with his bucket for the engine to come. This went on for years. An official of the railway visited Crisfield one day when Uncle Haney had brought over a boatload of luscious watermelons. "What price, Uncle Haney?" inquired the railwayman. "I asking twenty cents," was the reply, "but your railway been so darn good to me all these years, you can have your pick and your choice for nineteen cents!"

Uncle Haney was a very religious man, but once after a great storm tide had washed over Smith's Island, wrecking truck patches, oyster boats, and crab-houses, drowning a couple of the islanders, he was heard to remark: "I declare, the Lord does as much harm as good." One Sunday over on the Island a member of the congregation expressed a desire to preach. Being invited to take the platform, he gave out his text: "And Paul cast seven anchors from the stern of the ship." He then cleared his throat and asked for a glass of water which was handed up. He gave out the text in a stronger voice: "And Paul cast seven anchors from the stern of the ship." He looked around a little wildly, rubbed his

hands up and down on his pants, and enunciated his text again: "And Paul cast seven anchors from the stern of the ship." Whereupon Uncle Haney put in dryly: "Brother, I think you've got her fast."

Crisfield is a story-telling place. One could fill a book with their salty yarns. The repository from which I draw is the genial Lorrie Quinn, who has edited the *Crisfield Times* for more than fifty years. He confesses with a shake of the head that it was a tough town in the early days. The offscourings of the whole Bay country roistered in Crisfield. There were the dredge-boats said not to be above raiding a private oyster bed when they had a chance, and therefore known as oyster-pirates. Their crews were shanghaied in Baltimore, and often, it was said, "paid off with the boom" at the end of a voyage; that is, knocked overboard.

When I asked Mr. Quinn about the dredgers, he merely said: "Well, the Captains were not all bad. They had to pay the crimps in Baltimore for delivering the men and, of course, they couldn't let them go till they got their money back." As a matter of fact, the conditions on the dredge-boats were so bad—the cold, the wet, the bad quarters and worse food—that they could only be manned by forced labor. They always sailed in companies of three or so, and one boat, called the "run" boat, carried the catch to market. Thus the majority of the shanghaied men were kept out all winter. Mr. Quinn told of serving at an inquest on the body of a handsome young man who was found naked and frozen stiff in the ice. After fifty years he was still impressed with the victim's extraordinary beauty. He had attempted to swim ashore from a dredge-boat and had become entangled in a fish net.

When the states of Maryland and Virginia established patrol boats on the Bay, these abuses disappeared, but soon another cause of trouble developed. When the Black and Jenkins Award of 1877 forced Maryland to yield twenty-three thousand acres of the best oyster bottoms to Virginia,

the Smith Islanders obstinately continued to dredge there in defiance of the Virginia oystermen and the state patrol boats. Oystermen on both sides were wounded and killed. But the oystermen were inclined to hate the patrol boats even more than their rival oystermen and in a pitched battle in Woman's Marsh in 1895, Marylanders and Virginians joined together to drive away a Virginia patrol boat. Whereupon she sought the aid of a Maryland patrol and they came back together next day and licked the combined oystermen. The trouble, however, continued until these particular oyster-beds gave out about 1910.

All Mr. Quinn's anecdotes have not to do with the water. He tells of Harvey Johnson, a Crisfield saloon-keeper long ago, who was appointed Justice of the Peace. Every morning he would rap on the table and announce: "Gentlemen, the court is now in session, but I call your attention to the fact that business is still going on at the bar." He tells of one of the correspondents of his newspaper, Charlie Summers, who drove up to Princess Anne the day after a lynching to view the spot. He hitched his horse on the court-house lawn and strolled about. Upon his return to his rig, he was taken up by the constable and fined. That week this was included among the other items he sent in to the *Times*: "Your correspondent paid a visit to the County Seat this week and learned that they have peculiar ideas there. It don't cost nothing to hitch a nigger to a tree in front of the court-house, but if you hitch a hoss there it's \$8.65."

Charlie's father lay a long time a-dying. A neighbor commiserated with the son, saying: "Well, Charlie, I reckon he's ready to go." "Oh, he's ready to go," said Charlie, "but he hates like hell to start."

Mr. Quinn gave me the true history of the genesis of the Chesapeake Bay dog, greatest of retrievers. The true breed, he says, is to be recognized by his web feet, by his two coats of hair, the underlying coat "as slick as a duck's back," and

by the looseness of his skin; "you can pull it right around." About 1825 a Colonel Swann, retired British army officer, Irish by birth, bought an estate on Dividing Creek near Crisfield. One of his Negroes caught a pair of otter pups, male and female, and raised them. The female died and Colonel Swann bred the male to an Irish setter bitch. The resulting litter were the first Chesapeake Bay dogs.

The greatest character of all time in this neighborhood was the Rev. Joshua Thomas, "Parson of the Isles." Though he has been dead for nearly a hundred years, they still tell stories about him as of yesterday. A fisherman, born on Potato Neck in 1776, he was converted to Methodism during the great woods-meetings conducted by Lorenzo Doro in 1807; whereupon, like certain fishermen of Galilee, he forsook his nets to preach the gospel. The islands of the Bay became his particular charge and he traveled from one to another in a sailing-canoe christened "The Methodist." Up to that time the islanders were a wild lot, fearing neither God nor man; Joshua Thomas converted them so effectually that they have remained deeply religious to this day.

In 1813 to 1814 the British fleet in Chesapeake Bay established a fort on Watts Island in Thomas' bailiwick. They respected Thomas; indeed, it was the British who dubbed him "Parson of the Isles." When they were about to sail on their expedition to capture Washington and Baltimore, the commander ordered Thomas to preach a sermon to his soldiers. He obeyed, and the British got an earful. Thomas not only implored them to seek salvation; that was expected; but he warned them that an attack on Baltimore would surely end in disaster. It is said that he singled out General Ross, the commander of the troops, with his forefinger and prophesied that he would die before Baltimore. Well, the British failed to take Baltimore; General Ross was killed before the town, and Parson Thomas' reputation waxed greater than ever among the islands.

The stories about Joshua that are told in Crisfield bear a strong family resemblance. There is Thurfer's Creek, once the finest fishing ground up and down the Bay. In Joshua's day the fishermen of Deal's Island and Dorchester were continually fighting for the privilege of fishing there. Unable to stop it, Joshua put a curse on the creek "and from that day to this, no fish has ever been caught there." They say that when Joshua first felt religion, he stood up in his boat and baptized himself: "Joshua Thomas, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

Crisfield being what it is, a great deal of the hearty non-conformist spirit of old Maryland survives there. They are apt to regard their smuggler neighbors with good-humored scorn. For instance, bustling Pocomoke is known in Crisfield as Due Bill City.

Smith's Island lies out in the Bay ten miles off Crisfield. It is actually a compact group of little islands, eight miles long and half as wide. The islanders are a strange people, self-sufficient, stubbornly clinging to their ancient ways, deeply religious. Very slowly their hostility to strangers is subsiding. So far they have refused to permit motion-pictures in their community, but the radio is a leveling influence; it is making the young people dissatisfied with the old plain ways. For several years two or three old pick-up trucks have rattled up and down the two-mile road between Ewell and Rhodes Point, and now there are several passenger cars. The state does not enforce the use of license tags since the islanders constructed their own roads. The last time I was in Crisfield, word came over that there had been an automobile accident on the island!

In each of the three villages, the most conspicuous object is the spire of the Methodist Church, and if the villagers, after looking you over, decide that you are not a game warden or other offensive person, their first act of hospitality will likely be an invitation to view their church. The greatest man in the islands is the minister, who serves all three churches. A poll-

tax is levied on all to pay his salary. Offshore, along the front of each village, is a row of little crab-houses built on piles. Moored to them are the latticed shedding-floats containing in season thousands of crabs, carefully watched and separated each day according to the progress they make in shedding their shells. The tender soft crabs are rushed over to Crisfield to be shipped.

At Tylertown the "main street" is a waterway lined along one side with crab-houses and pounds, on the other with the dwellings and stores on land, each with its little pier. The mail-boat and the crab-boats chug through in dignified fashion while a busy traffic of small craft goes up and down and across. The nearest thing to a thoroughfare on land is a seven-foot alley in Ewell bordered by picket fences in front of houses with meager patches of grass and a big fig-tree or two. On these watery islands they can't spare the land for wide streets.

Since the first settlement, the Smith's Islanders have regarded all that swims or flies around their islands as their own peculiar property and to-day, just as much as ever, they are prepared to fight for what they consider their God-given rights. To them the game-warden is the enemy of mankind. The oyster troubles having been smoothed out, the present bone of contention is duck-shooting. Killing ducks for market was made unlawful by Federal enactment in 1918. The islanders disregarded it. Since there is always a good market for wild duck, they are not above using swivel guns to kill the ducks by wholesale, or wire enclosures to trap them. Occasionally the game wardens take their lives in their hands to combat these nefarious practices. Airplanes have been used to spot the traps. The pilot drops paper streamers to guide the wardens in boats to the place.



XX · WORCESTER

WORCESTER, lying east of Somerset, is the ocean county of Maryland; no other part of the state fronts on the sea. Since it has no Bay frontage, and since the first settlements were made on the Bay side, it has fewer Colonial reminders than its neighbors. At the same time, it was in what is now Worcester that the white man first set foot in Maryland, for Giovanni da Verrazano landed here in 1524 from his ship *La Dauphine* and called the land Arcadia. It was Verrazano who brought to Europe the first connected description of the American coast line.

Though Worcester is not as rich in old houses as the northerly counties, the survivals include some of the most interesting buildings on the Shore. Most of them face the

Pocomoke River, Worcester's only connection with Chesapeake Bay. It is a strange stream, perhaps the deepest in the world for its width; slow-flowing, black in color, sinister, and beautiful. The cypress and tuckahoe fill its swamps. Chief among the old houses is Beverly, or Thrum Capped, an old home of the Dennis family, a noble brick house in the English fashion, with a two-story portico on the landward side (possibly a later addition), the river entrance being embellished with graceful rails and an archway of wrought-iron. On top of each post is a wrought-iron duck and in the middle of the arch surmounting the steps a stand to hold a lamp. The lamp served as a beacon to guide vessels up and down the river. The interior of the house is most pleasing with its "triumphal" arch in the hall, its graceful stairway and paneled rooms.

There is another house, quaint and old, called Genezir (pronounced locally "je-nay-zee") which, though it is falling into ruin, has a beautiful and touching aspect in its delicate color harmony of greens and grays. Much loving work went into the building of this house, as may be seen in the curious patterns of the brick, and in what remains of the paneling indoors.

Worcester County is almost as flat as a table, save where the road dips a little to cross a watercourse; yet it has a subtle beauty of its own which steals on you. The land is extraordinarily rich. Owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, the climate is the mildest in Maryland. The dogwood blossoms in March; summer lingers until late fall; snow is rare and brief. The farmers count on two hundred and ten growing days in the year. This county leads the state in Irish potatoes, and indeed is counted among the ten first counties in the country in this respect. Two crops can be raised in one season on the same land. Last summer as I drove through Worcester they were harvesting the first crop; long lines of laden trucks were heading north; the effect was stupendous. Two trucks collided, and what a scatteration of tubers over the landscape!

Snow Hill, a beguiling little town embowered in greenery, is the county seat. It lies beside the still black waters of the Pocomoke, which is navigable up to this point. A landing-place for Indians long before the white man came, the first settlement was made here in 1642, only eight years after the coming of the *Ark* and the *Dove*, by a group of English settlers from Snow Hill, then a suburb of London, England. Its first charter was granted in 1686; it was a Port of Entry in 1694 and the town was laid out according to the present plan in 1792. The first lot-holders paid a penny a year rent to Lord Baltimore.

An ancient place, you see. Among its relics is All Hallows Church built in 1748. The tall windows, rising from the ground almost to the eaves, form an unusual feature and most effective. It is said that these windows were once altered and later restored to their first state and the original glass returned. I find this hard to believe, as the present glass is far from being worthy of the old building. The cutting from which the lovely ivy has grown is supposed to have been brought from Kenilworth Castle. Judging from the number of times this story turns up in Maryland, there can hardly be any ivy left at Kenilworth. Visitors to All Hallows will be surprised to find the church bell hanging in an ivy-covered tree. It was placed there fifty years ago while the roof was being repaired and has remained. The congregation likes it. The bell was a gift from good Queen Anne, as was also the Bible which may be seen inside the church door.

The most interesting house in town is Ingleside, or, to use its earlier and more distinctive name, Chanceford. It has six entrances. The story is told of a messenger who rapped at the main door and, not having it opened immediately, proceeded to the next entrance. The maid opened door number one just as the visitor had vanished around the corner of the house to knock at number two. Guided by his rapping, the maid followed to that entrance, only to hear him now tapping at door

number three. Thus he continued around the house to each of the six doors, the maid always one door behind. She never caught up with him.

Buildings like All Hallows and Chanceford make Worcester's Victorian court-house look rather triflin', as we say. This is the usual brick structure in a painful shade of red built in 1893. The Victorian horrors are coming back into fashion, and who knows, this building may yet be cherished as a priceless antique. The whole business section of Snow Hill bears the aspect of 1893 since it was built at that time, following a disastrous fire. On hot days business appears to be pretty well suspended in this serene town. The storekeepers sit in the shade of their buildings endlessly discussing local politics and the price of potatoes.

In the southeast corner of the County, but still on the banks of the black Pocomoke, is the metropolis of Worcester County, Pocomoke City. What a contrast is here! The main street is wide, the buildings new, the stores aggressively modern, shining, and busy. Pocomoke—City is usually dropped—looks more like a new town in, say, Oregon, than in old Maryland. Though the temperature on the occasion of my last visit was hovering in the nineties, the place was bustling with activity, while I could only collapse on a stool in a drug-store and order a limeade. Picture an air-conditioned drug-store and the traveler's gratitude upon finding it!

When I asked my friend, Dr. Edward J. Clarke, editor of the Worcester *Democrat*, to explain the striking contrast between Snow Hill and Pocomoke, only a dozen miles apart, he said: "Well, you must remember that Snow Hill is the county seat. All the lawyers live over there and others who live at the expense of the county; such folk naturally take things easy. When a boy baby is born in Snow Hill his fond parents turn his face toward Annapolis and Washington and tell him: There is your meat and bread! When I go up to Snow Hill they always ask me, 'How's things in the big town?'"



SNOW HILL

There is another reason for the modern air of Pocomoke. The business section was wiped out by fire as recently as 1922. The loss was so great that many of the local merchants were unable to rebuild and the chain-store corporations seized the opportunity to come in. Nearly every chain-store is represented by a unit on Pocomoke's principal street. Such corporations naturally were in a position to build much more expensive quarters than an individual. This accounts for the fine appearance of the street. Dr. Clarke, oddly enough, approves of the coming of the chain-stores; you will not often find a local man who has a good word to say for them.

The first white settler to come up the Pocomoke River was a New England trader with rum. He pitched his tent near the end of the present bridge; they call the spot "the Hill" in Pocomoke, though no elevation is visible to the naked eye. The settlement was first called Warehouse Landing, then Meeting-House Landing; later New Town, and finally, from 1878, Pocomoke City. Up to 1925 there was a profitable shipyard in the river, but the modern truck and motor-boat gradually have replaced the bug-eyes and pungies that were built here. In the old days Pocomoke was a Gretna Green for eloping couples from Virginia.

On that hot day when I was in Pocomoke I heard that the annual pony round-up was taking place at Chincoteague not far away, and I determined to see it. Chincoteague lies over the border in Virginia, but the story of the wild horses is a part of the lore of Maryland and is therefore entitled to a place in this book. It is the Chincoteague ponies that have from time immemorial drawn the little carts of the "ayrabas" through the streets of Baltimore. I am only sorry that I found the show disappointing.

The village of Chincoteague lies on the island of that name half a dozen miles from the mainland across wide salt marshes threaded by channels mirroring the sky. The approach is extraordinarily beautiful; the mainland ends in a bluff, cer-

tainly not more than thirty feet high but which has the effect, in that flat country, of a mighty cliff and permits a radius of view which seems to include half a world. The marshes are colored in the tenderest hues of green; the spaces of water shine like silver; the summer clouds are piled like mountains around the horizon. The long straight causeway over to the island is planted on both sides with the bog myrtle, locally known as water-weed. This, I suppose, is for the purpose of holding the bank together, but the effect is as pretty as a long double hedge of ancient box.

The village is one of the ugliest places I ever visited. There is a double row of nondescript wooden stores with rusty corrugated iron awnings. A few of the dwellings near the center are well kept, but beyond that the flimsy houses stretch out endlessly in the sand on either hand, unpainted and forlorn; scarcely a tree in sight. The village appeared to extend for miles along the shore of the Bay. I can not imagine what has brought so many people there. There is fishing, of course, but the sea is inaccessible.

The village combines the annual round-up and sale of the ponies with a carnival under the auspices of the fire department. I judge that ten thousand people were attracted by the double show; one had to drive half a mile down the spit of sand to find a parking place. These were country people; few bore the city stamp. All were perspiring and grimy with dust and their notions of dressing for an outing did not add to their comeliness. The stalwart young men looked ridiculous in their play-suits; the girls in strangely-patterned slacks and halters looked worse, for most of them were rouged, and rouge in the glaring sunlight hardens the sweetest face. I said to myself that I had never seen such a depressing exhibition of humanity. Then I went into a bar, caught sight of my own face in the mirror, and shuddered. My clothes were sticking to me, my features seemed to have run together like butter in the heat. I no longer felt superior. I met a lost child hastening

distractedly along the endless sidewalk, and half an hour later I met her coming back, still lost.

The wild ponies range on Assoteague, an island to the seaward of Chincoteague. This Assoteague, a barrier against the ocean, stretches for sixty miles or more up into the State of Delaware. That part which is visible from the back of Chincoteague is most beautiful, being high in the middle and covered with a magnificent stand of timber. According to the story, a Spanish galleon was wrecked on Assoteague four hundred years ago. The horses she carried escaped to the shore and it is their progeny which are sold in Chincoteague to-day. Alas for romance! The little horses are no longer wild; the herd, now reduced to about one hundred head, is owned by a man who looks after them as carefully as any other horse-breeder, seeing to it that new blood is introduced every two years. Assoteague itself is owned by a woman in Baltimore—everything is owned by somebody nowadays—and the horse-breeder has to lease from her the right to range his ponies on the beach.

The gentle ponies give no trouble at all. It is only the foals, averaging four months old in July, tiny creatures no bigger than a mastiff, that are disposed of at these sales. "Aren't they too young to be taken from their mothers?" I asked. "No, sir," was the reply. "Gemman! at two months they are ready to start eating grass just as nice!" The wretched little creatures are forced to swim over to Chincoteague where they are penned up on a spit of land running into the bay. They are not auctioned. Intending purchasers gather round the pens and, having made a choice, start a dicker. The price ranges from thirty dollars up. The foals seemed to take the proceedings very quietly but their babyish whickering was rather piteous. Many odd conveyances were on hand to take them away. I saw one carried off in the back of a station-wagon. Many of the little ponies had piebald or calico markings; the prettiest ones to my mind were the bright sorrels.

For the diversion of the crowd, races between mature ponies were held at the other end of town. The course was a straightaway paved with oyster-shells, and you could take your choice of viewing the start or the finish; it was impossible to see both. For one race there were three starters; the narrow track could not accommodate more. Two were middle-sized ponies ridden by men, the other much smaller with a boy up. They were mettlesome beasts, especially the little one who, in half a dozen false starts, sprang madly ahead. His freckled young rider, gay and grinning, was enjoying himself hugely. On one occasion the little pony, when his rider attempted to pull him up, leaped into an adjoining field and dumped him over his head. The boy came up grinning still. "Ain't nobody hurt," he cried to reassure the crowd. Perhaps the false starts were designed to tire the fiery little pony, for when they finally got away he was left far behind. Excitement rose to fever pitch as they clattered furiously down the track bombarding the spectators with bits of shell. I could not see which won, but I knew it was not my favorite.

The carnival inclosure offered many attractions, but the dusty field was not enticing; I even resisted the lure of an eight-legged cow with two tails. The most tempting spot in town was the fire-hall where the wives and sisters of the firemen were serving homemade dinners. My instinct told me the food would be wonderful, but even at eleven o'clock every seat at the long tables was taken and there was a waiting line. I was forced to drive back to Pocomoke and eat in the air-conditioned drug-store.

Ocean City is Maryland's one and only seaside resort. It is built on one of the reefs of sand which line our coast, the ocean in front and a quiet bay behind. Until Maryland was lashed by the tail of a hurricane in 1933 one could have walked along the beach from Ocean City to Assoteague, where the wild ponies range, but the great storm reopened a former

inlet south of the town. The inlet, lined with rock and kept open, has greatly contributed to the growth of the town by providing a harbor in Sinepuxent Bay for sea-going fishing boats. Within the past seven years Ocean City has achieved new fame for its marlin and tuna fishing.

The resort is peculiarly Maryland's own; nearly all the hotels are kept by natives of the state and practically all the visitors are Marylanders. A few may come from adjoining Delaware, but Delaware has fine beaches of its own. There are some cottages that are occupied by their owners or rented for the season, but the great majority of the visitors are housed for shorter periods in hotels, furnished apartments, and rooming-houses. Ocean City is primarily a two weeks' vacation or a week-end resort; it is a place to go for a bust, a fling, or a beano, and as such is held in affection by the whole state, particularly the younger portion. They are sure of meeting their friends there. In another respect it is essentially of Maryland: the prices are moderate. You may be well entertained at Ocean City at half the cost of the more famous New Jersey resorts.

The railway, after having been washed out in 1933, was abandoned; there is a bus line; otherwise you go in your own car. If you arrive by daylight you will be depressed by the surpassing ugliness of the place; there is neither tree nor bush nor patch of grass to be seen, and the only flower that responds to culture in the sand is the indomitable petunia. Tall, crass, wooden buildings are crowded thickly together, obviously designed with the sole aim of providing the most accommodation for the least money. You wonder why anybody should leave their pleasant homes to sojourn in such discomfort. Walking on the boardwalk on a sunny morning all this is changed. The ugliness is behind you; with the breeze on your cheek, you are aware only of the ineffable sea, and you understand why Marylanders look forward from one year to another to a trip to Ocean City.

The young are everywhere. In the lobbies of the hotels children of high-school age sit up until the small hours playing cards or otherwise disporting themselves. This generation simply will not go to bed. On the boardwalk there is a resort called the Beach Club which attracts those a little older in swarms every summer night to drink beer and to dance. Their grandparents would be scandalized to observe the freedom of their manners as the beer releases their inhibitions. What are their parents going to do about it? It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. At the refreshment counter I was highly diverted by the carrying-on of a young quartette. All four had been rather scurvily treated by nature, but after a beer or two they felt, and acted, like kings and queens. One girl in particular was of the sort that has to resign herself to being overlooked for fifty weeks out of fifty-two. She had acquired a man for the occasion and was lifted out of herself. Her eyes dwelt on him with the terrible avidity that James Thurber depicts in the faces of his females; she could not keep her hands off him.

I hear the young people who frequent my house continually talking about their visits to Ocean City, which they love while affecting to scorn it. I hear them in their breezy style referring to "Chinch Row," to "Scrouge Hollow," and to "Park Avenue," different sections of the town, graded according to the fullness of your pocketbook. The last resort of the impecunious, it seems, is the Hotel Underwood, that is, sleeping under the boardwalk.

On my last visit, the heat being stifling in town, I found the purest pleasure in sitting and rocking (I confess it!) on the porch of my hotel after a good breakfast, watching the human show on the boardwalk in front. The breeze was delicious; huge purple cloud shadows moved over the green sea; the breakers fell on the beach and twittering sand-pipers scampered out of the way of the advancing water. The usual types were represented on the porch; people who couldn't settle down

to anything, who left the hotel and returned a dozen times in an hour. While regarding them I gloated in my own complete relaxation. There was the gigantic red-faced couple, husband and wife, bearing a strange resemblance to each other, whose combined weight must have been close to six hundred pounds, and who had given one anemic small boy to the world. There was the porch pest, of course, who climbed on the rockers behind the chairs and squealed in your ear, while his complacent parents looked on laughing at the cute little fellow.

Speaking of cute little fellows, on a brief sortie that I made down the boardwalk an urchin of about four overtook me on his velocipede. Without any preamble he said casually: "Do you like fishin'?" "Sure," I said. "Then why don't you go for a fishin' trip?" he asked, pedaling away. I suspect his father took out fishing parties.

Back and forth in front of the porch passed the endless human procession. Until ten o'clock in the morning bicyclists are allowed to use the boardwalk, and the wheelers pedaled skillfully in and out between the pedestrians. I looked to see a collision every moment, but there was none, though the pedestrians were visibly nervous. There was an athletic lady in a fetching green play-suit who rode at high speed up and down until the last minute. I suppose she was reducing, but I'm sure she went home and ate an enormous lunch. There was the blonde lady of indefinable age who enjoyed a modest annuity—you will find her on every boardwalk. This one tripped along leading a dog of low degree. With the aid of a bandanna, a vizor and a pair of sun-glasses—all three—she was giving a representation of a *débutante*, and she almost got away with it. My wife insisted that she was really a girl until I called attention to her legs. Those bumpy extremities obviously had provided their owner with locomotion for many and many a year.

There were many of both sexes who passed, with the conscious air of giving the porch-sitters a treat, and so they were,

but not perhaps in the way they fancied. There was the tanned elderly gentleman who has kept his figure a little better than most and who therefore supposes that he looks like a boy, and struts accordingly; and there was a type new to me, though my girls tell me it has become common enough, the peroxidized gentleman. It must be allowed that there is something marvelously effective in hair bleached to an albino hue in conjunction with a deeply tanned skin and a white bathing suit. This young gentleman, arch and self-conscious as a movie star, was obtaining such an innocent pleasure in displaying himself on the boardwalk that I had no heart to blame him.

The other day I was reading the impressions of another porch-observer who was lamenting that it was only the misshapen who had the urge to exhibit themselves on the beach, but that is not so. Perhaps the present cult of near-nakedness is improving the physique of the race; at any rate, the average of beauty at Ocean City was high. Several perfectly-formed young women and young men were to be seen on the walk and on the beach, and perfection is nowhere common. With the keenest pleasure I watched two young fellows in abbreviated trunks playing ball on the beach, quite unaware that they were observed. There is something heartbreaking in the comely bodies of the young; they are so soon old!

There were the individuals whose sex, though they wore pants and cut their hair short, was difficult to determine and there were the lonely ones—you always find them in a crowd, walking along as if they didn't mind being alone. You can always tell the difference between a person who is alone for the moment and a confirmed solitary. The latter sort live in furnished rooms, work all day in silence at their desks, eat alone, and take the single seats in the picture-houses. Loneliness is a curse, a disease that sets a mark on its victims which causes the comfortable, gregarious sort of people to shy away from them. And so they are condemned to live in a world of fantasy and they become queer indeed.

V • The Eastern Shore

Northern Counties



XXI • QUEEN ANNE'S

THE usual approach to the Eastern Shore from the rest of Maryland is by ferry from Annapolis to Matapeake on Kent Island. The southern end of the island was the site of the first settlement of white men in Maryland. This was the fort and trading-post established by William Claiborne in 1631, three years before the coming of the *Ark* and the *Dove*. Claiborne, who held a sort of patent from Virginia, was for many years a thorn in the side of Leonard Calvert, first Governor of Maryland. Calvert made him a fair offer which was rejected, and a little war resulted. There was a battle between Claiborne's *Cockatrice* and Calvert's *St. Helen* and *St. Margaret* at the mouth of the Pocomoke River in 1635. Claiborne was defeated, but was more successful in another encounter a few weeks later.

He then returned to England to press his claim, but had little luck there. In 1638 the Marylanders raided and burned Claiborne's settlement. In 1645 Claiborne^e turned up again and took advantage of the confusion created by the Civil War in England to seize Kent Island once more. The islanders refused to join him in an attack on St. Mary's, and he retired. In 1652 he came back in a big way as Secretary of Virginia, armed with the dubious commission to bring Maryland under control of the Parliament of England. Lord Baltimore's government was overthrown, and for several years the Puritans held undisputed sway in Maryland. In 1658 Oliver Cromwell reinstated Lord Baltimore in all his rights and privileges, and Claiborne was heard of no more.

Upon the site of Claiborne's post stands the quaint dwelling known as Kent Fort Manor, which claims to be the oldest house in Maryland. There are several such claims, none of which can be absolutely established. According to tradition, this house was built immediately after the first settlement was burned in 1638. The builder would appear to have been a small man, for the kitchen door is only five foot five inches high, and the clearance overhead on the stairs is only four feet and five inches. An unmarked brick tomb has lately been uncovered in the door-yard. The house is now tenanted by Negroes.

Kent Island is separated from the mainland by a channel called Kent Narrows. On either hand there is an immense bay, and winding waterways with green, sedgy shores divide the fields; the characteristic Eastern Shore landscape. This is Queen Anne's County. Some may consider a flat country tame, but it has this advantage, that you can see the whole sky at once. I remember a day in Queen Anne's when the sky was filled with wildly tumbled clouds, which would part revealing patches of serene blue flecked with cirrus clouds high above. The sun alternately blazed on the green fields and withdrew. It was a day of days.

Near this road from Kent Island stands Bloomingdale, a fine house of the late eighteenth century, beautiful in detail. It is chiefly noted, however, as having been the home of Sally Harris, a famous Baltimore belle, rival of the Caton sisters in the first years of the nineteenth century. Such reputations last in Maryland. There is a mill on the property much older than the mansion; that is known as Sally Harris's mill, too.

Centerville, the county seat of Queen Anne's, is an inviting village. It is slowly decreasing in population, which must be the cause of great grief to would-be boosters, but I am sure that life is very pleasant there. One grows weary of boosters and their works. Even during the bustle of court week four times a year, Centerville is not to be shaken out of its unhurried course.

The little town focuses on the plain, dignified court-house in its square, painted a cream color very restful to the eye after the red horrors elsewhere on the Shore. Fine trees arch overhead and the walks are edged with box. The only jarring note is the towering stand-pipe erected by an error of judgment close behind. Along one side of the Square runs Lawyers' Row, as is usual in Maryland county seats; on the other side stands an uncompromising brick hotel of the packing-box style of architecture. Along the front runs the main street, very suitably called Commerce Street. It is lined with miscellaneous small buildings ornamented with towers, galleries, and so on. Such particulars, however, convey nothing of the little town's charm and flavor. It may not be artistic but it is intensely American; it endears itself.

Commerce is crossed by Water Street, which has more little stores, three of which are of a quaintness that carried me straight back to my childhood. I did not think that any such still existed. They are kept, I am sure, by ladies of quality. Their several show windows displayed a few cut flowers, a row of wine glasses, and some "ornaments," several home-knitted baby jackets and other small garments; millinery. This

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last window had a modern hat set rakishly on the head of a wax dummy of long ago that is a joy to remember. While I was sauntering through Water Street, a large, agitated gentleman bustled up to me asking: "Excuse me, but are you the undertaker?" I'm afraid I laughed, though I am unable to say why there is anything comic about being taken for an undertaker.

The residential part of Centerville is of a piece with the rest. There is one fine place, the McKenney House, hidden far back behind its great trees with a lawn of miraculous greenness, but the majority of the dwellings are of frame, large, comfortable, and unpretentious. As you walk along the green-arched streets, you catch glimpses of delightful back yards. No formal planting here. No special arrangement of any sort; an immense tree, crêpe myrtle, bushes, and rose-of-sharon in bloom; clumps of golden glow and all the old favorites; back yards suitable for kids to play hide and seek in.

On the way north through Queen Anne, one passes through Church Hill, a bowery village notable only for the venerable church which furnishes its name. More than two hundred years ago it cost one hundred and forty thousand pounds of tobacco to build St. Luke's. Interesting to note are the heavy gambrel roof, the glazed headers in walls laid in Flemish bond, and the arched windows between narrow buttresses along the side. At the rear is a circular apse which also has a gambrel roof and arched windows. One enters the building through the front tower, as in many English parish churches. At the sides of the chancel hang quaintly carved tablets of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Apostles' Creed, which are said to have been the gift of good Queen Anne.



XXII • CAROLINE

OVER on the Eastern Shore, Caroline is usually referred to as the inland county. This is not strictly true, for the Choptank flows right through, but it has no frontage on "broad water." And since all traffic in the early days was carried by water and the first settlers always built their mansions on broad water, Caroline possesses but few of these ancient houses, and indeed none that antedate the Revolution. Consequently, very few rich "foreigners" have settled within her borders, and she is inclined to consider herself ill-used as compared with her neighbor Talbot. These wealthy new-comers, however, as I have shown, are not an unmixed blessing. For myself, I would prefer the quieter circles of a purely Maryland county like Caroline or Somerset to the somewhat feverish life of Talbot.

Cah'line has no need of imported riches; her wealth lies in the soil. This is the home of the strawberry, canteloupe, the tomato, and the "br'iler." The first settlers all grew tobacco, but nowadays it has been given up everywhere on the Eastern Shore. When I ask why, I am usually told that the Eastern Sho' men had sense enough to give it up when they discovered that it was exhausting their land. Maybe so, but I think there must have been other reasons, too. The United States Department of Agriculture reports that the finest grades of tobacco can not be grown on the Eastern Shore. One of the pleasing features of Caroline is the number of ancient water-mills, some of them still in use. The oldest one of all is Murray's mill, on Hunting Creek, in surroundings of perfect rustic beauty. It is mentioned in the rent rolls as far back as 1682, and up to a few years ago the old wheel was still ready to turn whenever there was water enough.

Caroline was named for Lady Caroline Calvert, sister of Frederick, the last Lord Baltimore. Lady Caroline became the wife of Sir Robert Eden, the last colonial governor of Maryland, and the county seat was christened Eden Town in his honor. It soon became shortened to Edenton, and during the Revolution the initial E was dropped for patriotic reasons and the town became Denton.

Denton is a tranquil little town built on a real hill alongside the Choptank. It had a steamboat line as long as there were any steamboats, and the leisurely voyage from Baltimore across the Bay and up the river was delightful. Who will ever forget the suppers on board? In those days the wharf below the bridge at Denton presented a busy scene. There never was a railroad to disturb Denton's dignified calm; for that matter, the ubiquitous gasoline engine is now supplanting the locomotive as well as the steamboat on the Eastern Shore; many of the little railroads which used to run hither and yon have been abandoned.

The town bears the stamp of the 60's, when its last great

fire occurred. Here is an account of that disaster written by an eye-witness who still survives:

On July 4, 1865, the courthouse was bespangled with banners. A speaker's platform was erected in front of the building. A brass band tooted. A small cannon mounted on two wheels belched a charge of black powder and barked every two minutes. Maryland had not seceded. The Civil War was a closed book, only rejoicing remained. . . .

When evening came the stores had exhausted their stocks of fire-crackers, Roman candles, and pin-wheels. The boys were up against it for fire-works. Happy thought. A ball of candle-wick soaked in coal oil and set ablaze could be batted back and forth, yielding no end of fun. The stores had plenty of candle-wick and the air was soon full of blazing balls. The colored barber of the town, popular with the boys, joined in the hurray. He brought a can of oil in which to soak the balls when the fire went out. "Keep'r going, boys!"

Alas! they kept it going longer than they intended. A fire-ball lodged unnoticed on the flat, tar-pitched roof of the Blackiston Building. Soon the cries changed from joy to alarm. "Get a ladder!" "There is none!" "Bring water from the Town pump!" "Buckets! Fire! Fire!" The blaze quickly enveloped the wooden building. It leaped to Stewart's store across the street. It licked its way both east and west, taking building after building; Cooper's store, the barber shop, and Mabel Young's on Third Street. Jumping to the Brick Hotel, it wiped up a whole block including the hotel stables. Next morning the entire business district was gone.

Insurance? The term was scarcely in the Denton dictionary in those days. Hope and Trust revived the town.

Denton's court-house is of the early Victorian era, old enough now to have a quaint and pleasing aspect. It has a great clock illuminated at night, which gives the square quite a metropolitan touch. One can picture court week here long ago when, according to the old-timer that I have already quoted:

Aunt Hester Smith, Aunt Becky Calloway, and numerous other colored aunts sat behind white-clothed tables dispensing the tasty molasses-ginger cake for a cent and if another cent was forthcoming, the boy could indulge in a glass of persimmon beer to wash it down. The counter of the modern drug-store offers nothing so delectable.

Across the way from the court-house is a genuine survival in the Brick Hotel, which has been in continuous operation for more than a hundred and fifty years. Andrew Jackson stopped here. The building suffered in the fire and is considerably altered from its original form, but its wide double galleries recall a pleasant era in American life. This no doubt was one of the resorts the County Court had in mind in 1775 when it ruled that: "The tavern keeper maintain good rules and order and do not suffer loose, idle or disorderly persons to tipple, game, or commit any disorders or other irregularities in his ordinary."

Denton possesses in the *Journal* a surprisingly big and well-printed newspaper, now nearly a hundred years old. It is edited by Mrs. Mary Melvin, a courageous and sensible woman who is given to speaking her mind very plainly. Throughout the county Mrs. Melvin is regarded with respect not unmixed with resentment when she has been stepping on prominent toes. When a politician in Caroline is rebuked in the *Journal*, his only comfort is that it will presently be another man's turn. His annoyance is balanced by his joy when somebody else gets it. Politics is the life of Caroline as of the whole Eastern Shore. They are such astute politicians over there that the nine counties wield an influence in the Legislature out of all proportion to their numbers. There is bound to be underhand trafficking and Mrs. Melvin is the watchdog of Caroline. In moments of discouragement she says she feels that Caroline is a place "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

On the Choptank five miles below Denton is Potter's Landing, until 1847 the stronghold of the Maryland Potters. In that year the estate was purchased by a Mr. Willis who sought to change the name of the place to Williston, thus starting a controversy which has been waged ever since. Nowadays it is either Potter's Landing or Williston; "yo' takes yo' choice." The first Potter on record was Captain Zabdiel or "Zeb" of

Rhode Island, who came up the Choptank more than two hundred years ago and built a small brick house here. As a result of Captain Zeb's operations, Potter's Landing became a shipping-point of importance. Vessels sailed from here direct to British ports with tobacco and brought back the many things needed by the colonists. Captain Potter commanded one of these vessels and in 1760, "being bound on a voyage to sea," he made a will. He probably never returned from this voyage, for the will was probated in the following year. In 1808 a grandson, William Potter, added the "mansion" to the original little house. He became a brigadier-general in the Maryland militia, and was three times a member of the Governor's Council.

There is a pleasant little story in connection with Potter Hall. Years ago there was a poor boy who lived in the vicinity called Frederick Lyden. He and his father used often to look across the fields from their little home and wish that they owned a place like Potter Hall. In due course the boy grew up and went to New York, where he prospered greatly. Colonel Frederick F. Lyden is now secretary of the Association of Stock Exchange Firms in New York. In 1932 he realized his boyhood dream by purchasing Potter Hall. On the entrance door of the small wing is a quaint brass knocker bearing the legend: "Zabdiel Potter 1730"; on the door of the big house a similar knocker with "William Potter 1808"; while the river door has a knocker of exactly the same pattern as the other two reading: "Frederick Lyden 1932."

The house is a plain, dignified structure of red brick with a "cupalaw." The carving of the interior woodwork, mantels, chair rails, stairs, and balustrades represents the best workmanship of the period. The setting of the house, with its wide lawn under big trees sloping down to the river, is very pleasing. Only a few rotting stumps of piles remain of the old busy wharf; nowadays the dreamy quiet of Potter Hall is broken only when the busy New Yorker makes one of his brief visits.

Down the river in sight of Potter Hall stands what remains of a house known in the neighborhood as The Two Johns. About sixty years ago, to this remote spot in old Caroline came a preposterous figure who called himself J. Stuart Crossey. He was part proprietor and the principal actor in a vaudeville show known as the Two Johns, and he weighed four hundred and fifty pounds. The second "John" was John Hart, another noted comedian who weighed a mere three hundred pounds. One of their later shows was called "The Fat Men's Club." Associated with these two was Paul Dresser, a famous song-writer of the day, elder brother of Theodore Dreiser, the novelist. The vaudevillians bought a house on the river and, after greatly enlarging and embellishing it in the best Victorian style, christened it the "Two Johns." It included a small theater, an observatory on the roof and a "Round-house" on the shore for dancing.

After it was finished the steamboat from Baltimore made it a regular port of call, and almost every day brought gay parties of guests. One can picture the impact on sober Caroline of these flamboyant Bohemians, and their goings-on. The county people were scandalized, but I am sure they enjoyed it. On one occasion the "Two Johns" hired the steamboat to bring the people of Denton to a show in their theater. Unfortunately a man fell overboard and was drowned, which put a damper on the merriment; nevertheless, the show went on. The Two Johns eventually fell on evil days. Crossey died in a garret, according to the best Bohemian tradition, and his partner dropped out of sight.



XXIII • KENT

AS you travel north on the Eastern Shore, the flat green land begins to roll gently and a new sort of beauty develops. Kent County, which lies next to Queen Anne's on the north, presents the usual deeply indented coastline to the Bay, but the banks are growing bolder and the scene has more variety; the beauty is in detail rather than mass. You enter Kent from the south by crossing the broad Chester River, and Chestertown, the county seat, is at the end of the bridge. The view of the many-galleried ancient houses backed on the river bank sticks in the memory because it is like nothing else you have seen.

This town has an air. From the earliest days the magnificent river brought ships from overseas direct to its

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wharves; the gracious houses were built and lived in by men and women who were acquainted with the great world. Chestertown was settled almost exclusively by English people and has preserved something of the English character to this day. You are still asked to "tea" in Chestertown; social life and sport are all-important; the people still refer to the "Court-house green" and the "Customhouse green." An aristocratic spirit betrays itself in many ways. Horse-racing and theatrical performances were features from the earliest days. In 1786 the Reverend Francis Asbury notes in his journal: "Sunday, 9th, I preached in Kent Old Chapel...in the afternoon and at night in Chestertown. I always have an enlargement in preaching in this very wicked place." Of late years, rich people from the North have been buying the old places in Kent as in Talbot, but they have not yet come in sufficient numbers to change the comely pattern of life.

Kent is the oldest county on the Eastern Shore, having been created in 1642. In the first days of the province of Maryland, the whole Eastern Shore was known as Kent. Chestertown (then New Town) did not become the county seat until 1698. The present modest red-brick court-house dates from 1860. Very quaint is the row of one-story buildings alongside the green where the same family names have appeared on the lawyers' shingles for generations past. The two historical events that they still talk about in Chestertown are Tench Tilghman's ride and "Marse Peter Parker's War," so termed by the Negroes of Kent. Tilghman, one of Washington's aides-de-camp, was the Paul Revere of Maryland. After sailing up the Bay to Rock Hall by vessel, he rode a hundred miles without stopping to carry the news of Cornwallis' surrender to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. They tell how he banged on the doors in the middle of the night shouting "Cornwallis is taken!" and demanding a fresh horse.

In 1814 young Sir Peter Parker, captain of H.M.S. *Mene-laue*, being ordered to distract the Americans' attention from

the proposed attack of the British on Baltimore, landed near Tolchester with two hundred and sixty men to have what he called "a frolic with the Yankees." Opposed at "Caulk's Field" by a regiment of Maryland Militia, he attacked twice and was repulsed with the loss of fourteen killed. Parker was killed and the British retired, not knowing that the Americans were out of ammunition. A touching letter from the young Captain to his wife survives:

H.M.S. Menelaus

August 30, 1814

MY DARLING MARIANNE:

I am just going on desperate service and entirely depend upon valor and example for its successful issue. If anything befalls me I have made a sort of will. My country will be good to you and our adored children. God Almighty bless and protect you all. Adieu, most beloved Marianne, adieu!

PETER PARKER

P.S. I am in high health and spirits.

Chestertown possesses not one or two, but a whole street of beautiful ancient houses with scarcely a modern note to mar the effect. This is Front Street, formerly Water, which follows the river; it is the backs of the houses on the east side which show so picturesquely from the bridge. One of them, most dignified in its beautiful plainness, is the "Perkins House" with a lawn sloping to the river in the rear. After two hundred years, it is still owned and occupied by a Perkins descended from the builder. Across the road is the "Meter House" built in 1780; the porches are a later addition. This house contains an especially beautiful carved mantel besides much of its original hardware.

On one of the corners of Front and High streets stands ivy-covered Widehall, the most imposing house in Chestertown, dating from the best period of the eighteenth century. A recent owner has removed various distressing Victorian features, but he made the mistake of adding a lofty Ionic

portico on the river side which is merely grandiose. Inside, the carved mahogany wood-work is notable. Across Front Street the Wickes House is in the same ample tradition, but a modern frame building put up in the yard detracts from its dignity. It is said to have been a tavern once upon a time, but the cornice in the library, the mantels in the drawing-room, the carved window and door moldings are all eloquent of the sort of care that a man spends on his own house.

Cater-cornered from the Wickes House stands a big three-story brick building now painted yellow, which is known as the Customhouse, and was built as long ago as 1694. It was the warehouse of the Ringgolds, early merchants of Chestertown, who built three underground vaults for the storage of goods; one was probably used as a dungeon for slaves. The Ringgolds rented a room in their building to the port authorities for a custom-house. The aged building, now decorated with galleries, serves as an apartment house.

Farther down the street stands a grim, handsome old place called variously, The Abbey, the Catlin House, The Ringgold-Pearce House. This is on the north side and its river garden is across the street. Carefully restored not so long ago, the old house is again falling into a sad state of disrepair. It is full of character. A long wing carries it far down the side street. On the Front Street side a high brick wall hides the grounds, teasing the curiosity of the passer-by. The walls of the house, said to be two feet thick, are laid in an odd all-header bond. Inside, the great hall has a double stairway and the unusual feature of a big fireplace. The house is said to have been built as a residence for British customs officials, and one can picture the animated scene as the King's officers warmed their backs in front of the hall fire. No old house would be complete without its underground tunnel. This one is said to extend from the cellar to the riverbank.

High Street, Chestertown, though it now presents the usual aspect of a main business thoroughfare, still retains much of

interest. There is the quaint William Barroll House, of 1735, three stories high with wide chimneys, and built of brick laid in Flemish bond. The former White Swan Tavern, now called the Eliason Building, is an interesting brick structure with dormers and big chimneys. On the corner of Cross Street stands Emmanuel Church, which was built in 1768 as a chapel of ease for old I.U. Church, so-named from initials found on a boundary stone near-by. Nobody knows whose initials they were. Emmanuel later became the Chester Parish Church and received its present name in 1780. In the same year the congregation definitely cut themselves off from the Church of England, the first to call themselves members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. The church was much altered and extended in Victorian times, and while still a picturesque building bears no resemblance to its first grateful plainness.

Farther west in High Street stands the oldest and the quaintest building in Chestertown, the little stone Palmer House, usually referred to by the townspeople as The Rock of Ages. There is no record of its date. It was built by a Captain Palmer, who is said to have brought the stone for its walls as ballast in his ship. Out of various retired ships he took the timbers for his house. The little story-and-a-half building has walls two feet thick, beautifully hand-carved mantels and paneled window-frames. This is one of the houses chosen to be engraved on the silver service presented by the state to the cruiser *Maryland*.

Chestertown is the seat of Washington College, founded 1783, one of the ancient little seats of learning for which the state is notable, and the first in the country to bear Washington's name. In 1789 it presented General Washington with the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and in 1933 a similar degree to his successor, Franklin D. Roosevelt. The ancient buildings have not survived, but the new ones conform agreeably to the old Maryland tradition. Maintaining a worthy standard of scholarship, together with a low scale of fees, the

college has played an important part in the life of the state. It has been coeducational for many years.

I shall not try to name all the quaint and beautiful old houses for which Kent is famous. One should at least make a trip west from Chestertown to Fairlee and travel both north and south from that village within touch of the Bay. On this part of the Eastern Shore you are opposite Baltimore. South of Fairlee is St. Paul's Church at the head of Langford Bay, an inlet from the Chester River. The plain brick structure with a round apse is in an excellent state of preservation. It dates from 1713. Thirty-four pews were built in it and rented at so many pounds of tobacco per year; or you could buy a pew outright for one thousand pounds of tobacco. One of the pews is still occupied by the tenth in descent from the original purchaser. A few yards away stands the vestry house, built in 1766, a tiny brick building, whitewashed, whose air of age and simplicity catches at the heart. The seven oaks in the churchyard were probably already a century old when the church was built.

North from Fairlee, among the many old houses that rise on the banks of the inlets, the one that gives me most pleasure is Shepherd's Delight, because of its long "neverbeaten" grass approach and its ancient box-enclosed garden. The living-room mantel was carved with nineteen sizes of auger bits. These bits, which have been preserved, bore as well to-day as they did two centuries ago. The chair rail in this room has at last five thousand hand-made holes. Because of this loving patience in its workmanship, Shepherd's Delight is truly a delight. The house dates from about 1682.

Another favorite of mine is Lamb's Meadows. Built by a Quaker, Pearce Lamb, the walls of this little house rise straight out of the green sward without any foundation planting. The honesty of design and the purity of line give it an extraordinary distinction; it seems to express the essence of the Society of Friends. Though it is so plain outside, living-

room and dining-room are paneled in a very graceful manner.

A mile off the main road to the north from Chestertown lies Old Shrewsbury Church. I made a pilgrimage there because I had been told that the tombstone of General John Cadwalader bore a eulogy written by no less a person than Tom Paine. It is something to have an epitaph written by a free-thinker. Cadwalader, it will be remembered, was George Washington's loyal friend. When the "Conway Cabal" was brewing against the commander-in-chief, Cadwalader challenged the leader, General Thomas Conway, to a duel and wounded him in the mouth. "I have stopped the damned rascal's lying tongue at any rate," he said. Conway lived to make an abject apology to Washington.

There has been a church on this site since the seventeenth century. The present building of 1832, judging from the condition of the brick, may have been built in part with the material from the first church. The square brick tower with battlemented top is distressing. The churchyard, however, is beautiful and moving. The ancient ruined oaks, the dark cedars, lend poignancy to the scene. The grass is of an extraordinary greenness. One can hardly believe one's self in young America.

General Cadwalader died in 1786 and the lengthy inscription on the flat stone which covers his raised tomb is hard to decipher. I took about an hour to it and was not repaid for my trouble because the eulogy betrays no originality.

The following character was given him by
THOMAS PAINE who during his life time
had been his violent political Enemy.

His early and inflexible Patriotism
will endear his memory to all the true Friends
of the American Revolution.
It may with the strictest justice be said of him
that he possessed a heart incapable of deceiving.
His manners were formed on the nicest sense of honor

and the whole tenor of his Life
 Was governed by this principle.
 The Companions of his youth were the Companions
 of his Manhood.
 He never lost a friend by Insincerity
 nor made one by Deception.
 His domestic virtues were truly exemplary
 and while they serve to endear
 the Remembrance they embitter the Loss of him
 to all his numerous Friends and Connections.

One hopes that it is all true. We know at any rate that Cadwalader had a loyal and generous heart.

Near-by I stumbled on a wide brown headstone in excellent preservation. Upon it was etched a fat-cheeked cherub blowing a penny whistle, and the legend beneath set forth that it was the resting place of "Iervis and Hannah, son and daughter of Henery Spencer, who departed this life Feb'y the 10th, 1742/3, Iervis aged 13, Hannah 16." It concluded with a verse:

Farewell our friends and Parents dear
 We are not dead but sleepeth here.
 Our debts is paid, our graves you see,
 Prepare yourselves to follow we.

Kent is bounded on the north by the Sassafras River, which is generally conceded to be the most beautiful stream in all the Chesapeake Bay country. I shall not quarrel with the verdict. We turned off from the main highway at several points in order to strike it in different places, and each view appeared to be lovelier than the last. Winding between little hills broken with innumerable bays and creeks, it is truly, as a writer before me has termed it, "a fairyland river." Every short reach presents a score of beauty spots. Even a development that we struck with a summer cottage perched on each knoll, could not spoil the scene.

The highway comes to the river at Georgetown, once a

busy port of entry, now little more than a name. In 1814 Admiral Cockburn (whose name is still anathema in Maryland) sent a landing party up the river to burn the town, and all the houses were destroyed but two. You pass them on the left just before descending the hill to the bridge, one a fine eighteenth-century brick mansion. This is "Kitty Knight's House." As fast as the British set fire to it, Mistress Kitty beat out the flames with her broom until at last an admiring officer called off his men.

The beautiful river here in summertime is crowded with yachts. Opposite Georgetown is Fredericton in Cecil County. George and Frederick were brothers, sons of George II of England.



XXIV • CECIL

CECIL is always included among the Eastern Shore counties. At first this is a little confusing since the county extends around the head of the Bay and lies partly on the Western Shore; however, a glance at the map is explanatory. Chesapeake Bay is, in effect, the great estuary of the Susquehanna River and as Cecil lies entirely to the east of the river, it is definitely a part of the Eastern Shore. Coming up to Cecil one passes beyond the influence of the sea; a chain of hills appears to the westward.

The Bohemia River repeats the Sassafras on a gentler scale. Its name is indissolubly connected with that of Augustine Herman, a native of Prague who was a surveyor's clerk in New Amsterdam in the days of Peter Stuyvesant. He came to

Maryland for the first time in 1659 as an envoy from the Dutch colony. He was so charmed with the country that, later, having quarreled with Governor Stuyvesant, he came back to settle and was duly naturalized as a citizen of Maryland. He offered to make an "exact mapp" of the province in exchange for a grant of land. The Calverts accepted, and Herman spent ten years in surveying the shore lines and boundaries. His map was a good one. Many of the place names that he bestowed have survived until this day. Meanwhile, he was granted four thousand acres on the river that, along with his manor, he called Bohemia after his native country. His holdings were increased from time to time until they amounted to more than fifteen thousand acres. He became the greatest man on the Eastern Shore. His open-handed hospitality was legendary; he had a deer park; he kept a coach and four and owned hundreds of slaves.

Herman's house disappeared long ago. Of the many tall stories that cling to his name, there is one to the effect that after having lived in Maryland for several years, he returned to New Amsterdam to try to recover his property there. In the meantime the city, captured by the British, had become New York. Instead of getting his property, Herman was arrested, thrown into prison, and sentenced to death. Feigning insanity, he asked to be allowed to see his horse for the last time. An amiable jailer brought the beast to him up the high steps and into the "Round House," where he was confined. Herman sprang on his back and put him to one of the tall windows. The horse crashed through and, landing unharmed fifteen feet below, carried his master to the bank of the North River and swam it to safety. According to the story, the horse was maintained by his grateful master for the rest of his life without working, and provided with a handsome tombstone when he died.

The next waterway to be crossed on the way around the Bay is an artificial one; the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.

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Only fourteen miles long, it joins the waters of the two great bays and shortens the voyage between Baltimore and Philadelphia by almost three hundred miles. Also, vessels from Baltimore to Europe can save a hundred miles by coming this way.

At the Chesapeake end there is a pleasant early American village which, in a hundred years, has not grown up to its name, Chesapeake City, and is not likely to do so now. Alongside the canal rise a pair of gigantic steel towers which hoist the highway bridge high in the air when a vessel has to pass. The operation is so intriguing to the eye that even the villagers stop to look when the bridge is carried aloft and a big vessel slips silently through. At dusk, when the running lights go on, it has a quality of mystery.

Elkton, Maryland, the seat of Cecil County, enjoyed until 1938 a nationwide notoriety as a place to marry in haste. Even before you reached the town, huge signs illuminated at night rose beside the road advertising the residences of ministers, while the main street of the town was plastered with them. There grew up between ministers and taxi-cab drivers an alliance which became such a scandal that at last the Maryland legislature was forced to take action. There was a great local opposition, naturally, since marriage had become the town's leading industry, but a bill was passed requiring couples to give forty-eight hours' notice of their intention to marry.

Elkton, an old town with an interesting history, has better claims to attention than its marrying ministers. In Colonial days it was known as Head of Elk, and passengers changed here from coach to packet and vice versa. General Howe, on his way to take Philadelphia in 1777, landed his army on Elk Neck; Lafayette's troops embarked here for Annapolis in March, 1781, and Washington's troops on the way to Yorktown followed in September of that year. Always having been on the main route of travel, and possessing good water power

in the Elk River, Elkton was one of the early industrial towns of the colonies. In the first years of the nineteenth century it was a leading American grain market; grist-mills are running still which have been grinding grain for two centuries. In Cecil County there are paper-mills as old as the Federal Government; soapstone and chrome mines which have been worked as long.

Nearly the whole of Elkton is stretched along its one street. Naturally, this is Main Street. The fine old houses are giving place one by one to chain-stores, filling-stations and other improvements, but some are left. There is the Hermitage, over two hundred years old, a stone house with dormers. Robert Alexander, a tory, entertained British officers here in 1777 and paid dear for it. Local patriots confiscated his estate and sold it off in lots. A short distance outside of town on this side is Graymount. From this hill Washington is said to have watched Howe's army disembarking.

At the other end of town the old Hollingsworth Tavern survives, now somewhat cramped by a filling station. The Hollingsworths were a great family in Elkton. George Washington spent the night in the tavern on August 27, 1777, while watching the progress of the British fleet up the bay. Two nights later, it is said that General Sir William Howe occupied the same room and was served by the same Negro servant. Not far away is Partridge Hill, a stone house built in 1768, with well-preserved interior woodwork: cornices, mantels, cupboards, and fine paneling.

Cecil County has lately built itself an expensive new courthouse in Elkton, and I looked with a good deal of interest to see what 1940 would produce in the way of court-houses. I was both surprised and disappointed. The building stands directly upon Main Street without a tree or a bit of grass to grace it. The material is handsome enough, being the native stone of Cecil County, but the bronze trimmings seem strangely out of place and the design, inclining to L'Art Moderne, hopelessly

out of character with the simple, pleasant American town that surrounds it. The desire to be up-to-date leads men into strange aberrations.

In making a circuit of Maryland, one turns south again at Elkton, or, to be exact, southwest for the first few miles. The first town is North East, where we again come in sight of an arm of the Bay, now to the east of us. There is an ancient church in this town, officially St. Mary's but popularly known as St. Mary Ann's. It is said to have been built in 1700, but the tower is of 1904! In the churchyard are to be found the graves of some of the once so dreaded Susquehannock Indians, the scourge of the infant province.

Further along, the main highway crosses Principio Creek. An iron works was established here as long ago as 1715; the furnaces supplied cannon balls to the Revolutionary Army, and through various vicissitudes the furnaces actually operated until the year 1936. Ruins of an ancient brick-lined furnace and a turbine water wheel are to be seen in the tangled growth that lines the mill-race below the dam.

Between here and the river the road passes through Susquehanna Manor, a thirty-two-thousand-acre tract granted in 1680 to Colonel George Talbot, a favorite of Charles, third Lord Baltimore. Before Talbot had got far in colonizing the tract, he became involved in a dispute with Christopher Rousby, Collector of Customs for the King. Rousby had had trouble with Lord Baltimore, Proprietary and Governor of the province, and Talbot was eager to take the part of his patron. The two met aboard the *Quaker Ketch* anchored in the Patuxent River, and Talbot stabbed Rousby to death.

The captain of the ketch carried Colonel Talbot to Gloucester, Virginia, where he was imprisoned. Madame Talbot, accompanied by certain "red-haired Irishmen," sailed to Gloucester in a shallop and liberated Talbot. He was heard of in various places in the province and it was said that he even had the temerity to return to his own plantation where

his Irishmen kept "watch and ward at the places and Avenues leading to his house." Although a great hue and cry was raised throughout the province, the Colonel remained at large, "Flyeing and betakeing himself for refuge to the remotest parts of the woods and deserts." According to tradition, one of his hiding places was on Palmer's (now Garrett) Island at the mouth of the Susquehanna, where, it is said, he was fed by the hawks or falcons that he had trained for hunting game-birds.

Talbot finally surrendered and was tried at Jamestown, Virginia. He was found guilty of murder and sentence of death imposed. An appeal was made to England and the King sent a pardon to Talbot, which the Virginia court was obliged to honor. He returned to England in 1687.

Perryville, an unremarkable village, is built on the high bank of the Susquehanna River. There was, of course, a ferry here from the earliest time. Motor traffic was until recently carried across the river by a quaint, double-decked structure which served the Pennsylvania Railroad as a bridge for many years. When the railroad built its new bridge, the old one was offered to the state at a low price, but the state declined to buy and it was sold to private parties. For some years protesting motorists had to pay a dollar to cross, and the owners reaped a fortune. In the end the state was forced to buy the bridge at five times the original asking price. A magnificent new bridge has been built a little farther upstream, where a moderate toll is imposed.

The view of the mouth of the river where it empties into the wide and misty Bay is a fine one. On the right bank, half hidden among trees, is the little town of Havre de Grace. The new bridge passes over Garrett (or Palmer's) Island where Colonel Talbot hid. It received its original name from Edward Palmer who attempted to found a trading-post here in 1622 but failed. Palmer wished to establish the first college in America and left this island in his will for that purpose.

Nothing came of it, however, and the honor which should have been Palmer's has gone to John Harvard.

Six miles up the river on the Cecil side is Port Deposit, in the past a place of some importance because it was at the head of navigation. Great rafts of log and "arks" of lumber were floated downriver and broken up here; extensive quarries were worked in the cliffs along the river. It is a quiet place nowadays with less than half its former population, but very picturesque. Squeezed between the lofty cliffs and the river there is room for only one street and the railway tracks. To make room for a church they had to hollow out the cliff behind. Many of the houses are built of the granite quarried in the neighborhood; others, of wood, break out in galleries overhanging the street.

Port Deposit's greatest citizen was Jacob Tome, who arrived here penniless on a raft in 1833, and went into the lumber business. In later years, to obtain the education he felt he must have, he rode to Perryville every day after the day's work, took the train to Philadelphia where he attended night school, and was back in Port Deposit in time for breakfast. The only sleep he got was on the train going and coming. His determination earned its reward; he became one of the leading financiers of Maryland, and when the lumber business fell off in the East, extended his operations to Michigan. Among his many benefactions is the Jacob Tome Institute, an educational foundation which furnished town schools to Port Deposit and the magnificent Tome School for boarders on the cliffs above. Every old-timer in Port Deposit has a story to tell of Jake Tome. I will quote one. Mr. Tome, entering the village hotel one day, was hailed by a servant with ill-concealed impudence. "Hey, Jake, I remember when you was a hostler here just like me." "Yes," said Mr. Tome, "and you're still a hostler."

A few miles north of Port Deposit on the cliff high above the river, stands Octorara, one of the most charming houses

in the whole state. One side of the grounds descends steeply to Octorara Creek. The stone house, built two centuries and a half ago and frequently altered and added to, has no particular architectural pretensions, but the various parts, old and new, are tied together with double galleries, and the ancient trees, the ivy, the box, and the glorious site high above the river combine to create a harmony. Like certain people you meet, this house has an unforgettable personality.

A short distance above the mouth of Octorara Creek, the Conowingo Dam stretches across the Susquehanna, a huge source of water-power for several states. It is just under a mile long, a hundred feet high, and backs up the wide stream for fourteen miles. United States Route 1 is carried across the river on top of the dam.

VI • Southern Maryland



XXV • ANNE ARUNDEL

UNTIL 1918, the northerly point of Anne Arundel the Patapsco. In that year five square miles of the County looked at the city of Baltimore from across point, the most thickly settled part of the county, were annexed to the city. A still larger part of the county is entirely suburban in character, all its inhabitants having jobs in Baltimore. There are also in this northern section wide stretches of rich land devoted to truck-farms where beans, strawberries, canteloupe, and so on are raised in wholesale quantities. Gangs of transient labor are brought out from the city in season to pick these commodities. Still another feature of northern Anne Arundel are the summer homes of city people ranging from the fine houses which cover Gibson Island and stretch along

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the shores of the Severn River, down to the humble shacks lining the smaller creeks. None of this is "county."

Judge Ridgely P. Melvin, of the Circuit Court, described to me the divergent elements and his efforts to make them acquainted with each other. This he does by appointing a foreman of the Grand Jury from among the truck-farmers of the north for one session, and from the tobacco planters of the south for the next. In the jury-room the foreman rubs up against the other elements. For some reason or other, the southern Marylanders have cooler heads than their brethren on the Eastern Shore. Judge Melvin points with pride to the fact that a particularly outrageous case of rape in Anne Arundel in 1940 produced no mob action. The people were content to let the law take its course, and it did. The offender was hanged.

The real Anne Arundel begins with Annapolis and stretches south to Friendship and Bristol. This is the beginning of Southern Maryland, a delectable country, which, considering the vast changes which have taken place outside, has altered very little within a hundred years. In addition to Anne Arundel, it comprises Calvert, Prince George's, Charles, and St. Mary's, the tobacco-growing counties. It is divided by several great estuaries, the shores of which are honeycombed with creeks, but not to the same extent as the watery Eastern Shore, for the river banks on this side are high and the country gently rolling. This is the Western Shore of Chesapeake Bay. Few people stop to consider that a bay would naturally have a western shore as well as an eastern.

The people of this land, almost exclusively English in origin, are the descendants of the great landowners of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who brought aristocratic traditions across the sea. Inevitably, in the mutations of human affairs, many of the old families have grown poor, but the traditions survive. You may catch Miss Julia Shryock with her sleeves rolled up, working the handle of her old-fashioned

churn, or down on her knees setting out plants in the garden. Or Mr. Joey Ludwell in his stained dungarees. He is likely to be a battered-looking specimen; his hair is a stranger to the comb and he can't afford the dentistry necessary to repair and conceal his broken teeth; but in his confident smile and easy manners you can not mistake him for other than quality. After the old places have been divided and sub-divided during succeeding generations, you will find some of the little houses distressingly bleak, but you will be aware, upon entering one that it is the house of a lady.

All the five counties are alike in this respect, but each shows amusing differences in character. Anne Arundel County leads because, as soon as Annapolis was made the capital of the state at the end of the seventeenth century, it became a center of culture and fashion. Moreover, the county land was rich and the eighteenth-century planters were able to build themselves capacious houses in the best style of the day, many of which survive.

The most famous house, however, was not built by a planter, but by one of the last proprietary governors, Horatio Sharpe. This is Whitehall on the Bay, north of Annapolis. It dates from 1766. The great five-part house with its monumental Corinthian portico (one of the first in this country) is, for its harmonious proportions and beautiful interior, considered by many architects to be the finest colonial dwelling in Maryland. The elaborate carved woodwork, modillioned cornices, fluted pilasters, consoles, and the like, are said to have been executed by a young redemptioner, transported to the colony for a serious crime. The governor, impressed by his good looks and intelligence, promised him freedom when the house should be finished. After six years the work was done but the young artist died before he could enjoy his freedom.

Another much admired building is the Town Hall of London Town on South River. London Town, of which only this

one house remains, served for a few hours as the capital of Maryland, when it was moved up from St. Mary's. It was discovered that there was not water enough in South River to provide anchorage suitable to a capital city, and it was moved a few miles farther to the bigger Severn.

On South River stands the simple frame house of the famous South River Club, which was organized in 1722 or even earlier, and is undoubtedly the oldest gentlemen's club in America that is still going. The club possesses many interesting mementoes of its past, including a huge silver punch-bowl dating from 1776. The framed rules have hung on the wall for more than a hundred and fifty years. It is forbidden to discuss either religion or politics. Parson Weems tried in vain to introduce debating. Early in the Revolution it was resolved: "That this club be continued as usual," and it was. The Civil War almost destroyed it, and again between 1874 and 1895 no meetings were held, but it now functions as it did in the beginning. The twenty-five men who constitute the membership are all descendants of former members; they hold four all-day dinners a year. Since 1776 one has been held on the fourth of July. The dinners are provided by the members in rotation. One of the rules says: "The steward that appears not in person or by proxy at the usual place of meeting provided with two-and-one-half gallons of spirit with ingredients of toddy, by one o'clock, and a sufficient dinner, with clean pipes and tobacco, shall serve the following club day for such default."

Not far away is Tulip Hill, another fine example of eighteenth-century architecture with features all its own. This house was built by Samuel Galloway who, though a Quaker, was a great gentleman and a high-liver. He owned Selima, the finest horse of his day. Not far away stands Cedar Park, a much older house, built by Richard, the first Galloway in America, which, with its gigantic chimneys and unbelievably steep roof, has a most engaging quaintness and charm. Still farther south

in the county, not far from the village of Friendship, is Holly Hill, formerly Holland's Hills, another ingratiating old-timer. No bricks were spared in building this house; the main chimney is nine feet thick at the level of the second floor. The present owners are slowly and carefully restoring the place to its original appearance.

The people of South River attended All Hallows, a friendly little church which has stood on a mound beside the main road since 1727. In 1940, to the grief of everybody in this part of the world, the interior was gutted by fire. It has been rebuilt. In 1784 the famous Parson Weems (Mason Locke Weems) served here. The emoluments were so small that he was forced to teach school and sell books to eke out. To-day he seems like a stuffy figure, but in 1792 his ideas were too liberal to please the vestrymen and he was forced to take to the road in clerical habit, carrying a stock of books and a fiddle. His was certainly the first book-wagon on record. For over thirty years he traveled through the country preaching, fiddling, selling books, and collecting the stories that he published in his own books and pamphlets. It was he who first gave the world the anecdote of George Washington and the cherry tree. His *History of the Life and Death, Virtues, and Exploits of General George Washington* has gone through more than seventy editions.

Annapolis, county seat of Anne Arundel and capital of Maryland, is the most individual small town in the entire country. Somebody has termed it the "finished city," which, of course, is not strictly true, but it conveys my meaning. It has gone under many names. The first settlers, who were Puritans, called it Providence; in later years it was known successively as the Town of Proctor's, Town by the Severn, Anne Arundel's Town, and finally Annapolis. It was no doubt the phenomenal growth of Baltimore during the eighteenth century which prevented Annapolis from becoming a great metropolis, thus the one perfect small town was preserved.

Annapolis comprises five principal elements which function harmoniously side by side; the Governor and Legislature with their satellites; the Navy; the County, centering in the courthouse and the county offices; the scholarly circle that revolves around St. John's College; and the plain townspeople. The governor, he comes and goes; he can scarcely be considered an Annapolitan; most of the governors spend the greater part of their time in Baltimore. The legislature meets every two years; it is not a distinguished body. The naval officers on active duty likewise come and go; such is the charm of the town that a great many of them return to Annapolis upon retirement to make their homes. St. John's College, by the novelty of its program, or rather by its return to earlier principles of education, is bringing a new fame to the town.

Annapolis, like Washington, enjoys the advantage of having been deliberately planned for a town. It is said that Major L'Enfant's plan for Washington was inspired by Annapolis. There are two circles, Church and State, with streets radiating in several directions, resulting in an irregularity not only pleasing but convenient (once you get the hang of it). Unfortunately, ancient St. Anne's in the first circle was burned in 1858 and the present edifice is undistinguished. The church's silver Communion Service was made by Francis Garthorne of London in 1695 and bears the arms of King William.

Since 1923 the body of Sir Robert Eden, the last English Governor of Maryland, has lain here. After the Revolution, Sir Robert returned to Annapolis to help further the claims of the old proprietors. He was a Calvert brother-in-law. He died in Annapolis in 1784, and so much feeling had been aroused that, instead of being buried in St. Anne's, he was interred in the small church of St. Margaret's a few miles away. As the years went by, it was recognized that Sir Robert had after all been a pretty good friend to the Colonists, and the Society of Colonial Wars bestirred itself to provide him with a more fitting resting place. In the meantime, the old church

at St. Margaret's had been burned and the difficulty was to identify his grave. Somebody recalled an ancient saying that when George Washington and Sir Robert Eden walked down the street together, Sir Robert was much the taller. He must, therefore, have been 6 foot 6 or over, and it became easy to identify his grave by its exceptional length.

The severe and noble State House stands on a hill looking over the roofs to the river. It dates from 1772. After the independence of the country had been established, Maryland offered this fine building for the nation's Capital, but Congress, after sitting here for a session, did not accept. Here on December 23, 1783, Congress received George Washington's resignation as Commander-in-Chief. The scene is commemorated by an immense painting by Edwin White which hangs on the landing of the main stairway.

In 1905 it was considered that the legislative chambers had become too small and a big addition was built on the rear of the State House. As architecture it is not downright bad, but it inevitably destroys the harmony of the original building. It should have been built separately; or, supposing that to have been too great a feat of the imagination for the legislators of that time, it could still have been made to match the old building, with a little more care as to detail, a brick basement, small-paned windows and a closer reproduction of the moldings. Years later (1936) they attempted to turn the Victorian Executive Mansion into a colonial building with even more unfortunate results. It is now neither Victorian nor Colonial, but a botch.

Of the great eighteenth-century dwellings built in the heyday of Maryland's gay little capital, I will speak only of a representative few, for fear of becoming repetitious. Whereas other old towns may have saved a colonial house or two, they are to be found in every street of Annapolis. Of them all, the acknowledged gem is the Hammond-Harwood house on the corner of Maryland Avenue and King George Street. A mod-

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est five-part house, it does not hit you in the eye; as with all things rare and fine, its beauty steals on you as you take note of the harmonious proportions and the perfection of detail. Those who know, call it the finest example of Georgian architecture in the country. Lately the Garden Clubs of Maryland have purchased it and are now furnishing it in keeping. It is open for exhibition.

According to tradition, the Hammond-Harwood House was built low in order not to hide the view of the harbor from the windows of Samuel Chase's big house across the street. In those days people seem to have been more considerate of their neighbors. The Chase house is a much more imposing affair, rich inside in ornamental plaster and woodwork, with marble mantels, an Ionic colonnaded screen, an impressive stairway, a coffered ceiling in the parlor. Samuel Chase, the Signer, and later Justice of the Supreme Court, sold his house before it was completed to Edward Lloyd of the great Talbot County family. This house, now a home for old ladies, is also open for exhibition.

In East Street at the corner of Prince George's, the Brice House rears its imposing bulk, another plain brick five-part building with fine detail, notable for its steep roof and an insolent pair of chimneys. The best feature of the exterior is the triple, pedimented window above the entrance. This house now serves as residence for some of the faculty of St. John's College and is not open for exhibition.

In Prince George's Street, Carvel Hall Hotel now occupies the mansion of William Paca, another Signer. Great dignity is lent to this old brick house, with its flanking wings, by a raised forecourt shaded by a pair of ancient Chinese aïlanthus trees. The hotel, requiring greater accommodations, built a great modern wing on the rear, so skillfully contrived that it does not show from Prince George's Street and so does not mar the beautiful old façade. The birthplace of Charles Carroll, a third Signer, now serves as a residence for the priests of St.



THE HAMMOND-HARWOOD HOUSE

Mary's Church in Duke of Gloucester Street. In the same street is the Ridout House, and near-by the three houses in a row built by John Ridout for his children. Other houses rated among the sights of Annapolis are, the Sands House—the oldest of all—the Pinkney, Scott, and Ogle Houses, and the Bordley-Randall House, which will take some finding, since it is hidden in its garden in the middle of a block.

Of the less famous houses my favorite is "Aunt Lucy Smith's Bake Shop" on Prince George's Street. It is said to date from 1765, but I would place it earlier. Aunt Lucy was not a colonial character, but a famous cook of Civil War days who made cakes and candies for the first families to such good effect that she was able to buy this house. There are also the humble little houses, just as old, just as quaint, but never written up nor photographed. One may have the pleasure of a discoverer in wandering through the poorer quarters of Annapolis; Cornhill Street, Fleet Street, East Street, Taylor Street, and so on.

The best guide to Annapolis is Marcellus Hall, captain of the bell-boys at Carvel Hall Hotel. Marcellus has written a little guide-book, and a good one it is, too. Concise and to the point, with no nonsense about it. The author, though still a young man, has worked at Carvel Hall for many years and is one of Annapolis' well-known characters. The guests of the hotel have never succeeded in spoiling him; he remains the self-respecting Maryland Negro with beautiful manners. As a boy he attended a two-room parochial school at St. Mary's Catholic Church. Marcellus confesses that he was a tough egg; nevertheless, his teacher, the good Sister Clementia, liked him. She was full of the lore of old Annapolis, and the boy unconsciously absorbed it. When he went to work at the hotel, therefore, he found he could answer the guests' questions, and so fell naturally into the position of guide. Marcellus is full of bits of odd information not included in his guide. The ancient Dorsey Prayerbook, for instance, one of the chief treasures

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at St. Anne's, includes a marriage service which would take two hours to perform! It has never been called for. The H and L hinges which support the old doors in Annapolis houses stand for Holy Lord, and were so designed to keep the witches out.

It is the Naval Academy which brings most people to Annapolis. While this is not a Maryland institution, one can scarcely leave it out. It was established in 1845 on the site of old Fort Severn. In 1852, Commodore Matthew Perry set out from here on the famous voyage which resulted in the opening of Japan. On his return he presented the Academy with the great bronze Buddhist bell which hangs in the grounds. It is sounded only on those occasions when one of the Navy teams downs West Point. During the Civil War the academy was transported to Newport, Rhode Island, and its grounds became an army post. After the riots attending the passage of the Sixth Massachusetts through Baltimore, the Federal Government brought its troops by water to Annapolis and despatched them over the short road to Washington. There were as many as eighty thousand men encamped here.

The Academy occupies a perfect site for its purpose on a peninsula washed by College Creek, the Severn River, and Spa Creek. Vast Bancroft Hall, the Midshipmen's dormitory which covers four acres of ground and has three miles of corridors, looks out through the mouth of the river to the wide Bay. Architecturally the Academy is a disappointment, a place of missed opportunities, but the grounds are beautiful and, of course, beautifully kept, and the enclosure contains much that is of interest to all Americans.

A picturesque character of Annapolis is Colonel Boots of the Marines, retired, an immensely tall man who strides about town accompanied by his little dog, Major, who is inclined to be disobedient. The Colonel, true to the tradition of his service, explodes in startling bursts of profanity as he orders



THE BRICE HOUSE

Major to heel. "Major is like a New Dealer," he says; "got to stick his nose into everything." Should the Colonel catch sight of a lady at such moments, he raises his hat and apologizes for his language, then immediately breaks forth anew. The Colonel is a little deaf. Somebody asked him how he liked the new Deacon. The Colonel, understanding it as the New Deal, replied with a fine blast. His friend said: "They say he's the son of a Bishop." "They all are!" roared the Colonel.

Once, when Colonel Boots was at sea, he cut out a wooden bulkhead at the foot of his bunk. There was a great to-do about this, and in the course of time he received an official communication headed: "From So-and-So to Colonel Boots. Subject: Destruction of Navy Property." Boots replied: "From Colonel Boots to So-and-So. Subject: Destruction of Navy property. Sir: Length of bunk six feet two; length of Boots six feet six. Yours respectfully." Since that time, candidates for the Marine Corps may not be more than six feet four in height.

Peter Magruder, for many years Secretary of the Naval Academy and now Commodore of the Annapolis Yacht Club, told me an odd story concerning the Academy and Francis Scott Key. When Key had scribbled down the first draft of the Star Spangled Banner on an old envelop, he came to Annapolis to show it to his father-in-law, Judge Nicholson. After having made certain alterations at the older man's suggestion, he copied it and tossed the original in a wastebasket. Mrs. Nicholson retrieved it and stuck it in the pigeon-hole of a desk. This was in 1814. In 1857, the Nicholson place was taken into the Academy grounds and the furniture removed from the house. The old desk was in time inherited by a daughter of the family. Not until 1890 was the old envelop discovered in its pigeon-hole. The discovery of the original MS. of the Star-Spangled Banner created a furore. J. P. Morgan offered twenty-five thousand dollars for it, but the owner, a wealthy woman, preferred to sell it to the Walters Art Gal-

lery in Baltimore for twenty-five hundred dollars, where it now reposes. Here is the odd pay-off of the story: the Academy bandstand is built on the site of the old Nicholson house and every morning the Naval Academy band plays the Star-Spangled Banner on the very spot where the original script was so long hidden.

Much more ancient than the Naval Academy is St. John's College, which was chartered under its present style in 1784, but succeeded to the property, the funds, the masters, and the students of King William's School, founded in 1696, the first free school on the continent of America. The charter expresses the spirit of Maryland in stipulating that no religious tests were to be applied either to masters or students. After one hundred years of an established church, that is how the newly-freed state felt. The greatest names in Maryland appear in the roster of the first Board of Visitors and Governors, and President George Washington gave the "infant seminary" his blessing. After this auspicious beginning, St. John's for a hundred and fifty years experienced the usual ups and downs of the small college, and by 1937 had been reduced to the disappearing point of finances and scholarship. In that year, with the election of Stringfellow Barr as President and Scott Buchanan as Dean, its new life began.

These two young educators came from the University of Chicago with an idea which carried the enthusiastic endorsement of President Hutchins, to wit: that the colleges of America have erred from the path of wisdom and are dissipating their energies in side-issues. With the assistance of others, they chose the hundred greatest books written by man and boldly announced that *that* henceforth should be the curriculum of St. John's alike for all students. No more elective courses; no text-books. Why go to text-books written by mediocre men when the great and beautiful originals were available? The list is subject to change, of course; at present it comprises one hundred and eighteen books.



MCDOWELL HALL, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

I remember, upon first hearing the program announced, how it fired me with enthusiasm; at last a real education, a return to man's glorious heritage, which had seemed in a fair way to be forgotten. It is what is in these books that constitutes the difference between civilization and barbarism. Surely it is the first duty of an older generation to bring it to the boys of the race. And how I wished I were a boy to get the advantage of it! Most of the oldsters I talked to felt the same way as I; not so the boys. The poor things are too anxiously concerned with getting on in an increasingly difficult world. Even the boys with a natural bent toward learning shook their heads wistfully. "How will it help me to get a job?" they asked. For three years the fate of the experiment hung in doubt. Little Maryland obviously could not support such a revolutionary program by itself. Slowly support came from the outside; finally in 1940 the corner was turned; there were more applicants than the college could accommodate.

It is fortunate that old St. John's College was available for the trying out of this new-old plan. The ancient green with its magnificent trees suggests an academic grove; the main building, McDowell Hall, is of a classic simplicity and dignity. Even the later buildings which flank it are old enough now to have acquired an air of permanence. McDowell Hall was started in 1742 when the legislature authorized Governor Bladen, "to build a Dwelling House and other Conveniences for the Residence of the Governor of *Maryland* for the Time being." The cost was not to exceed four thousand pound sterling. Two years later the Governor asked for two thousand pound sterling additional to complete it, which the legislature refused, and the house stood for forty years an unfinished ruin until the college took it over. Bladen's Folly, it was called.

One of the chiefest ornaments to the college is a new building, the State Record Office, which occupies a corner of the green. The grace of this little building, pure Georgian in style, is a never-failing delight to the passer-by, and proof that all

the good architects are not dead ones. It was designed by Lawrence Fowler.

Very dear to Annapolitans is a tulip tree on the college green which is estimated to be six hundred years old. Under it in 1652 a treaty was made with the Susquehannocks. It is the last Liberty Tree of the Revolution to survive. Many years ago some boys playing Cowboys and Indians started a fire in the hollow trunk which threatened to consume the whole tree. The fire was put out and tree surgeons sent for to see if anything could be saved. They reported that the fire, far from damaging the tree, had killed the parasites which threatened its life. The branches were lopped off, the cavity filled, and sure enough when Spring came the old monarch blossomed in renewed verdancy. It is still thriving. At first, after the fire, no boy could be found who had had a hand in setting it. When it appeared that the fire had saved the tree, a dozen came forward to claim the honor. I have this on the authority of Marcellus.



XXVI • CALVERT

IT was in 1908 that I first came to Maryland for a stay. In the middle of the night I was put ashore on Solomon's Island at the mouth of the Patuxent River. I had never heard of either river or island, and when I went out of doors on that fair May morning, it seemed to me that I had awakened in Paradise—my kind of a Paradise. The island was connected with the mainland by a causeway and was covered by a village of old-fashioned clapboard houses. The wide river swept down one side; the misty expanse of Chesapeake Bay stretched away in front; and at the back of the island there was a confusion of deep creeks extending long crooked fingers inland in every direction. Wonderful canoeing country. I had found lodging with an old gentlewoman who apologized for

charging me five dollars a week "because everything was so high" and who fed me like a prince. I could scarcely believe that anything so simple and unspoiled had been saved for me.

As time went on I began to perceive a subtle difference between the people of the island village and the up-county folk. As a matter of fact, the Solomon's people were not indigenous to their island, but had been brought there from the Eastern Shore forty years previously to work for Captain Isaac Solomon, who had established the first oyster-canning factory in this part of the world. As refrigeration was developed, the practice of cooking oysters and putting them up in sealed cans was abandoned, and a good thing, too; I can remember as a child how bad canned oysters tasted. All that remains of Captain Solomon's packing-plant is an acre or two of oyster shells. However, oystering went on, and the village remained.

My landlady was of the County and as I became acquainted with her kinsfolk and their friends I was invited to their houses; here I first met with the Maryland tradition and surrendered to it. It was a different kind of society from any I had known; the men were farmers who tilled their own fields; the women made butter, raised chickens, and otherwise played the arduous rôle of a dirt farmer's wife; yet men and women alike had traditions of gentility; they were quality. They had the frank and natural manner of those who are sure of their position in the world. Gentlefolk who know what it is to get right down on their marrow-bones are the salt of the earth.

After New York it was like the Golden Age; the old American notions of what constituted right thinking, good behavior and breeding; the beautiful courtesy; the simple pleasures. We had oyster roasts in cold weather, strawberry festivals in May, beach picnics in the summer, and tournaments in August. In those days a dance could be arranged on the spur of the moment and the girls would spell each other at the piano. As a bachelor I never lacked invitations to supper. The food was ambrosial. Our bill-of-fare is restricted but choice; oysters,

crabs, chicken, country-cured ham are the mainstays. Since every housewife must have the same things, she is on her mettle to prepare them a little better than her neighbor. The hot rolls which you break open and pop a lump of butter inside, swoon upon the tongue!

This is Calvert County, my county now for more than thirty years. After I had married one of its daughters I was no longer looked upon as a foreigner. I approach the description of Calvert with some diffidence, as with a father who does not wish to bore his hearers with tales of his children. If my story of Calvert seems unduly long, it should be remembered that the greater part of my impressions of Maryland have come to me through Calvert. Much of what I say about this county is applicable to all the others. Calvert, which has had less commerce with the great world than others, is in many respects the safest repository of the Maryland tradition.

Calvert is the least populated, the least improved, the least opulent, and is generally termed the least progressive county in Maryland; but I like it. It occupies a narrow peninsula with Chesapeake Bay on one side and the broad estuary of the Patuxent on the other. Since the river has never been bridged, the isolation has tended to develop and preserve a little culture all Calvert County's own. The first state road was not put through until 1915. When the automobiles came we began to lose our peculiarities, naturally, but the process is slow. Even now there is no through traffic. Everybody who comes into Calvert County is bound for some point there. This makes a great difference in the development of a community.

We and St. Mary's across the river are the two oldest counties in Maryland. Only a river, though to be sure a broad one, separates us, but there is a decided difference in the way we look at things. St. Mary's County was settled in the first place by adherents of Lord Baltimore, Catholic and Cavalier, while Calvert's first settlers were a body of Puritans from Virginia. Three hundred years have passed but over in St.

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Mary's they are still predominantly Catholic and aristocratic, while we are Protestant and plain. They put on more style over in St. Mary's; you do not so often find a landowner plowing his own field, nor his wife plunging her white hands in sausage meat at hog-killing; they are more conversant with the ways of the great world over there and have perhaps a larger view of life, but still and all, I like our people better. You may be taken up quicker in St. Mary's, but in Calvert they will stand by you longer.

When I say that our heritage is partly Puritan in Calvert, I am not implying that we are better behaved than people elsewhere; quite the contrary; upon looking back I am appalled by the embezzlements, the adulteries and the killings that have taken place here during the past thirty-odd years. At first glance, one might think this quiet community a very sink of iniquity. It is not so; if we are no better, we are no worse than any other. The truth is that nothing can be hidden here; every detail of every transgression is known to all. The intensity of interest that we betray in each other's doings is surprising to a stranger. After I had become a landholder in the county, my neighbors were roused almost to fever heat by the question of my choice of a wife. To one of the tournaments I took a county girl and a New York girl, and my neighbor, Mr. Joey Ludwell, was so wrought up that he made his little boy sit on the fence by the road all afternoon to wait for our return that he might learn which girl was sitting on the front seat.

County gossip is the mainstay of our conversation. It is a point of pride with all to know everything that happens. Curious it is to observe how, notwithstanding the care for detail, the stories become altered in passing from ear to ear. Nothing that you hear in the way of county gossip is ever strictly true. It should be discounted at the rate of from fifty to seventy-five per cent. I learned this long ago, but the thoroughgoing countian remains gullible to the end. He repeats what he has been told with the serious air of one expounding holy writ.

Nothing annoys him (or her) more than a skeptic. Everybody—or nearly everybody—prefers to believe the worst about his neighbor. Well, scandalous items are more entertaining. At the same time, this gossip-mongering is no more than a diversion. The neighborliness of these people was to me, who had always lived in a big city, a continual surprise. We lend everything we have, and in turn borrow; the whole neighborhood turns out in the middle of the night on the occasion of a dangerous brush fire on the property of one of us; there is always somebody to nurse the sick, to sit with the dying, to take care of the children.

It is a part of our deep concern with local matters that we are somewhat indifferent to the affairs of the great world. In the Roosevelt landslide of 1936 Calvert County went Republican! The radio is changing all this, and I am sorry to see it, because a small, closely-knit community like Calvert County provides an ideal laboratory for the novelist.

The social structure of Calvert County is complicated and peculiar. There are the old land-holding families; their position is secure, however poor they may become. Some of the last fag ends of the old families are now living very close to nature, but they turn up gaily at public gatherings privileged to hail their "cousins" to the remotest degree. Other families lose caste and go down, it is hard to say why. A matter of pride, perhaps. As long as you have pride, though the seat of your breeches be out, you are of the quality; if you have no pride, it doesn't matter how much money you may make, you are *not* quality.

The coming of the Solomon's Islanders brought a new element into the county and after seventy-five years they are still not completely amalgamated. These people were not quality nor were they trash, but energetic, self-respecting Methodists bent on rising in the world. There was a hopeless conflict of mores here and the feud smoldered for fifty years. I myself provided the occasion for its final flare-up, but that is another

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story. People of this class have begun to permeate through the County; they make money while the old families stagnate. I am still waiting to see these up-and-coming people received in the homes of the quality, but it has not happened yet.

The Northerners who have bought land in Calvert and built themselves fine homes form a class apart. As yet, they are not numerous enough to affect our ways. When, as occasionally happens, they wish to take part in the county life, they are welcomed, but never wholly adopted. I myself, after thirty-two years, have never been drawn for jury duty.

The population of Calvert County is about evenly divided between white and black, and on the whole we get along pretty amicably together. The Negro is not only enfranchised, he is paid for his vote, and the Negro schools are better than in most southern communities. So far, the race question has not raised its ugly head but sometimes I feel anxious for the future. A Negro full of cheap whisky in a worn-out automobile is an ever-present hazard on our highways. It is amusing to observe that the white farmers who cuss out their Negroes most virulently get the best results. The secret is that there is no rancor in their cussing. After all these years, I know exactly how a Negro laborer should be handled, but I can't put it into practice because I was not born and raised among them.

Lowest in the scale are the landless white men. People are kinder nowadays and the term "white trash" has dropped out of use. These are inefficient tenant-farmers or hired hands drifting from place to place; or they squat somewhere on the shore, fishing a little, crabbing a little, mending boats. Their economic position is hopeless, yet they are a happy enough people. After all, life is pretty easy in Calvert; with oysters and fish, with a hog or two, a corn patch, a garden, and a few chickens, you can make out on practically nothing.

Though our county is so small, there are shacks hidden in the woods that are as good as thousands of miles from civilization. They house some quaint characters. There was Uncle

Hez and Priscilla. He was seventy-six, she eighty-three, and they lived, each with a spouse, in little one-room shacks in the woods of the Neck. It happened that Uncle Hez's wife and Priscilla's husband died about the same time. Here is the anecdote as it was related to me:

"Priscilla she go to Uncle Hez and say: 'Unc' Hez, ain't no manner of use our dirtying-up two houses; would be cheaper to live together. You and me got to get married.' Uncle Hez agreed. Now Hez been a powerful saving man all's life long; he live on nothing at all and put \$12,000 in the Prince Frederick bank. About this time the bank close down and when it open up they tell Uncle Hez he lose half his money. So Uncle Hez and Priscilla they talk it over and resolve to build a big house with the balance, so the bank don't get all. Well, Sir, they go to work and build them a grand house with seven rooms, deep in the woods there out of sight of man. Uncle Hez spent all the rest his money on it. When it was finish at last, Uncle Hez and Priscilla move in and sleep the night there. In the morning they allow they warnt comfortable in so big a house, so they move back into the old shack and give the new house away."

There are no towns in Calvert County; three villages only, and half a dozen crossroads hamlets. There is not a mile of railroad in the county. Once we had a jerk-water road from the edge of Washington to Chesapeake Beach, a comic-strip railroad with a couple of wheezy locomotives and a dozen old-fashioned cars. It grew poorer and poorer and finally expired. The largest of the three villages is North Beach on Chesapeake Bay, just within the northerly boundary of the county. This, a summer-cottage settlement of people from Washington, has not much to do with the rest of the county. Of course, the county finds them useful for taxing purposes; also, the Democrats lately stole a march on the Republicans by registering a lot of the North Beachers at the last moment. There was a fine row about that, but they carried the election.

In the middle of the county Prince Frederick sprawls along the state road for half a mile. It is an ancient place. Once known as Williams Old Fields, it became Prince Frederick in 1725. It was burned by the British in 1814 and in 1882 was completely wiped out by fire, so that not a single old building survives. The court-house was built within my time. It is a distressingly common-looking building with a grass plot surrounded by an "ornamental" wire fence which does not justify its name. There has been no village planning in Prince Frederick; like Topsy, she just grew—and unfortunately grows uglier year by year.

But its artlessness is disarming. I have an affection for the heterogeneous village with its garages and gasoline pumps; its spruced-up stores and its staring new brick church. I like the way the people wander up and down the middle of the street; I like the painted concrete statuary in the grounds of Evans' emporium; I like the wistaria vine in front of the hotel; I tread proudly on the bit of concrete sidewalk in front of the Prince Frederick Department Store; I like the gaunt sun-burned farmers who lean against the court-house fence on court day and talk about tobacco. The ladies of Prince Frederick set the style for the rest of the county, naturally. Nowadays they play bridge in the afternoons, lacquer their finger-nails and have their hair permanently waved; they are still inveterate gossips and magnificent cooks. The Maryland tradition is safe in their hands.

Solomon's Island is no better planned than Prince Frederick, but owing to its site is exceedingly picturesque. The small, old-fashioned houses are painted white; there are few trees, and the maritime influence is so strong that it is like being at sea on land. The island is shaped like a curved briar-pipe, the stem pointing to the mainland, the bowl fronting the mouth of the river and the bay. All along the stem there is only room enough for a single row of houses facing the river and having back yards washed by the creek. In the bowl part

there is space for a wide grassy common, ringed by a sandy beach.

When I was new on the Island, and entirely ignorant of the old feud between island and county, I undertook to hire the parish hall on the island for a moonlight night in May and invited all the county folk, who had entertained me, to a dance. The Island, enraged by this invasion of their domain, gathered in force and made things warm for us. They threw bags of pepper through the open windows of the hall and afterwards broke up the acetylene lighting plant which was in a separate building. Several officers of the battleship *Indiana*, then in harbor, had been invited and they offered, as members of one of the Services, to go out and remonstrate with the crowd. Alas! they were met at the door with a barrage of what the newspapers termed "malignant" eggs. They retired to a corner of the hall to mop down each other's uniforms. It was a dreadful sight; one wished to cover one's eyes and turn away from it!

The affair constituted a national scandal. I know, because I happened to be a subscriber to a press clipping bureau at the time and before I could stop them I received hundreds of clippings from the Canal Zone to Nome telling the story of the malignant eggs. The Navy Department issued an order forbidding all ships to put men ashore on Solomon's for leave. Perhaps this flare-up was necessary to clear the air. At any rate, the islanders were sorry for what had happened and the feud has never been mentioned since. Every year the two factions fraternize more. A yacht club has been organized at the Island in which the county takes a prominent part. We haven't any yachts yet, nor a clubhouse, only yachting caps, but we are brought together. The club has pulled off three highly-successful regattas for motor-boats.

The innocent Solomon's Islanders have come a long way in sophistication since I landed there in 1908. The state road came through in 1915 and, ever since, the reputation of the

island as a fishing resort has been growing. Every week-end in the summer a crowd of motorists comes down from the hinterland of Pennsylvania for the fishing. It is now the Island's main industry; a whole fleet of comfortable fishing-boats has been built and several small hotels opened. In spite of this weekly invasion, Solomon's has somehow remained its independent self.

The visitors are good for island pocketbooks, but they are somewhat demoralizing. Week-enders are not the best-behaved people anywhere, and sometimes the free and easy atmosphere of Solomon's, where there are no visible symbols of law and order, goes to their heads. A few years ago a young friend of mine came ashore from a yacht one Saturday night, not knowing that this was my village. While he was having a beer in the pavilion, somebody hit somebody else over the head with an empty bottle and all hell broke loose. Within a few minutes the fracas had become general; it spread all over the island; it raged from midnight until dawn. Somebody telephoned to the constable at Prince Frederick, but he said: "I can't do nothin'. Let 'em fight it out!" Which they did. When it was over nobody could ever tell who had first hit whom, or what it was all about anyhow. My friend was enraptured with this display of a natural fighting spirit. He still thinks that this happens at Solomon's every Saturday night. I'm glad it doesn't.

Here is a story that perfectly depicts the place before it began to be modernized. This happened when my friend, Mr. Ed Sollers, who told me the story, was a young man, say fifty years ago. The story concerns a Dr. Carsley, member of a county family who was domiciled on the island for the convenience of his practice. He preferred to be known as "Physic" and was always so called. In Mr. Ed's words, "Physic" was "a little fellow and a mighty ranter and a tanter, with bald-head and big mustachios." To continue, in Mr. Ed's own words:

He was too free a man for the liking of the church goers. When folks got mad at him they said he hadn't the proper education for a doctor. I don't know. There was a sheepskin framed on the wall of his office all in order. Howsoever, it rankle in Physic's mind, and many's the time I hear him say "Jehu Kingdom Come! If I had a skeleton hanging in the corner my office 'twould stop all this talk." Physic, he reckoned a skeleton would impress our people more'n any God's amount of sheepskins.

Well, one day in summertime a deckhand fall overboard from the steamboat down at Solomon's Island and drown before they could fish him out. He was a kinless man and old Mr. Button Billings, the magistrate, he call a jury together and they sat on him in the shed alongside Virgil Longcope's store. The shed is still there. He was a big buck nigger with an ugly blue scar from eye to chin, right side. Verdict was death by accidental drowning.

Physic, being County Medical Officer, was present, and he up and make little speech. He say: "Mr. Magistrate and Gentlemen of the Jury," he say, "in all the large cities of this great country of ours it is the usage and custom for the bodies of paupers to be handed over to medical men for the investigation of science. Being as I am cut off from the meetings and gatherings of my fellow medical profession," he say, "I ask Mr. Magistrate and Gentlemen of Jury, that this here body be handed over to me for the proper investigation of science."

Now, Mr. Button Billings, he was a churchwarden along with ev' thing else, and there wa'nt no manner of love lost between him and Physic. He up with his gray beard sticking straight out and trem'ling, and he say: "As to the ungodly customs and usages of our large cities we hear too much," he say. "Please God, while I am at the hellum," he say, "such hideous practices shall gain no hold in this God-fearing community!"

He call in Jimmy Kemp, the odd-job man, and give him a dollar. "Mr. Kemp," he say, "take the body of this unfortunate man and bury him decently on Moll Legg Island. Let all be done in a proper Christian manner," he say, looking at Physic. "Set up a wooden cross at head of the grave and letter it: Unknown Negro, drown such and such date."

Moll Legg Island is that little lump like a vessel at anchor out in the harbor at Solomon's. Don't belong to nobody. Nameless and kinless men been buried there since time out of mind.

So Physic was sent home with a flea in's ear, as they thought. They hadn't taken the measure of the man. He had a Negro working for him call' John Stagg, a fellow of similar kidney. And the two of them fix to row out to Moll Legg Island that night and fetch the body.

It was a right dark night, I mind, suitable for the work in hand. They put out with a couple of spades, a lantern and a jug of corn to keep their spirits up. Out on the island Physic hang his coat over a bush, and put the lantern behind it so light wouldn't show on the village side. Well, they get the corpus up all right, and fix the grave like 'twas before. 'Twas right gruesome work by lantern light, and first Physic take a pull at the jug, then John Stagg. So when they come to row home, the jug was empty and the men was full.

Midway across the creek, John Stagg drap an oar ov'board, and in reaching for the oar, he pitch in hisself. When Physic scam'le to pull him out, the skiff capsize, and all were thrown in the water together, the living and the dead. John Stagg help his master ashore and fetch in the skiff and the oars after. As for the corpus, it float away quiet in the dark.

Now Miss Molly Carsley, Physic's wife, she was en'taining the Rector's Aid that night with husbands. That's how I come in on this. Physic, he despise card parties, so nothing was made of him not being there. We was having the refreshments, and a wench who was handing round cake sort of nudge me in passing, and then look towards the door. So I santer out, feeling for my pipe, like, and out in the yard I find Physic and John Stagg all wet and chattering. John couldn't get Physic in the house 'thout running foul of the Rector's Aid. They wa'nt no back stair in that house.

So John, he plant a ladder against the front porch, and together we drug Physic up and over the porch roof and through a window. Made unholy noise. My wife tell me after, that the guests make out to take no notice of it, but only talk louder to drown us out. That was their politeness. All knew 'twas old Marster coming home drunk again.

Upstairs Physic was in a way. "Jehu Kingdom Come!" he was crying; "that so-and-so of a black corpus is floating out in the harbor, and when he's found, the whole story will come out! Stand by me, Ed," he say real pitiful. "Take my skiff out before sun-up; take the fifty pound anchor out of my shed, and go look for him. It won't rouse no suspicion if they see you rowing around. And when you find him, tie the anchor to him good and let go."

I say I would. Come morning, when I got down to Solomon's there was two, three men on Longcope's wharf. They say Bill Hanson done bring in a dead body before light. Bill been out to fish his net. Nobody reco'nize it for the same body in the dark. It was locked in the shed there, and word sent over to Mr. Button Billings. Inquest was called for eight o'clock. Same jury.

That was the news I had to take back to Physic. He was like a crazy man. Want to jump in his old buggy and light right out for California. I had to wrestle with him right smart. "Sure, there'll be a stink," I say, "but you got to see it through now. It'll be an all-hell stink, certain, but it'll blow over. Think of all the stinks been raised this county past ten, fifteen years. Where are they now?" So I get him quiet down some.

I take a bite breakfast Physic's house, and him and I walk down to the inquest. He muttering and cussing the whole way. "Grave robber!" he say, "that's a fatal word to put on a man! A man could never live that down! I'll see my wife and children starve by the roadside, Ed!" Then he come to stand in the road and rip out a string of cuss words. "I wouldn't mind it if anybody but that condemned old Heaven-pointer wasn't magistrate! Jehu! Jehu! it burn me up to give Button Billings the chance to exhort me!"

We was the last to get there. Magistrate and jury was standing outside the shed discussing the price fish. So we go in. Body was lying under a sheet on a door across a pair of trussles. Old Button Billings, he make a speech while Physic trem'le and cuss under his breath beside me. About myster'ous ways of Providence and the sea giving up its dead on our fair green shores and all that. Button Billings was never one to scamp a period. Tournament or inquest, 'twas all one to him when he speechifying.

He say: "It's a very remarkable thing," he say; "we ain't had an inquest in three year come August and now we got two two days running! Very remarkable!" Then he say: "Let us view the remains, gentlemen," and Physic catch holt me, and whisper: "Now it's coming! now it's coming!" Mr. Button Billings take edge of the sheet and pull it down....

At this point in the story Mr. Ed paused to knock the dottle out of his pipe and I was forced to ask: "Well, what happened?"

"Corpus's face was et away by crabs," Mr. Ed said casually. "It wa'nt reco'nized for the same nigger."

The body was buried on Moll Legg Island beside the other grave and a cross put at its head. However, a skeleton did eventually appear in the corner of Dr. Physic's office. "He give out he order it from a surgeons' supply house in Baltimore," said Mr. Ed, "but when I look real close I seen a suspicious nick right side his jaw bone and I remember that scar."

284 Maryland Main and the Eastern Shore

The most picturesque fiestas in Maryland are the tournaments. Formerly held in all parts of the state, they are now pretty well restricted to Southern Maryland, though I hear occasionally of one in Harford and there have been sporadic attempts to revive the custom on the Eastern Shore. When a smart society is in the ascendant, tournaments are quickly abandoned; it is only in the unfashionable parts that they flourish. I have asked many of the old men how they started and the answer is always the same; they didn't start, they have come down uninterruptedly from medieval times. I am inclined to suspect that this is a myth; nevertheless, the rite is an ancient and a gallant one.

Each little community holds its tournament once a year, generally in the month of August. The proceeds are devoted to the local church. A flat pasture field is chosen and measured off and three wooden arches erected in line. From the middle of each arch depends an iron rod with a claw in the end which holds an iron ring of the sort you snatch at from the hobby-horse of a merry-go-round. Meanwhile every boy has been practising assiduously on his own farm. Nowadays they do not tilt at each other but at the rings. The boy who spears the most rings on the point of his lance is privileged to crown the Queen of Love and Beauty; the runners-up crown her Maids of Honor.

The tournament I saw at Mutual last week differed little from the first one I saw more than thirty years ago. True, the slick automobiles, all so much alike, were a poor substitute for the quaint family chariots, some of which dated from the Civil War. They have all disappeared; they ought to have been preserved in Museums. The Marshal and the Herald, fearful of appearing ridiculous, no longer stick the wife's willow plume in their old felt hats, or hang the parlor lambrequin over a shoulder. On the other hand, the riders are beginning to dress up again. They wear striped silk jockey caps and gay scarfs across their breasts; most of them have achieved riding

breeches and boots. It is remarkable how many of these plain farmer boys still contrive to keep a good riding horse.

Mutual is not even a village, but only a scattered community. Their tournament is always the best because they put their hearts in it. The people of Prince Frederick are becoming too worldly wise. How the women of Mutual work to prepare and serve the supper! And what a supper! Country-cured ham, fried chicken, deviled crabs, and fixings. They have adopted the cafeteria style of serving which I deplore, because it deprives you of the opportunity to exchange a bit of persiflage with the charming waitresses, but, of course, it is a great saving of labor. Tom Mackall runs the soft-drink stand both afternoon and evening, the hottest and the most thankless job of all; Dr. Everard Briscoe manages the whole show and is everywhere at once.

The scene on the field is an animated one. The long straight course is roped off and the automobiles are lined up two or three deep. The modern steel body permits those in the rear to sit on top of their cars. On a very small scale, it is like the famous painting of "Derby Day." Midway a little judge's stand has been built with a few dignitaries down in front and a band of five or six pieces behind. Up at the start the horses are held by colored boys while the knights await their turn. Up at this end the real sports are always to be found kneeling in a row with bills between their fingers watching the track and offering odds in low voices, for fear the parson might overhear. The Marshal and the Herald patrol the course on horseback. Of late years it has been customary to furnish the Herald with two of the prettiest girls as pages, an innovation I endorse.

To equalize their chances, the contestants are divided into novices, amateurs, and professionals. There are crowns for novices and amateurs and usually cash prizes for the professionals. Each knight adopts a pseudonym for the riding, the name of his home place, such as Knight of Preston, Knight of

Parrot's Cage; Knight of Tulip Hill; or a fanciful appellation, as Knight of Nowhere, Knight of Last Night, Knight of Failure. In choosing such names the lads, without knowing it, are upholding a tradition of their earliest forbears, who were fond of calling their plantations "Dear-Bought," "Happy-be-Lucky," "Penny Come Quick" and so on.

The band plays a few bars and the Herald bawls out his first command: "Knight of Rousby Hall on deck!" Somebody lately pointed out the absurdity of this order, so now he has changed it to: "Knight of Rousby Hall, get ready!" The next order follows shortly: "Knight of Rousby Hall, prepare to charge!" Then: "Charge, Sir Knight!" and he comes thundering down the track. He leans far over his horse's neck with his eye trained along the lance and the true knight's expression of derring-do. If he takes the rings the band blares a few more triumphant notes; Marshal, Herald, and pages gallop to meet him and escort him back to the judge's stand. If he misses, there is silence, and he generally makes a detour back of the spectators to the starting point.

So it goes throughout the long, sunny afternoon. The star riders of other years bring their wives and babies to the field; each year there is a new crop of skinny youngsters to take their places. Each knight takes three tilts at the rings. At the end there are always ties to be ridden off, and this furnishes the most excitement. I have seen it take an hour to settle a tie between two tight-lipped boys. They put up smaller rings and when that fails, rings only a half-inch in diameter. This provides a marvelous exhibition of skill.

When the riding is over, there is a free-for-all back to the Mutual Hall for supper. It used to be served out-of-doors, but the meal was so often interrupted by a thunderstorm that now the tables are set in the hall. But you can still carry your food outside if you like it that way. Following this delectable meal, after an interval to give the girls time to change their dresses, comes the ball. The tables have been whisked out; the brass



CHARLES' GIFT ON THE PATUXENT RIVER

band transforms itself into an orchestra. Calvert County is famous for its pretty girls, and each year, I swear, they grow prettier.

There is a deal of oratory spilled on these occasions. Political aspirants are always to be had; one is invited to address the assembled knights in the afternoon, another (of the opposite party) to open the ball. The speeches bear a strong family resemblance with frequent reference to "our brave knights and fair ladies; the ancient chivalry of Maryland" and so on. It is a pretty sight to see the successful knights and their crowned ladies lined up in front of the platform. The crowns are fillets of wax orange blossoms, becoming to every feminine head. Everybody heaves a sigh of relief when the orator finishes his peroration. The first dance, "the royal set," is reserved to the knights and ladies.

"Tou'namet Day" provides Calvert County with its grand opportunity of the year to get together. All the sons and daughters who have gone out into the world try to get home for that day. In the afternoon there is continual visiting from car to car; in the evening the older ladies sit around the stifling hall, fanning themselves, and, of course, you must speak to them all. It is wonderful for anybody like me, brought up in an unfeeling city, to have a community where I belong.

There are not many relics of the distant past left in Calvert; three colonial churches, a few plantation houses, no mansions. One of the most interesting houses in Maryland was Bond Castle, but it was built of wood; year by year it disintegrated and there is not a stick of it left. My house is supposed to be the oldest in the county. Its historic name is Preston-at-Patuxent; but as there was another house nearby bearing the name of Preston, I call mine Charles' Gift.

It was built in 1650 by Richard Preston, a Puritan who had come from Virginia with a body of his co-religionists at the invitation of Lord Baltimore. His enemies have hinted that he designed his house expressly to serve as the capital of Mary-

land. However that may be, he and the other Puritans rebelled in 1652, threw out Lord Baltimore's officers and set up a government of their own. Preston became one of several commissioners appointed to rule the province. For six years the little House of Burgesses sat in our living-room and for a longer period, the Provincial Court. The quaint record of their proceedings is spread in the Maryland Archives, including trials involving witchcraft, bastardy, murder, and other interesting causes. The house was twice attacked by Baltimore's men during those troubled times. When the Puritans were at last forced to yield authority back to the Proprietary, they claimed to have lost the Great Seal of Maryland. According to tradition, it is buried somewhere around the house.

Charles' Gift is a typical plantation house of the seventeenth century without the architectural embellishments that came in later, but very satisfying in its simplicity and harmonious proportions. It was little more than a ruin in a plowed field when I started with it, but the land is very rich, and after thirty years it is again surrounded with trees and shrubbery which look as if they had been there as long as the house. I have restored Mr. Preston's "greate room" as I think it was in the beginning. It is pleasant to sit in front of the vast fireplace and picture those days.

In the yard of the Negro church near our house is a gravestone bearing this stanza:

She heard the angels calling
From off the Heavenly shore
So she flopped her wings and flew away
To make one angel more



XXVII • PRINCE GEORGE'S

THREE of the counties of Southern Maryland, Prince George's, Charles, and St. Mary's, occupy a peninsula between the Patuxent and the Potomac rivers. That part of Prince George's lying between Baltimore and Washington and adjacent to the District of Columbia, is thickly settled and urbanized, but as you proceed south, there is no more through traffic, and you enter the longest-settled and the least-changed part of Maryland. In the beginning the land was patented in immense estates by English gentlemen, mostly of Cavalier sympathies, and old English ideas prevail to this day.

Prince George's has been a horse-racing county ever since the days of the famous Governor Samuel Ogle, who was the

first to import thoroughbred stallions from England, including the famous "Spark" from the royal stud. According to the historian Scharf: "Regular matched races between pedigreed horses in the English style are said to have been introduced at Annapolis by Governor Ogle about 1745 and it was then that the Maryland Jockey Club was founded." In Governor Ogle's day there was racing on Saturdays and Sundays wherever the people came together. The Quakers objected that races were run in the vicinity of their meeting-houses especially to annoy them, and the legislature was forced to take action.

To-day there are three race-tracks in Prince George's. The famous ones at Laurel and Bowie, which attract the talent from all over, and a smaller track at Upper Marlboro, the county seat, which has a week of racing every fall. This is a local fixture, not completely professionalized, and for that reason the most enjoyable race-meet I ever attended. Governor Ogle's stately home, Belair, is now the property of another famous horseman, William Woodward.

Several of the original families of Prince George's have succeeded in maintaining their position to this day, and they are still in possession of their ancestral homes. Many have been forced to sell. In still other cases, an old family clings to its home long after it has lost the means to keep it up. This results in some quaint and charming households, poverty-stricken and aristocratic. The Negroes don't care how poor their masters may become. A Northerner is continually surprised by the affectionate closeness of the relationship between masters and servants without any sacrifice of dignity on one side or respect on the other. The master may not possess a whole suit of clothes, but his authority does not suffer thereby. The old families stick together; they have always an ancient bachelor uncle, a maiden aunt, or a remote cousin for pensioners; very odd characters. And no matter how poor they may be, the house is sure to be full of visitors.

I have in mind the Castlereaghs, who still live at Mount

Pisgah, though the portico has collapsed, a chimney has blown off and the roof leaks in a dozen places. You can scarcely get into the place for the weeds and the young pines. The Castle-reaghs are always going to do something about these things, but they never will; after Uncle Tub (his mother was a Tubman) dies, they will sell out to somebody from Pittsburgh. It is a glorious old house filled with the oddest collection of junk imaginable. Uncle Tub is the oldest member and the titular head of the family; but he exercises small authority over his nephews, grand-nephews and cousins; arrogant, handsome, and lovable scapegraces.

Things go from bad to worse at Mount Pisgah. One day old Mose came to Uncle Tub with a face of distress. "Mist' Tubman, Ah 'bliged to report hawgs done get in the graveyard and dig up Uncle Ampersand." Uncle Tubman, very much annoyed at being disturbed, was nevertheless obliged to go and see about it. He found that the report was not exaggerated; Uncle Ampersand had been very effectually dug up. He picked up Uncle Ampersand's skull with some vague notion that that was the most important part of him, and having deposited it on the hall table for safe-keeping, resumed his siesta. Other members of the family came home; saddles, "grass-bags," hats were thrown on the table; Uncle Ampersand was covered up and forgotten.

In the middle of the night an ungodly row broke out in the old house. The women ran to Cousin Sophy's room and climbed into the four-poster with her; the boys, thinking that some of their number had come home drunk, merely cursed and tried to go to sleep again. In the morning there were general recriminations. When every member of the family was able to produce an alibi, they stared at each other in growing horror. Finally somebody thought of Uncle Ampersand. With an unusual display of activity, the Castlereaghs thereupon gathered him together, reburied him, and mended the fence of the graveyard. They had no more nocturnal alarms.

The Castlereaghs have many distinguished and wealthy relatives. One summer Uncle Tub was invited to stay at a fine house in New York. After a week had passed, his nephews received a peremptory telegram to come and get him. They found that high life in New York had been too much for the old gentleman; he had been tight ever since he arrived and was in a very jittery state indeed. He was fetched home. Now the Castlereaghs for many years had had for a pet a black snake called Enoch. Enoch lived at the bottom of the pit which served for an ice-house, where he did himself very well on a diet of mice, frogs, and the like. Indeed, he had become so corpulent that he no longer came up to ground level and it had become a family custom to bring Enoch up once a day for exercise.

On the day after Uncle Tub's return from New York, it happened that Cousin Harry Sitgreaves, one of the scapegraces, brought up Enoch for his outing. Uncle Tub was sleeping it off in a chair on the lawn and Cousin Harry succumbed to temptation. Draping Enoch around the old gentleman's neck, he hid behind a bush to await results. Uncle Tub awoke and found himself looking into the face of Enoch. With a yell he commenced to fight vigorously; Enoch, astonished and indignant, tightened a coil around Uncle Tub's neck and fought back. Cousin Harry, rolling helplessly in laughter, was unable to intervene. Uncle Tub's yells brought other members of the family on the run and Enoch was detached from the old gentleman and returned to his lair in the ice-house. Uncle Tub, in a passion of rage, snatched up the family ax and took after Cousin Harry. So agile was the old gentleman that Cousin Harry was forced to crawl through a hole in the spring-house and squat in the icy water to escape him.

The land of Prince George's is exceedingly rich; the tobacco grown there is of a finer quality than in other parts of the state; consequently, the proprietors became rich and built



HIS LORDSHIP'S KINDNESS

themselves grand houses. Most of these houses date from the middle of the eighteenth century, the flowering time of colonial architecture. One of the most beautiful and carefully restored is Montpelier near Laurel, a Snowden homestead now the property of Hon. Breckinridge Long. An unusual and pleasing feature of this house are the octagonal fronts of the two wings.

Another is His Lordship's Kindness, or Poplar Hill, in the southerly part of the county. I choose this house from many because it has been so perfectly preserved and restored, and because of the romantic story attached to its building. This house is on public exhibition every afternoon. Here is the story: Young Henry Darnall, third of that name in Maryland, while a student at Oxford, fell in love with the lovely Ann Talbott, niece and ward of George, fourteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. The noble Earl was furiously indignant at the presumption of the young colonial. But when the young man's father came forward with an offer to convey to the couple twenty-seven thousand acres, a grant from Lord Baltimore, the Earl relented and offered to build a fine house for his niece's dowry. Hence the name of the house, "His Lordship's Kindness."

The Earl sent his architect to oversee the building; this is supposed to be the first house in America built under the direct supervision of an architect. I shall not enter into a detailed description. Its date is 1735 and it is a well-nigh perfect example of its period. Especially satisfying are the proportions of the great central halls, downstairs and up; the noble stairway, the palladian windows. Nearly all the original carved woodwork has been preserved and several types of quaint and finely-wrought locks. A thing that pleased me especially were the oaken floors, scrubbed for generations with lye and now waxed without the admixture of any stain.

Not far away is the Dower House, or more properly, Mount Airy, a quaint structure of several periods, rich in

associations. The oldest part was destroyed by fire a few years ago and has been rebuilt exactly as it was. The place is now the property of Mrs. Eleanor Patterson, the proprietor of the Washington *Times-Herald*, who has spared neither money nor pains in restoring it. The oldest part is supposed to have served the Calvert family for a hunting-lodge in the seventeenth century.

In the eighteenth century Mount Airy was the home of Benedict Calvert, natural son of Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore. George Washington, as appears from his diary, was a frequent visitor with his family at this house, and in 1774 his stepson, Jack Custis, married Eleanor, or Nellie, Calvert. Washington is said to have opposed the match, not because of the bar sinister in the young lady's family, but because of the extreme youth of the pair. After the untimely death of Jack Custis of trench fever at Yorktown in 1781, Nellie Custis married David Stewart. She is said to have borne twenty children to her two husbands. After her death, which occurred at Mount Airy, the proprietary rights of the Calverts having lapsed, she was refused burial in the family vault in St. Thomas Chapel nearby. According to the local story, her friends and servitors, in burying her secretly at night, knocked off the gold plate from the coffin of her father with their pickaxes.

The last of the Calverts who lived at Mount Airy were Dr. Cecilius, a bachelor, and his sister Eleanora, grandchildren of Benedict. Mr. Mack Magruder, the scion of another ancient family of Prince George's, who lives near Mount Airy, has told me of visiting the house as a child. Miss Eleanora was a strong-minded woman who favored owls, snakes, and lizards for pets. She was not too dainty to clean the stables and spread manure on the fields. Magnificent in her old age, she stamped through the house with the aid of a stick and pointed out the family portraits to the child. All the Calverts were either very black or very blonde, he remembers. Once at

Christmas time she cut a watermelon for her small visitor that she had preserved by covering it with paraffin. Miss Eleanora finally died in 1902, aged 95.

Mr. Magruder is a storehouse of old Prince George's lore. I sat on his porch for hours in the lazy sunshine listening to him tell of old festivals, old tournaments, old murders. Prince George's, he pointed out, is the only county of Maryland created under a royal governor. This was during the brief period 1689 to 1715, when the Calverts were deprived of their administrative powers. He told me how the colonies (excepting New Hampshire, which was not yet organized) furnished soldiers to the British for the siege of Cartagena in 1741, Maryland's quota being three companies. The expedition was under the command of Admiral Vernon, for whom Lawrence Washington—who had served under him—named his place on the Potomac, Mount Vernon. The Admiral was known familiarly as old "Grograin" and from this comes the word "grog." While upon the subject of grog, Mr. Magruder mentioned that the word cocktail was coined at Bladensburg, Prince George's. At a great party the liquor gave out; they threw the tail ends together and called the mixture a cocktail.

He told me of the greatest of all Southern Maryland tournaments which took place not in Maryland, but in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exposition of 1876. The grand prize, a magnificent silver service, was won by F. Nelson Jarboe, a Prince George's man. He told me of the famous Taney-Magruder murder which took place in Calvert County, my own stamping-ground. I have since inquired as to this affair of several old-timers on both sides of the river and have collected as many different versions. The Taney story appears to have the most support.

Michael Taney, father of the famous Roger Brooke Taney who became Chief Justice of the United States, was a very old man in 1819. He must have been rather a cross-grained customer for his wife had left him in 1812 to live with her

son Roger in Frederick City. She died in 1814. Michael Taney employed a Mrs. Dorsey for his housekeeper, who had a young daughter, Barbara. During a hunt breakfast at Taney Place, young John Magruder referred slightly to Barbara as Michael's "light-o'-love," and the old man, violently angered, challenged him to a duel. It took place immediately in the yard. The seconds, wishing to avoid bloodshed, did not put balls in the pistols. This was discovered, and the young man twitted the old one with being privy to it. Michael Taney then stabbed John Magruder dead. There was a perfunctory investigation but nothing was done about it. Taney moved to Virginia, where he lived until his death a few years later.

The Magruder version is more romantic. Young John Magruder and Barbara Dorsey were in love with each other, and old Michael was jealous. He provoked a quarrel with Magruder and stabbed him with his pocket-knife. The blade was only three inches long, but it was sufficient. Upon their return to the house, the other guests, who had been strolling along the bank of Battle Creek, discovered Magruder lying dead under a cedar tree. The stump of the tree is still pointed out at Taney Place. Michael Taney had decamped. Young Howard Magruder swore to avenge his brother. It took him two years to find Taney. He shot him dead. Taney had a misshapen tooth that all were familiar with. Howard Magruder broke this tooth out of his jaw with a rock and brought it home as proof that he had accomplished his vengeance.

I give both versions of the story as an illustration of the mutations of county gossip. I assume that the actual truth lies somewhere between. One never knows where these investigations may lead. I subsequently discovered that Barbara Dorsey, the cause of all the trouble, was my wife's great-grandmother, great-great-grandmother to my own children! There are people still living in our neighborhood who remember her as a tiny little old woman who carried a corn-cob suspended from her waist-band as a holder for knitting-needles.

Upper Marlboro, the county seat of Prince George's, is a pleasant nondescript little town, mostly cramped into one narrow street. There are some fine old houses in the neighborhood. As a proof that the Prince Georgians have not entirely forgotten their colonial heritage, they have lately had the face of their ugly court-house lifted with quite distinguished results. It is now the most tasteful building of the sort in the state, which shows that it pays to employ a good architect. There are the usual bungalow aberrations in the town, but to put against these there is a new beer saloon and a new hotel of really good design. One hopes that such examples may mark the beginning of a Renaissance.

After plodding along in the same fashion for three hundred years, the tobacco business in Southern Maryland is experiencing a revolution. Heretofore, the farmer has stripped his tobacco and packed it in hogsheads, using a great home-made press to pack it. The clumsy hogsheads were shipped to market in Baltimore. Now the market has come to him. Astute commission merchants, stealing a march on the coöperatives, are building sheds in the counties where the farmer may sell his tobacco in the leaf. At this writing, a controversy rages as to which method is most advantageous to the farmer. In the meantime, two of these gigantic sheds have been built in Upper Marlboro contributing greatly to the town's activity.

Through the main street of this little town and across Prince George's County in August, 1814, marched the British on their way to attack Washington. They had landed from their ships at Benedict on the Patuxent River. A hastily gathered force of Americans was assembled at Woodyard, an estate which adjoins His Lordship's Kindness. Hearing that the British were in Marlboro, they moved north to Battalion Old Fields. On the morning of August 23rd, President Madison rode out from Washington to address the troops. He adjured them to stand fast—whereupon they immediately retreated into Washington! The British were about twenty-four

hours behind them. Taking it for granted that the Americans would destroy the bridge over the east branch of the Potomac, they turned north to the village of Bladensburg, where the east branch could be forded. The Americans, hearing of this move, marched out to Bladensburg to oppose them, and here on August 24th the battle was fought.

It is a lamentable incident in our history. The raw American militia broke at once, and the battle degenerated into "The Bladensburg Races." The only men who stood fast were Joshua Barney and his four hundred sailors. To-day Bladensburg is submerged in suburban Washington and it is difficult to trace the course of the battle. Barney's five guns were posted on a slight rise beyond the village and overlooking the famous Bladensburg dueling ground, where Stephen Decatur received his fatal wound. The sailors stood to their guns until their commander was wounded and they all but cut to pieces. Barney was taken prisoner. The British thought so well of him that he was immediately paroled, and when the British, having done as much damage as they could in the city, hastily retreated to their ships, they asked Barney to look after their wounded. The whole affair was finished within a week. Bladensburg, now an insignificant suburb, is rich in historical associations. There are several fine old houses round about. Once it was a port and they loaded tobacco ships here; now there is scarcely enough water in the branch to float a canoe.



XXVIII • CHARLES

CHARLES COUNTY, lying mainly to the south of Prince George's, was created as far back as 1658.

It is impossible to establish who was the particular Charles for whom it was named. Some say Charles II, but in 1658 this monarch was still in exile and Lord Baltimore, who had recently been reinstated in his rights and privileges by Oliver Cromwell, would not have been likely so to offend Cromwell's party. It is probable that the Charles was Lord Baltimore's eldest son, who subsequently became the Proprietary and Governor of Maryland. In the beginning Charles County included all of Maryland lying north and west of St. Mary's and transfers of land in Western Maryland are still on file in the county records. Prince George's took all this over

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in 1695. The heritage of Charles is therefore similar to that of Prince George's; but the land is not so productive, consequently the planters did not become so wealthy as their neighbors to the north. The surviving great houses are, generally speaking, of earlier and simpler design.

Charles County, almost exclusively southern in sympathy, was hard hit by the Civil War and has not, to the same extent as Prince George's, found the means to renew its sinews. Wide tracts of the land have gone back into forest; for when the liberated slaves marched away in the wake of the Union Armies, there was no one left to till the fields. There are many places in Charles where you can still trace the furrows of the last corn crop under stands of timber now forty to fifty feet high. The county has come back slowly and surely. It has no suburban developments to swell its tax rolls, and while it is true that a good many northerners have come in and purchased the old places, the plain, charming houses are apt to attract those of simpler taste rather than the very rich. Architects, decorators, landscapers, and laborers are not brought in *en masse* to restore the places over night; these owners prefer to proceed slowly with loving patience and care, to bring their homes back as closely as possible to their original appearance. Such people adapt themselves much more readily to county life than do the rich, and Charles County, therefore, presents a picture of Maryland life at its characteristic best. The traveler finds a special friendliness in the people, warmer and more spontaneous than elsewhere.

La Plata (local pronunciation la playta), the county seat, is a more than usually sprawling Maryland village. In fact, I should award La Plata the palm for hit-or-miss arrangement of its buildings. It is a new place without any roots in the eighteenth century to keep it in order. The coming of the Pope's Creek railroad in 1868 brought it into being. By that time the river at Port Tobacco, the ancient county seat, had silted up to such an extent that it was no longer possible to

ship or receive goods there by water, and the trade of the county naturally shifted to the railroad. For several years a controversy raged over the advisability of moving the court-house. Finally, in 1891, the old court-house burned down and there was no further reason for opposing the change. The new court-house was built at La Plata in 1896. It is one of those brick Victorian buildings with white trimmings and a square tower at one corner, and is so very bad architecturally as to be interesting. In spite of its complete lack of plan, La Plata is not blatantly ugly; it is like one of those careless, happy-go-lucky persons who are often the most lovable.

In the cozy law library of the courthouse, Judge Walter J. Mitchell talked to me about the great figures of Charles County in the past. Chief among them was General William Smallwood, who led the Maryland regiments to such good advantage during the American Revolution. He saved Washington's army at the Battle of Long Island, and was the General's good neighbor and friend. I made a pilgrimage to Smallwood's Retreat, his home, about ten miles from La Plata, and was saddened to discover that the charming little house had been allowed to fall into ruin. Washington used to come here to attend Masonic meetings. I am told that a fund is being raised to restore it. General Smallwood, who became a Governor of Maryland after the Revolution, is buried near-by. In 1898 the Sons of the Revolution marked the spot with an immense block of granite. At Smallwood's funeral, one of his friends with his stick punched a hole in the ground at the head of the grave and dropped a walnut in it. The tree which sprang from this walnut having been killed by lightning, a new one has been planted in its place.

On the way back from Smallwood's Retreat, I turned aside to have a look at Araby, largely on account of its poetic name. George Washington refers to this early eighteenth-century house as the home of the Widow Elbeck. Lovingly restored by its present owners, Admiral and Mrs. Fletcher, it is a place of

infinite charm. The interior woodwork is unique and most beautiful. The garden is said to contain a blue rambler rose, the only one in Maryland.

Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, President of Maryland's Council of Safety during the Revolution and later a member of the Continental Congress, is another of Charles County's worthies. His house, Charleston, still stands with its notably tall chimneys on a hill overlooking Port Tobacco River. Judge Mitchell told me of a quaint old gentleman, Mr. Inglis Stuart, who has made it his life work to locate the graves of the Continental Congressmen. According to Mr. Stuart, all had been found but two; William Few of Georgia and Jenifer of Maryland. Mr. Stuart drives about the country in a taxicab to make his researches. He has succeeded in finding the grave of Colonel Few in Beacon, New York, and has had it marked. He believes that he has discovered Jenifer's resting-place in a plowed field in Anne Arundel County, Maryland. Coffin and body have long ago returned to earth. What Mr. Stuart hopes to find in order to establish the spot is the coffin plate.

Perhaps I should interrupt myself here to explain Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer's odd name. It is an ancient custom in Maryland, when cousins bear the same name, for each to add his father's name. Nowadays the father's name is represented by its initial. Thus we have John E. Hurst of W (William). There is an Atwood Blunt of B. (Bradley), and another Atwood Blunt of A. (Atwood). In the society columns of the Sun paper, the custom is religiously maintained as a bit of swank. On the islands of the Bay, however, at the other end of the social scale, there may be only three or four family names in an entire community, and it is a necessity to keep up the old custom; so we find John Clagett of John; John Clagett of Joseph; John Clagett of Henry, and so forth.

Mulberry Grove, the home of John Hanson, President of the Continental Congress, is not far away. The Hansons and the Jenifers were connected by marriage. At the time of the

Revolution the Hansons had already been settled in Charles County for more than a hundred years. In every generation they produced at least one outstanding man and in Maryland genealogy Hanson is a name to point to with pride. It was a Miss Hanson who became the mother of Thomas Stone, another Signer, of whose house across the valley I shall presently speak.

In the narrow valley along the shore of its silted-up river lies Port Tobacco, now a deserted village. There is nothing melancholy about the place, however; the sunshine is so golden, the fields so rich, the woods so green; the whole earth is young and only the houses of men decayed. The place did not receive its name because of the thousands of hogsheads of tobacco it shipped. An Indian village stood here having a name which sounded like "Potobac" to the first white men. From that it was an easy transition to Port Tobacco. A little wing of the ancient court-house which escaped the fire now serves as a Baptist Church, and on one side of what was the Courthouse Green three ancient houses of unusual interest stand close together. The largest, a two-story-and-a-half frame building with an extraordinary double chimney pierced by four little windows, is now undergoing restoration, for better or worse. Next to it stands a little gambrel-roofed house which has been there so long it seems to have grown out of the ground, and next to that a tiny, cockeyed, frame house with a heavy list to port. They have no history.

From the valley may be seen the steeple of St. Ignatius' Church, to which is joined the old manor-house of St. Thomas's. This manor was taken up by the Jesuits in 1649 under the same conditions that applied to other settlers, since Cecil, Lord Baltimore, was opposed to granting ecclesiastics, even those of his own faith, any special privileges. By the rules of their own order, the Jesuits were forbidden to hold land and the manor was registered in the name of Thomas Matthews as trustee. The present church, on the site of an older

chapel, dates from 1789, the manor-house from 1741. They had to be built together in the first place to evade the law, which, from William and Mary's time to the Revolution, forbade public places of worship to the Catholics. The manor-house was considered so grand that Father George Hunter, who built it, was rebuked by his fellow-Jesuits for putting up "a palace." For a hundred and seventy years this was the headquarters of the Jesuit order. Repairs made from time to time somewhat mar the venerable simplicity of the buildings.

On the hill which rises above the right bank of the little river stands Rose Hill, with a magnificent view down the Port Tobacco River to the faraway Potomac. Rose Hill is said to possess the finest boxwood garden in Maryland, and I have seen none finer. There is bigger box at Cross Manor and elsewhere, and many plantings more extensive in area, but the box at Rose Hill is all there just as it was planted. The frosts and the storms of two hundred years have not destroyed a single bush. It is most lovely in its irregularity and its vigorous health. The scent of it in the hot sunshine is delicious.

The house is one of those curious structures common in Charles County, with brick ends and clapboarded sides. There is a main block with two separate structures connected to the center by enclosed galleries. Like the other buildings of its period, 1730, it is exactly regular and very plain except for its delicate ornamental woodwork, sparingly used. The present owners, Captain and Mrs. Carlos Grevemberg, are slowly restoring it. It was once the home of Dr. Gustavus Brown, one of the physicians who attended Washington in his last illness. Dr. Brown is buried in a lonely tomb on the hillside below the box garden.

Another of Washington's physicians and his friend from boyhood, the famous Dr. James Craik, built a house on the outskirts of what has become La Plata and called it La Grange. Its similarity in design to Rose Hill suggests that it was copied from the older house.



HABRE DE VENTURE

Next door to Rose Hill is Habre de Venture, unique among the old houses of Maryland, for here the hip-roofed central block with its two little wings and connecting galleries are built in the form of a crescent. Nor do the two wings balance each other; one has two stories with a peaked roof and brick ends; the other a story and a half with hip roof and all four sides clapboarded. Perhaps changes have been made since the house was first built, but there is something very engaging in the little house's irregularity, and it seems better to express the character of Southern Maryland which, nowadays anyhow, is certainly not formal. Habre de Venture contains a parlor of great elegance. The original paneling, now in the Baltimore Museum of Art, has been replaced by a good replica. The gallery connecting with the kitchen wing contains a breakfast-room having a quaint fireplace with a breast retreating into the wall. This house was built by Thomas Stone, one of the Maryland Signers, who is buried on the place. The present owner, Mr. Charles Stephenson Smith, who has embraced Maryland wholeheartedly, takes his pleasure in restoring the place little by little without making it look like a multi-millionaire's week-end lodge.

The plain old houses of Charles County, with their delicate woodwork, have a special attraction for me. There is Hard Bargain, now fallen into disrepair and given over to Negro tenants, whose rich, time-darkened bricks and faded shutters make an exquisite harmony of color. There is a story to account for its odd name, of course, one of the charming, pointless anecdotes characteristic of my country. Gwynn Harris and his brother Tom were hot rivals for the hand of Kitty Root. Gwynn won out, and during the marriage breakfast, in an expansive moment, offered to build Tom a fine house if he would kiss Kitty. Tom kissed Kitty and Gwynn built the house, but whose was the "Hard Bargain" does not appear.

There is Mount Republic which architects rave over. This is a later house, 1792, but it has not broken out into the opu-

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lence of style which characterizes His Lordship's Kindness, say, or Belair. The woodwork is exquisite. The two arched-entrance doorways with their side-lights and fan-lights are a joy to the heart. Mount Republic has its story, too. Once it was owned by Francis Weems, who maintained a pack of a hundred foxhounds and kept a poker game going for forty years! There were fifty barrels of brandy and fine wines in his cellar; he gave parties three times a week and was called the "King Entertainer" which seems no more than his due.

Which brings to mind another house in this neighborhood, Mount Victoria, a huge structure on a hill with a superb view over rich fields to the distant Potomac. Built in 1905, it has no architectural pretensions, but it was the home of the late Robert Crain, a magnificent party-giver of a later generation, and a name to conjure with in Southern Maryland. Mr. Crain died in 1928 but certain of my neighbors still talk about the wonderful parties he gave at Mount Victoria. I'm only sorry that I never was invited.

Charles County, for the first and last time in its history, was illuminated by a blaze of publicity during the days following the assassination of President Lincoln, when John Wilkes Booth lay hidden there. Every one knows the story of the unfortunate Dr. Mudd who, knowing nothing of what had happened, set Booth's broken leg and was imprisoned on Shark Island; I need not repeat it. Less well known is the much larger part that Thomas Jones of Charles County played in Booth's escape. After Booth's leg had been set, Jones kept him hidden in a swamp for a week and in the end furnished the boat in which Booth escaped across the Potomac to Virginia. Jones knew what he was doing, but it was never found out, and he escaped punishment.

In 1893 Thomas Jones was still living near Port Tobacco. A wily promoter induced him to write an account of the Booth escape, which was then for the first time published. The promoter, expecting to reap a harvest of dollars, then took Jones

to the World's Fair in Chicago to give talks on the affair and to sell his book. But even as late as 1893 such a furore of indignation was aroused by Jones' disclosures that he was forced to fold his tent and return to Maryland. His little book has become a rare item. I have read it and find it, now that the heat of those old passions has subsided, a simple, eloquent, and graphic story.

Throughout Charles County and in the adjacent parts of Prince George's on the north and St. Mary's to the south, there exists the remnant of a strange colored race who call themselves with a lingering pride "We-sorts." They claim descent from the Indians and this is borne out by the occasional appearance among them of a tall, lithe youth with the catlike tread of a Sioux; also, they are still good hunters; but white and Negro characteristics are the more prevalent. The oldest white inhabitant is unable to tell you anything about their origin. "They always been here," he says with a shrug.

Pride is about all they have left. They can not associate with the whites and they refuse to go with Negroes. Until lately they would not send their children to Negro schools and so did without formal education for the most part; now the truant officers have rounded up the children. When employed with Negroes in a household or on a farm, they insist on eating separately. The old churches of Charles provide separate seats for them. Thrust back on themselves in this manner, the evils of intermarriage are apparent; their children tend to be dull-witted, deaf, and in other ways imperfect. Albinos are so common that certain romantic souls have been led to term the We-sorts "White Indians." A friend of mine speaks of a girl he often passes in the road "with blue eyes, yellow hair, and a strangely-spotted white skin like the 'wild girl' in a circus." The brightest among the We-sorts escape their unhappy environment by going to the city, where they are often able to pass as white. The remainder deteriorates year by year and is doomed to be lost among the Negroes.



XXIX • ST. MARY'S

THE first Maryland colonists were charmed with the new land. The saintly Father White, their historian, wrote of the Chesapeake: "This baye is the most delightfull water I ever saw between two sweet landes," and of the Potomac: "This is the sweetest and greatest river I have seene, so that the Thames is but a little finger to it. There are noe marshes nor swampes about it, but solid firme ground, with great variety of woode, not choaked up with undershrubs, but commonly so farre distant from each other as a coach and fower horses may travale without molestation."

They landed first at Herne (Heron) Island, which they rechristened St. Clement's. It is now called Blackiston's Island. Here on March 25, 1634, "Ladies Day," they erected a great cross and offered the sacrifice of the mass. The island was too

small for a permanent settlement and Governor Leonard Calvert, leaving the main body of his people there, sailed on up the river in the *Dove* to make a treaty with the "Werowance" (emperor) of the Piscattaway Indians, and, if possible, convert him. This chief was a bold man, one Wannas, who came fearlessly aboard the *Dove* and, having satisfied himself of Governor Calvert's good intentions, "gave leave to us to sett downe where we pleased." They did not make much progress with religion then, "their interpreter being a Protestant of Virginia."

The Virginia fur-traders were jealous of these new-comers and made all the trouble for them with the Indians that they could. Nevertheless, it was a Virginian, "Captain Henrie Fleete," who guided the colonists "to as noble a seat as could be wished, and as good ground as I suppose is in all Europe." This was a few leagues farther down the Potomac where a deep tributary joined the parent stream:

This river makes two excellent bayes, wherein might harbour 300 saile of 1000 tunne a peece with very great safetie, the one called St. George's bay [now St. Inigoe's Creek], the other, more inward, St. Marie's. On the one side of this river lives the king of Yoacomaco, on the other side our plantation is seated, about halfe a mile from the water, and our towne we call St. Marie's.

The King he speaks of was the chief of the local Indians who, for several reasons, was in the mood to treat with the colonists. In the first place his daughter had been warned by a vision that the Indian village on that spot would not prosper, and the tribe was preparing to move away even before the English came. In the second place, these peaceable Indians stood much in dread of the powerful Susquehannocks and they wished to have the white men's guns on their side:

They trembled to heare our ordinance thinking them fearefuller than any thunder they had ever heard.... To avoid all occasion of dislike and Colour of wrong, we bought the space of thirtie miles of ground of them, for axes, hoes, cloth and hatchets.

Such was the foundation of St. Mary's City. It never grew great and in the course of time passed away entirely. Until 1934, there was no reminder of the first colonists on the spot. In that year, the tercentenary of their landing, the state built as a memorial a reproduction of the first brick State House. This monument, with a girls' school, a little church and a couple of dwellings is all there is to St. Mary's City to-day. The site on a high bank above the winding river is still, as it was in Father White's eyes, one of the most beautiful imaginable.

Thus St. Mary's is the oldest county in Maryland. Like Calvert, it is a peninsula, washed by the immense estuary of the Potomac, by Chesapeake Bay, and by the broad Patuxent River. Having no through traffic and but little congress with the outside world, it has to a considerable extent preserved its ancient ways. Occasionally on the lips of a humble native one will still hear a phrase of Jacobean English. Whereas the old houses of Charles County mostly date from the early eighteenth century, St. Mary's abounds with seventeenth-century buildings.

The neighborhood of St. Mary's City is rich in historical associations. The little State House is charming, but with all the art in the world you can not reproduce the spirit of the seventeenth century. The best touch is supplied by the old cannon which were dug up after having been buried for centuries. It was a discharge from one of these very cannon which the Indians thought "fearefuller than any thunder." Near-by, the ruins, which are very slight indeed, of Smith's Town House will be pointed out to you. The legislature sat there in 1662. Fort St. Mary's was across the road from Smith's.

A mile away is the site of Sisters' Freehold, the home of Margaret Brent, a famous figure in the annals of Maryland. When Governor Leonard Calvert died in 1647 he made her his executrix. She not only settled his estate but administered the affairs of the province. She appeared before the Assembly

in 1648 and demanded two votes, one as landowner in her own right and one as Attorney for Lord Baltimore. It was the first time in America that a woman sought equal rights with men. Her pleas being denied, she moved to Virginia in disgust, and built a new home which she named Peace.

The oldest house in St. Mary's, and perhaps in the state, is Cross Manor, built by the famous Captain Thomas Cornwaleys (Cornwallis) in 1643. Unfortunately, it has been considerably altered from its original appearance. It has a fine site on the shore of St. Inigoe's Creek, and the masses of box in the garden are astonishing, some of the bushes being forty-five feet in circumference.

Not far away is Clockers Fancy, a little white seventeenth-century house of such winning charm as to cause every one to exclaim with pleasure at the sight even of a photograph. In the same neighborhood is St. Peter's Key, of which only the basement and the chimney are of the original house. It takes its name from the shape of the creek on which it stands. The widow Oliver, who lived here, having committed wilful perjury, was sent to the pillory and deprived of both her ears. As a further punishment it was decreed that her cows should have the left ear cropped and two slits cut in the right ear.

It was at a manor-house called Fenwick's Free which once stood in this vicinity that one Edward Prescott, the owner of the ship *Sarah Artch*, was brought to trial in 1659 at the complaint of Colonel John Washington, great-grandfather of George. Prescott was accused of being accessory to the death of Elizabeth Richardson, who had been hanged at the yard-arm as a witch on the voyage over. Colonel Washington was a passenger. On the day set for the trial Washington begged off, writing: "Because then, God willing, I intend to get my young son baptized; all the company and gossips being already invited." At the trial Prescott protested that although he was the owner of the ship, John Greene, the master, was in command. Prescott was acquitted.

Down at the end of the road in St. Mary's is Point Lookout, where the Potomac empties into Chesapeake Bay. The nearest point on the other side of the river is ten miles distant, and it is twice as far across the Bay to Smith's Island off the Eastern Shore. These wide wastes of water are impressive, but Point Lookout has little else to recommend it. A small summer hotel on the beach is popular with fishermen. A cemetery occupies the site of the Fort-Prison where more than three thousand Confederate prisoners died of fever, dysentery, and other diseases during the Civil War. All the horrors were not at Andersonville. It is rather surprising to come upon a tall monument to the dead in this remote and little-frequented country.

In the middle of St. Mary's is Leonardtown, the county seat, on a high bluff at the head of Breton's Bay. It is no doubt the oldest village in Maryland that is still functioning. Some say that it was in existence as long ago as 1652, then being called Seymour Town. Its present name honors the memory of Benedict Leonard Calvert, fourth Lord Baltimore. Leonardtown is the only place in Maryland, that I can recall at the moment, which was built around a village green, as distinct from a courthouse green. I am sorry to say that the buildings are not worthy of it nor of the village's antiquity. Along one side stretches a sprawling wooden building with an upper gallery that is pleasing enough. After the Civil War it was the Union Hotel, so named, I need hardly say, by a carpet-bagger. The new and rebuilt buildings across the green are of a most blatant ugliness. It seems to be a curse which has fallen upon Southern Maryland villages. It is said that the green was left in the middle of Leonardtown because the villagers had a passion for drilling.

The court-house, which faces its own green a little removed from the center of the village, is a distressingly common-looking building. On its face it bears in large letters the legend: "St. Mary's Co. 1901." A dignified early nineteenth-

century court-house stood here previously; it did not burn; it was actually pulled down to give place to this changeling. On the Green stands a little old jail of such charming proportions that it puts the court-house to shame.

Beyond the court-house, and approached through an avenue of magnificent oak trees, is Tudor Hall, a notable eighteenth-century house. The charm of the original design has been partly destroyed by raising the roof of the two wings, but it retains its open loggia, a feature to be found in only one other Maryland house, Bachelor's Hope. Tudor Hall was built by one Abraham Barnes, who directed in his will that his three hundred slaves be freed on the condition of assuming his family name. They were evidently a fruitful lot, because Barnes has become the commonest surname among the Negroes of St. Mary's County.

A long-established county institution is the St. Mary's County *Beacon*, a weekly newspaper published in Leonardtown by three generations of the King family. The printing-shop is an annex to the King dwelling, which dates from 1704. The county court sat in the Kings' living-room while awaiting the building of the first Leonardtown courthouse, a log structure. The newspaper was started in 1839 by John Franklin King, then a fatherless boy of thirteen years. He had a lot of trouble persuading the Orphans' Court to release enough of his money for the purpose. The paper pursued a prosperous course until the outbreak of the Civil War, when it was for a while suppressed on account of its rabid Southern sympathies. The editor made his way across the Potomac and bought himself into Lee's army with gifts of sorely-needed quinine, tobacco, and coffee.

John Franklin was in time succeeded by his son, Francis Vernon, and he by his son, Aloysius Fenwick King. The present editor of the *Beacon* deprecates his own work, insists that his father and grandfather were great editors. Be that as it may, Aloysius King is one of the picturesque characters of St.

Mary's to-day; a man of many sides, a youth who refuses to grow old. His idea of heaven, he says, is a Southern Maryland plantation house with a wide porch and a hitching rail in front on a dreamy spring evening. When he drives up to the rail he hopes to find his grandfather and his father sitting there and to hear his grandfather say: "Move over, Frank, and make room for the lad."

Mr. King collects fine books and prints. One of his hobbies is "fore-edge paintings," if you know what they are. I didn't until he showed me. They are paintings upon the front edge of a book which lie hidden there under the gold leaf until the pages are bent. One of his great concerns is the St. Mary's Reading Room and Debating Society, which was founded by his grandfather to while away the dull days that followed the Civil War. The organization was still flourishing in 1914 when Aloysius was admitted to membership. Up to that time, a favorite subject for debate was: "Did Maryland benefit by the Abolition of Slavery?" This always drew a full house. After the World War the Society languished for some years. Mr. King has set it going again with great success. Upon reading Christopher Morley's *Parnassus on Wheels*, he instituted a bookmobile to penetrate the remotest corners of St. Mary's County. The Reading Room has now established book centers at various points and the bookmobile is no longer indispensable.

A good deal of color has departed from the county newspaper and Mr. King no longer has such picturesque contributors—or if he has, he won't confess it—as used to bring in their effusions in his father's day. There was the magnificent "Gentleman Jim" Thomas, whose calling-cards bore the legend "Of Cumberland and Deep Falls." Mr. Thomas, wearing a tall hat, gloves of an extreme yellowness, and carrying a cane, used to click his heels together and bow from the waist upon entering the newspaper office. Then there was "Azana" whose right name was George Pierre Beauregard Taylor of South



SOTTERLY

Carolina. He considered that his compatriots had disgraced themselves by losing the war and refused to go back to South Carolina. Finally, there was John Edwin Coad of St. Mary's County, who once wrote seven columns of elegant vituperation without repeating himself and signed it "Most maliciously and disrespectfully yours."

I can not begin to describe all the quaint and beautiful old houses of St. Mary's. South of Leonardtown is Mulberry Fields, a fine example of the florid later Georgian style. It stands on a high bluff looking toward the Potomac River a mile away. The ingenious builder amused himself by laying out the lane and the fields below with converging lines, thus off-setting the natural perspective. From the house they appear to be straight lines. This dodge has the effect of bringing the river close.

Over on the Patuxent River on a high hill stands Sotterley, a house of striking individuality and charm. The oldest part was built in 1730, probably for George Plater, a Governor of Maryland. Features of the house are the square cupola, the colonnaded, flagstone porch, and especially the interior woodwork, as fine as anything in tide-water Maryland. The mahogany Chinese Chippendale stairway is unique. One little piece of it is missing and it is related that the term of the indentured servant who made it expired as he reached this point and nothing could persuade him to finish it. The over-mantel in the drawing-room and the elaborate shell recesses which flank it are also famous. Sotterley is the property of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lee Satterlee, whose care it has been for many years to restore and preserve the spirit of the old house. They will not even permit the introduction of electric lights.

Not far from the Charles County line in the north is a remarkable gushing spring which, since 1698, has been called "Ye Coole Springs of St. Marie's." Here in a season of great sickness a hospital (or more properly, a Sanitarium) was

established and many remarkable cures were credited to the water. Modern analysis, however, reveals that it has no curative properties other than its purity.

Across the road from the Springs in 1774 one of our oldest schools was established and called Charlotte Hall, after the Queen of England. For six generations the boys of Southern Maryland have been sent there and it is still going strong. In 1797 it became a military academy, and it is related how in 1814 the students, barefooted and poorly armed, rushed to Benedict near-by to do their little best in repelling the British.

The biggest piece of news of late years concerning St. Mary's has to do with the coming of the Amish brethren from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. These admirable farmers, long settled in that part of the world, have made it bloom like a garden. Now, owing to their own efforts, land in Lancaster is too expensive for setting-out couples to buy, and some of the Amish are emigrating to St. Mary's County in the neighborhood of Charlotte Hall. Here they find an exhausted land largely in the hands of inefficient tenants. The Amish are not a social people and will not much affect county life, but the influence of their example on our thoughtless farmers can not be otherwise than good. There are too many farmers in Southern Maryland with whom it is, in the scornful phrase of my Maryland mother-in-law: "Come day, go day, God send Sunday."

In the foregoing pages I have aspired to draw a portrait of my adopted state. To tell of *all* its charms would only have resulted in a catalogue bound to grow tedious before the end. Instead, I have searched for the things that appear to me characteristic, well aware that many portraits may be drawn of a state (as of a person), all different and all true. A state, like a person, has a temperament as well as a physique, and that is the difficult part to portray. One describes the level campagna of the Eastern Shore, the dreamy, tidal rivers, the

rolling green piedmont bathed in blue air, and the dark mountains; that is the body of Maryland; what of its spirit?

In the beginning, there was an idea which has influenced all the succeeding generations of settlers, though individually they may not have been aware of it: toleration. There was a rich soil especially adapted to the growth of the humanizing weed, tobacco, and a salubrious climate which avoids extremes; there was the sea, the great bay and the rivers, which facilitated travel. All this would never produce a Spartan race, tight-lipped and narrow-minded; your Marylander is an easy-going fellow, jealous only of his personal liberty; having inherited a tradition of easy living, he is not fanatically ambitious; the state has not many plutocrats and tycoons. He loves the amenities of life, music, good food and drink, and especially life in the country. If he can't live in the country he will have a bit of shore and a boat. Life in Maryland may be slower-paced than in other parts of our land, but it is steadier; we are less eager to discard the old and to embrace the new; we resist both booms and panics; it is not easy to stampede Maryland. I do not know if I have succeeded in drawing a recognizable portrait, but if I have conveyed a part of the great affection I have learned to feel for this land and this people, well, that is something.

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